THE LITERARY DIGEST

PUBLIC OPINION (New York) combined with THE LITERARY DIGEST

Published by Funk & Wagnalls Company (Adam W. Wagnalls, Pres.; Wilfred J. Funk, Vice-Pres.; Robert J. Cuddihy, Treas.; William Neisel, Sec'y) 354-360 Fourth Ave., New York

Vol. LXXVII, No. 5 New York, May 5, 1923 Whole Number 1724

TOPICS - OF - THE - DAY

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OPENING GUNS IN THE IMMIGRATION FIGHT

FEAR OF AN IMPENDING LABOR SHORTAGE moves Judge Gary of the United States Steel Corporation to denounce our present immigration law as "one of the worst things that this country has ever done for itself economically." When, addressing the annual meeting of his corporation, he deplored this immigration barrier which "keeps husky laboring men twirling their thumbs in Europe while American factories keep their 'help wanted' signs nailed out," it was widely hailed as a signal for the active renewal of an old fight. As the Dallas *News* reminds us, "to the American captain of industry a labor surplus at home is an asset, while a labor surplus abroad is a liability; for, when it exists at home, it enables him to keep down the labor cost of production, while when it exists abroad it affords that opportunity to his competitor in the neutral markets of the world." But to the American workman a labor surplus at home means falling wages and the looming threat of unemployment. Hence, because a scarcity of labor is an evil to the employer and a superfluity of labor is an evil to the worker, industry and labor have never been able to see eye to eye in the immigration question. Now, with the 1924 campaign getting under way, this old antagonism seems likely to take its place among the principal issues to be fought out on the political battle-field.

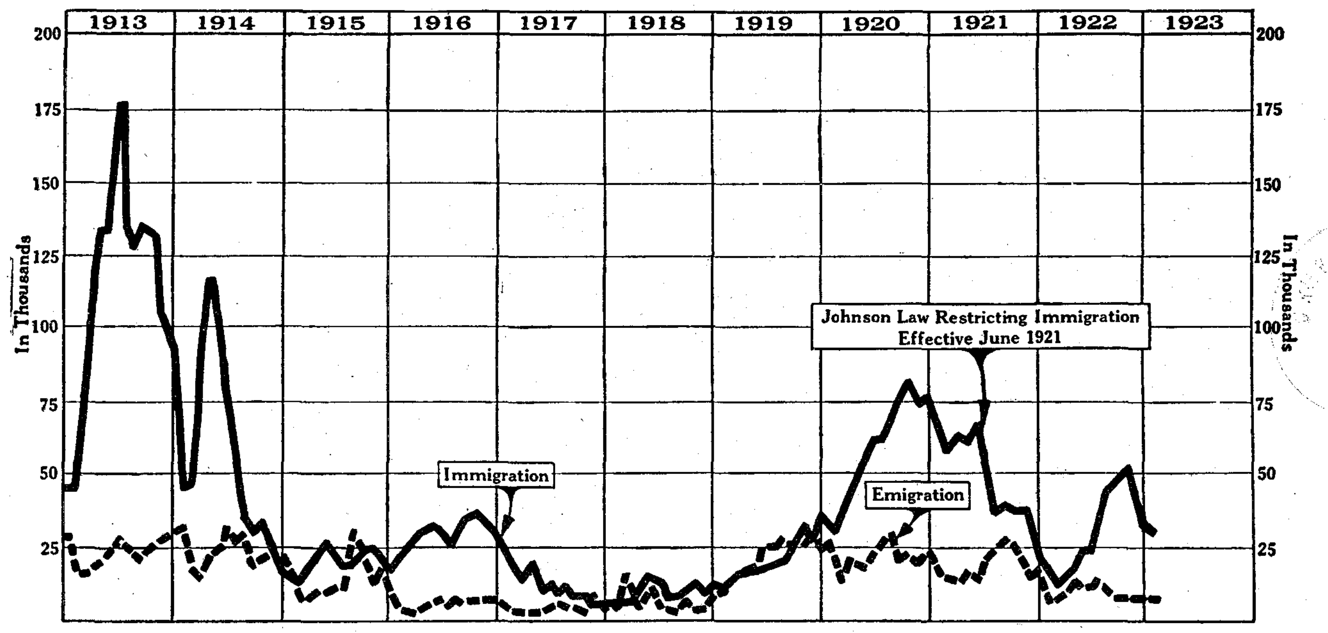
Thus Judge Gary's statement is described by David Lawrence in the New York *Evening World* as "the opening gun in what may become a much more live issue in the next twelve months in American politics than the 'open shop' or the tariff." Mr. Lawrence says that the advance in wages granted recently by the Steel Corporation "was due in no small measure to the competitive search for American labor"; and he states that many American business men share Mr. Gary's opinion that the present curb on immigration is "one of the worst things economically" that the United States has ever done. Business, this Washington correspondent tells us, is starting a drive to modify the immigration act by lowering the bars. But the Harding Administration, he goes on to say, "could not afford politically to aline itself against organized labor on the eve of a Presidential election, tho strenuous efforts are being made by Republican business men to draw the President to their side of the age-old conflict. Immigration contains the ingredients of a great political struggle."

This nation, avers the Philadelphia *Public Ledger*, "is about to be forced to reexamine and reaffirm, repeal or modify the Immigration Restriction Act." Of this law *The Ledger* says further:

"It was passed in 1921, when we were in the doldrums, with 5,000,000 people out of work and the threat of a panic dark in the sky. The unemployed and organized labor wanted it. They were helped by a feeling that the country was 'fed up' with aliens and by certain disagreeable experiences with racial groups during the war.

"Restriction then helped stave off disaster. Now employers assert it is checking a returning prosperity.

"Employers began assailing the act months ago. They had



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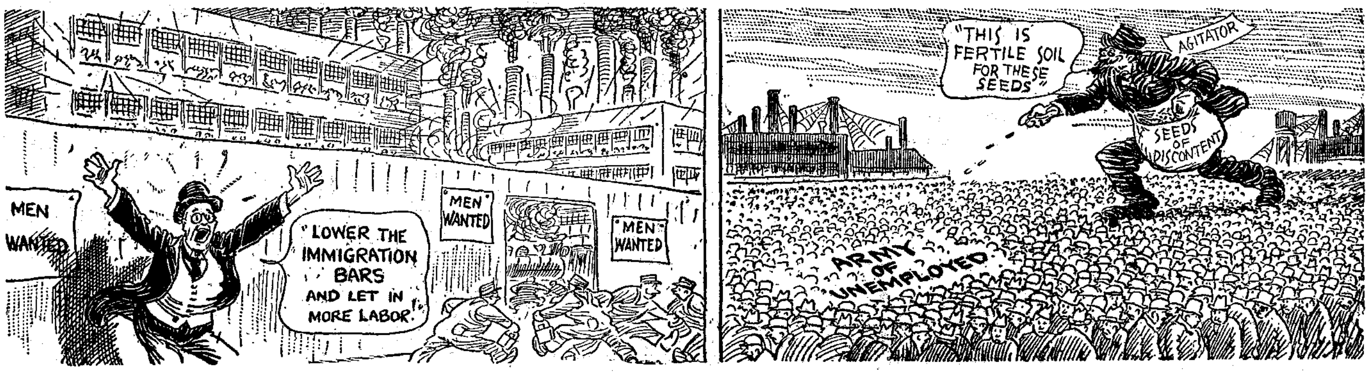
AMERICAN IMMIGRATION AND EMIGRATION BY MONTHS IN THE LAST DECADE COMPARED


MEN WANTED
"LOWER THE IMMIGRATION BARS AND LET IN MORE LABOR!"
MEN WANTED
MEN WANTED
"THIS IS FERTILE SOIL FOR THESE SEEDS"
AGITATOR
SEEDS OF DISCONTENT
ARMY OF UNEMPLOYED

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AS BETWEEN TWO EVILS

A shortage of labor is much less dangerous than — an army of unemployed.

—McCutcheon in the Chicago *Tribune*.

the help of some racial elements and the indirect aid of the old American policy that we should keep open house for the oppress. Pressure against the act increases as reviving industry sucks up surplus labor and wages rise in the man-hungry plants. . . .

"A labor shortage exists. The White House agrees with Judge Gary and industry that there are more jobs than workers. That this is due to the change in our long-time immigration policy is generally conceded and that Congress will be asked to reverse the new policy and get back to the old is certain.

"Organized labor will oppose any change. So, too, rightly or wrongly, will native Americanism. There is an increasing number who believe unrestricted immigration will be increasingly harmful to the Nation's best interests. In their opinion, a generation must pass before we can assimilate alien elements we now have."

The present immigration law, it will be remembered, provides that the number of aliens of any nationality who may be admitted into the United States in any fiscal year should be limited to 3 per cent. of the number of foreign-born persons of such nationality resident in the United States as shown by the census of 1910. It is a temporary law, in force until June 30, 1924. There is a wide-spread impression that under this 3 per cent. law little more than a quarter of a million immigrants can enter the United States in a year. But on this point Kenneth L. Roberts, writing in *The Saturday Evening Post*, informs us that—

"During the year that ended June 30, 1922, a matter of 243,000 immigrants were admitted to the United States under the percentage law. During the year ending June 30, 1923, because of the fact that the countries of Northern and Western Europe will nearly fill their quotas, the number admitted under the Three Per Cent Law will be over 300,000. And for the year after that—the year ending June 30, 1924—there is little doubt that the number to enter the United States under the percentage law will be 357,000, or the full quota from every European country.

"It should be remarked in passing that the immigrants who are coming to this country at the present time from the countries of Northern and Western Europe are particularly fine types of immigrants. They are healthy, and they are producers; and for the most part they appear to be coming on their own savings. Instead of sinking at once into the slums and ghettos of large cities, as do the Southeastern Europeans, they scatter to the four corners of the country for the purpose of establishing permanent homes.

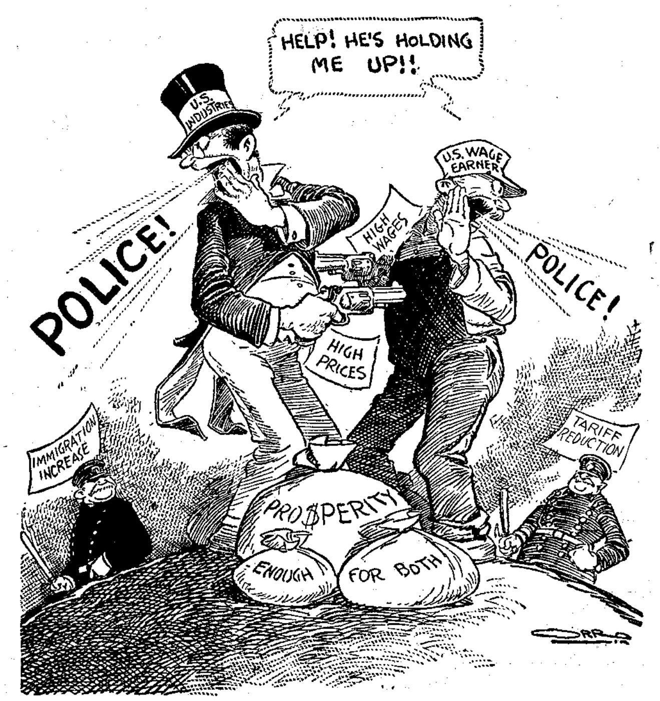
"Immigrants who enter the United States under the percentage law are not, as many persons suppose, the only immigrants who arrive. In addition to the 357,000 Europeans who will come under the percentage law in 1923-1924, there will also be 125,000 immigrants from Mexico, Japan, China, the West Indies and British North America. In addition to these, also, there will be 25,000 more immigrants who are smuggled across our borders, and who, after entering American ports as seamen, desert their ships and become illegal residents. And as a final addition there will also be 50,000 aliens who, after the quotas have been filled from various European countries, must be allowed to enter the country because they belong to exempted classes.

"Consequently the number of immigrants who will enter the United States during the year ending June 30, 1924, will be, at a conservative estimate, 557,000."

As reported by the press, Judge Gary's statement that started so many reverberations was as follows:

"America is faced by a shortage of labor, due principally to the laws restricting immigration. These laws as passed are the worst things that ever happened to this country economically. There is a great abundance of labor on the other side of the water that would be glad to come over and develop our resources."

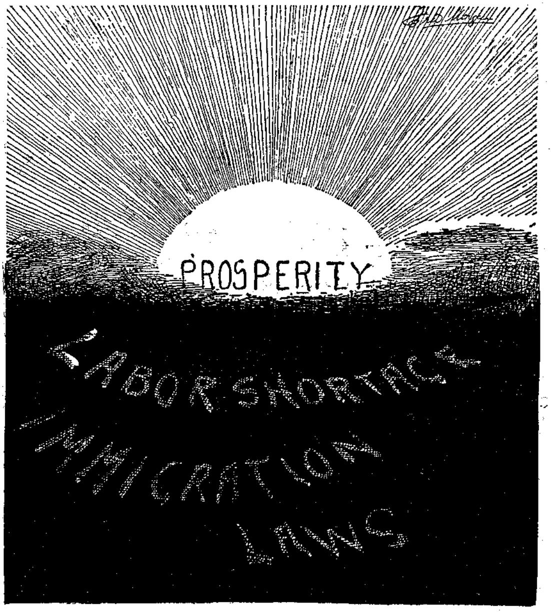
In a later statement he explains that he does not advocate unrestricted immigration, but that he would have the restrictions so modified that "the number allowed to come here should be equal to the necessities of our industries." "Judge Gary is right," declares Arthur Brisbane in the New York *American*, "immigration restriction is harmful to Labor and Capital—most harmful to Labor in the long run, for Capital can take care of itself." Such restriction, Mr. Brisbane adds, "will compel Capital to study and invest in labor-saving devices, that will more than make up for the labor shortage." This phase of the problem is discust at length on page 26. The New York *Commercial and Financial*



UNDER THE CIRCUMSTANCES YOU'D THINK THEY'D BOTH HESITATE BEFORE CALLING IN THE COPS

—Orr in the Chicago *Tribune*.

Chronicle agrees with Judge Gary that we are facing a shortage of both skilled and unskilled labor; and it adds "there can hardly be too much of either."



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A FEW CLOUDS
—Morgan in the Philadelphia *Inquirer*.

In the past two years, *The Wall Street Journal* tells us, the net loss of farm labor over the whole United States averaged 12 per cent. This farm-labor shortage it would supply by lowering the bars against immigrants, and this remedy is urged also by the Farm Bureau. To quote *The Wall Street Journal* further:

> "The United States does not need, or desire, the off-scourings of Europe and Asia, but it needs willing labor and a great deal of it. There should be a restriction on immigration, but it should be selective and not an arbitrary percentage quota. Unless this is done, industry and agriculture are likely to suffer."

A symposium on the immigration problem, conducted by *American Industries*, New York, among leaders of finance, business and industry, resulted in an "almost unanimous agreement that the present law should be amended."

But the majority opinion, as reflected in the editorial columns of our daily press, seems to line up with Labor rather than with Judge Gary in the controversy. "Our opinion is that Mr. Harding should be very slow in 'liberalizing' the immigration laws," says the Cincinnati *Times-Star*, which quotes with approval Secretary of Labor Davis's statement that it would be "a short-sighted policy to seek cheap labor through immigration." "Would Judge Gary have protection for Capital and no protection for Labor?" asks the Washington *Post*, which goes on to say:

> "The only method whereby American workers can be directly protected is by barring out foreign competitors under the immigration laws."

There is little danger that Congress will retreat from its stand in the matter of immigration, thinks the New York *Tribune*, and the Minneapolis *Journal* remarks that "at no time in the history of this country has the issue been more clearly drawn between those that desire cheap labor and those that have the welfare of the Republic at heart." "The needs of our great industrial establishments make a poor criterion for determining what is a proper volume of immigration," declares the Dallas *News*, which thinks that "a lowering of the tariff barriers would be more helpful to Europe, and less hurtful to us, than a lowering of the immigration barriers."

There is no labor shortage in the Pacific Northwest, reports the Seattle *Union Record*, "except where employers refuse to meet the going wage." Criticizing Judge Gary's attitude, Frank Morrison, Secretary of the American Federation of Labor, made the following statement:

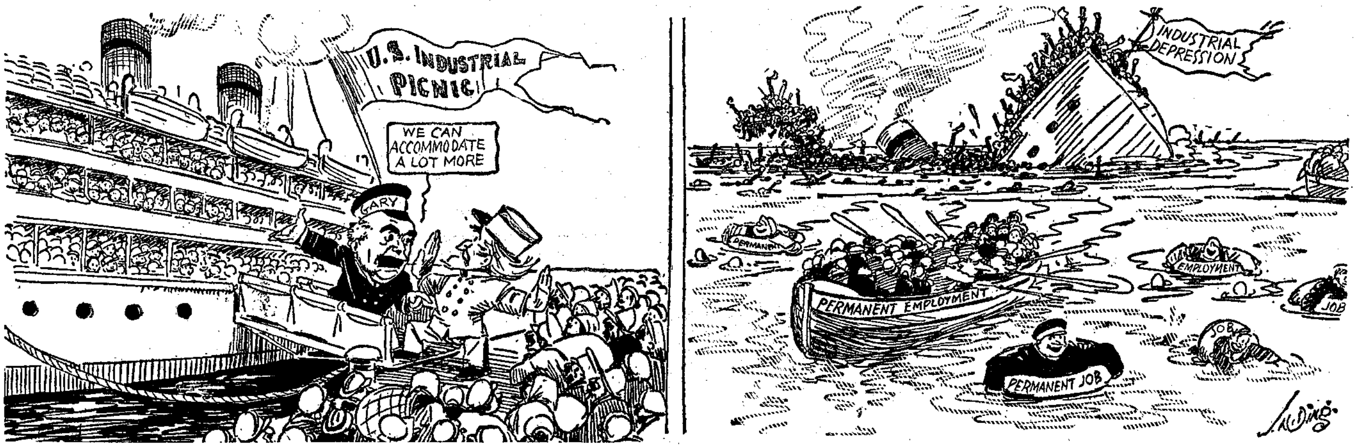
> "The American Federation of Labor is not opposed to immigration, with this exception: It is opposed to the bringing of Orientals here. Our civilization can not survive if Orientals are permitted to come here and take the place of our workers.
>
> "Mr. Gary does not want workers so much as he wants cheap labor. He claims he can not get men, but he only wants to pay a certain wage. Labor will not work for that wage, but Gary wants to bring in millions of men to reduce the wages of the workers here. Those employers have in mind to put us back to the condition we were in in 1914."

A Washington dispatch to the New York *Globe* reports that "there is slight sympathy in Washington with the demand of Chairman Gary and other industrial leaders for liberalization of the immigration laws." This is confirmed by Mark Sullivan, who tells us in the New York *Tribune* that—

> "There is no one question about which the opinion and the intentions of Congress are so clear as about immigration. This firmness and nearness to unanimity of position on the part of Congress is the reflection of a corresponding state of mind throughout the country."

Secretary of Labor Davis, in a report to President Harding says:

> "Immigration restriction was one of the measures which helped to put an end to the industrial panic. We have come a long way through wise administrative and legislative measures since then. To-day unemployment has been reduced to a minimum, wages everywhere are rising.
>
> "It is unnecessary to point out the evil of throwing open the gates at a time of prosperity in order to flood the country with workers and non-workers, whose very presence would serve to bring prosperity to an end."



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AS TO INCREASING THE IMMIGRATION LIMIT

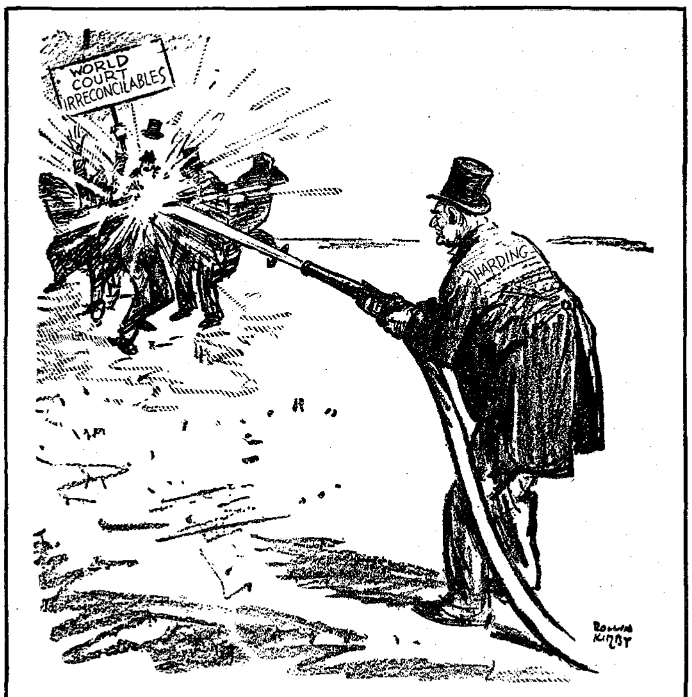
We'd like to see just as many enjoy the picnic as possible, but— we shouldn't have more passengers than life-preservers and life-boats.
—Darling in the New York *Tribune*.

HARDING'S EFFORT TO UNITE HIS PARTY

IF THE REPUBLICAN LAMBS AND LIONS who are for and against having anything to do with Europe are to lie down together in 1924, then, to complete the figure, Warren Gamaliel Harding is the little child to lead them. There has been much talk to the effect that the World Court issue will split the Republican party, but after the President's New York speech Washington correspondents tell of dwindling Republican opposition to the Harding policy, and in the headlines over their dispatches appear such phrases as "Enmity to Court Seen Ended"; "Harding Wins Senators to World Court"; "Harding Stand Insures U. S. Entry into World Court." A New York *World* correspondent sees the whole Republican party now placed where it must either support or repudiate the President and the Court. The New York *Tribune* correspondent perceives no chance of a party split: "the simple facts are that Mr. Harding will be renominated by his party, if he lives, and therefore the Republican party will sink or swim in the 1924 election, precisely as Mr. Harding sinks or swims."

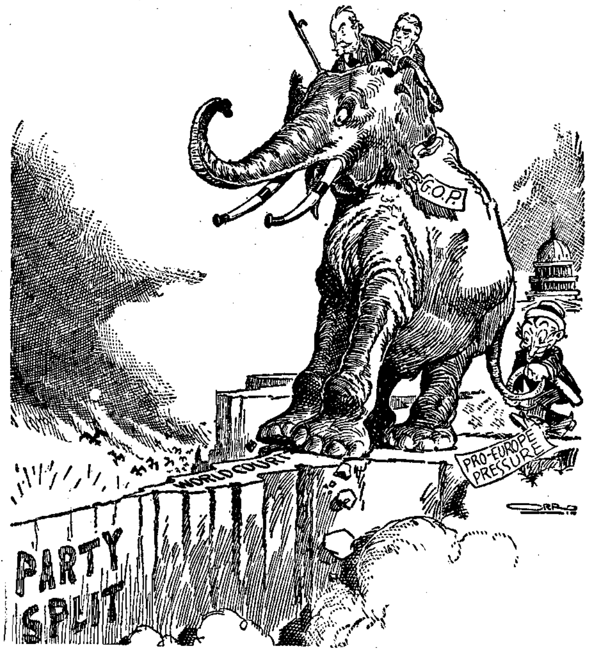
Opposition to the World Court idea has been mainly in the Republican ranks, and the New York *Times* representative at the capital can not now name more than six Senators in the President's party who will oppose his program in the next Congress. President Harding, as several editors note, gave no new arguments for the World Court in his New York speech, but he did tie up very closely with the Republican party. He laid down a path of Republican foreign policy from which any loyal party wayfarer would find it difficult to stray. It was his vigorous declaration that the present Administration doesn't propose to enter the League of Nations now "by the side door, the back door, or the cellar door," that, as one correspondent puts it, "gave many Republicans the satisfying thrill which they really wanted before making up their minds to support the World Court."

"So much of mystery" had developed out of the President's World Court message to the Senate that he welcomed the opportunity to explain it all to the members of The Associated Press on April 25. As the President is a firm believer in party government, he made it clearly understood that the World Court bears the Republican tag most conspicuously. He goes into party history and recalls that back in 1904, when Roosevelt was nominated, the party platform came out in favor of "the peaceful settlement of international differences by arbitration." In 1908 the party platform contained a declaration of pride in American participation at The Hague and proclaimed "the obligation of further strengthening the bonds of friendship and good-will with all the nations of the world." In 1912 the Republican platform made a definite declaration of belief "in the reference of all controversies between nations to an International Court of Justice." In 1916 the platform similarly favored "the establishment of a World Court." In 1920, after the rejection of the Versailles Treaty, the Republican platform said: "We pledge the coming Republican administration to such agreements with other nations of the world as shall meet the full duty of America to civilization and humanity in accordance with American ideals, without surrendering the right of the American people to exercise its judgment and its power in favor of justice and peace." Says the President: "As a participant in the making of some of these platforms, and as the banner-bearer of one campaign, I have a right to believe they spoke the party conscience so plainly that it is not easy to misconstrue." Then the President turns to his own campaign interpretations of the platform. On August 28, 1920, he declared definitely against the League and said that the issue between the two parties "involved the disparity between a World Court of Justice, supplemented by a world association for conference on the one hand, and the Council of the League on the other." So it was "in compliance with its pledges" that—



SOAKING THEM
—Kirby in the New York *World*.

"The new Administration which came into power in March, 1921, definitely and decisively put aside all thought of the United States entering the League of Nations. It doesn't propose to enter now, by the side door, the back door, or the cellar door. I have no unseemly comment to offer on the League. If it is serving the Old World helpfully, more power to it. But it is not for us. The Senate has so declared, the Executive has so declared, the people have so declared. Nothing could be more decisively stamped with finality."



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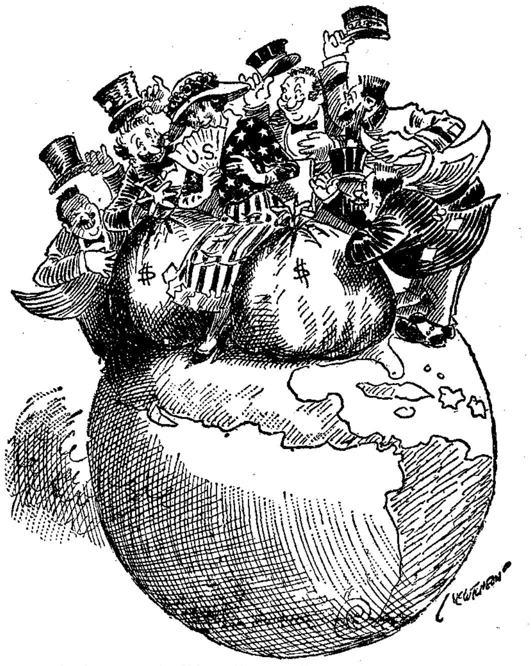
WHERE THE TRAIL LEADS
—Orr in the Chicago *Tribune*.

That is the negative side. On the constructive side the President says that "we gave an example to the world of the conference way to peace" at the Washington Conference last year. There remains participation in a World Court of Justice. Such a court is in existence, perhaps "not all that some advocates of the court plan would have it," but "in a large measure the fulfilment of an aspiration we long have boasted." So "we ought to be a party to the agreement, assume our part in its maintenance, and give to it the benefit of such influence as our size, and wealth, and ideals may prove to be." The Hughes reservations obviate any entanglement with the League. "Excessive friends of the League have beclouded the situation by their unwarranted assumption that it is a move toward League membership. Let them disabuse their minds, because there is no such thought among us who must make our commitments abroad." "Unutterly unjustifiable," are also the apprehensions of "those who shudder excessively when the League is mentioned and assume entanglement as unavoidable."



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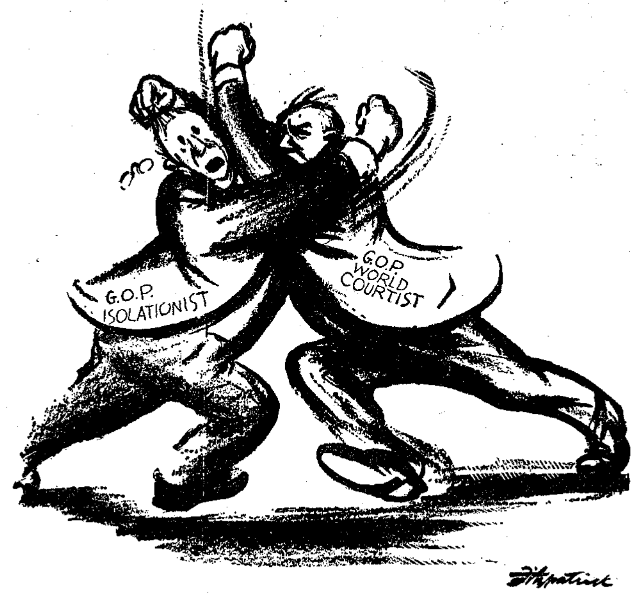
THE WORLD COURT

—McCutcheon in the Chicago *Tribune.*

Returning to the political angle, the President says that he does not hold the World Court issue "a menace to the unity of any political party. It is not to be classed as a party question, but if any party, repeatedly advocating a World Court, is to be rended by the suggestion of an effort to perform in accordance with its pledges, it needs a new appraisal of its assets."

The issue thus being presented as a party measure, the impression made upon the party press is all-important, and we therefore confine our quotations in this article to papers of the Republican persuasion. Now that the President has made the World Court issue so clear, "there need be no party division and no party fear that Democratic argument can confuse it successfully with the League of Nations issue," concludes the Cincinnati *Enquirer*, which has strong Republican leanings. The President, in the Indianapolis *Star's* opinion, has chosen "the only brave course, the only wise course," and "if the opponents of the President's policy assert that there is some other way of keeping faith, some other manner by which the platform promise may be fulfilled, it is proper to ask them to be specific and to tell us how they propose to translate pledges into performances." The Republican Hartford *Courant* and Philadelphia *Inquirer* stand with the Pittsburgh *Gazette Times* which says it shares "the President's opinion that we can go into the Court without passing through so much as the lobby of the League." The Philadelphia *Public Ledger* sees the President "steering down the narrow channel dividing the League and the Court of the League, and that gap is so small it scrapes the paint from his arguments as he edges in." This paper regrets that the President "has recommitted himself against the League." *The Public Ledger*, which leans to the Republican side of national issues, but had strong inclinations toward the League of Nations, adds:



WE OUGHT TO HAVE A COURT TO SETTLE THIS WAR

—Fitzpatrick in the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch.*

> "Friends of the League will go along with the President as far as he will lead them, regretting he will go no farther. He will find it hard to limit the issue. It is inevitable that discussion of the Court shall lead to consideration of the League."

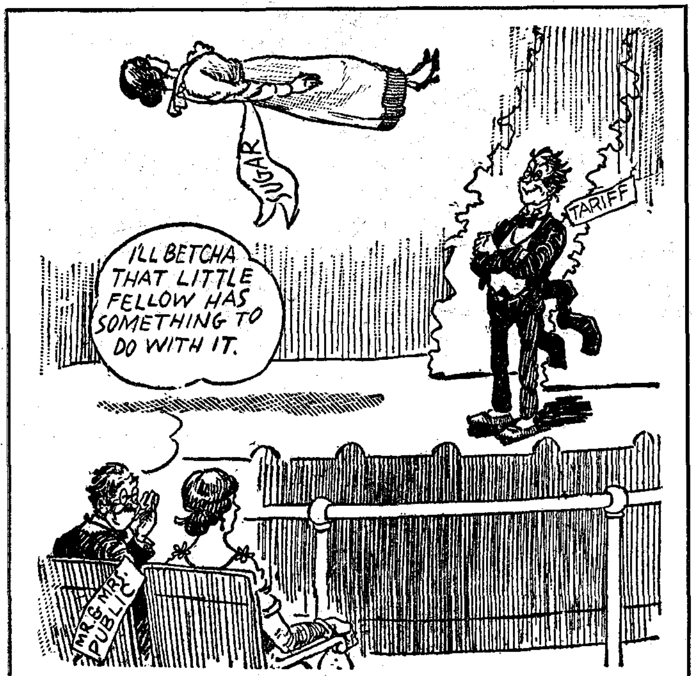
Similarly, the Des Moines *Register* (Ind. Rep.) feels that President Harding "could go much further than his proposal for a World Court and still carry public sentiment with him, or rather, find it with him."

But some Republican foes of the League do not seem to be quite satisfied with the President's declaration of independence. The Kansas City *Star* (Ind.), once a Bull Moose organ, in an editorial captioned "In Wilson's Footsteps," expresses its wonder why the Administration is getting "all worked up over the plan to get the United States into the League of Nations through the back door by means of the International Court." The Chicago *Tribune* is likewise mystified. Mr. Munsey's New York *Herald* and *Sun* also speak for unconvinced Republicans. The Republican party has in the past favored a World Court, but that, we are told, does not mean it would favor the World Court which is "an adjunct of the League of Nations." The Republican party, so *The Herald* feels assured, "considers any move by the Administration looking to American membership in the League-created court as a menace to America and a colossal political blunder." The President's followers, we read in a *Sun* dispatch, freely admit that the political effect of the President's attitude is bound to be injurious, if not fatal, to party chances for success in the 1924 campaign. The New York speech, declares a Washington writer for *The Herald*, has opened up a wide rift in the Republican party. Republican opponents of the League are reported to have interpreted the speech "as a challenge to a contest," and to have accepted it as such. Anti-League Republican Senators are credited with predicting that President Harding's course "will split the party from top to bottom all over the country—that it is already splitting it." For—

> "Opponents of the League Court are preparing to take part in the nation-wide debate on this question. They intend to show President Harding he is wrong in believing the majority of the voters favor the League Court."

THE CAUSE OF HIGH SUGAR PRICES

"AFTER A WINTER OF EXTORTION in coal comes a spring of banditry in sugar," indignantly cries a Western editor, who is convinced that the rise in sugar prices during the last three months is nothing but "an outrageous gamble graft." The prevalence of this feeling leads to considerable newspaper applause of what District Attorney Heyward calls the Government's move "to make the gamblers in sugar remove their roulette wheel from the American breakfast-table." The Federal Government has been seriously concerned for months over the sugar-price situation, which was described so fully in our issue of April 7, and which is portrayed in the accompanying diagram. On the 19th the big stick came down from the wall. The Federal Court in New York was asked by the Government to enjoin the officers and members of the New York Coffee and Sugar Exchange, and of the New York Coffee and Sugar Clearing Association, from dealing in sugar futures or doing anything which would help establish "artificial" prices for sugar. The petition asserted that most sales on the exchange involve no actual delivery of sugar and are made for "illegitimate gambling or speculative profits," resulting in "the enrichment of the parties to such operation" and "serious injury to the consuming public."

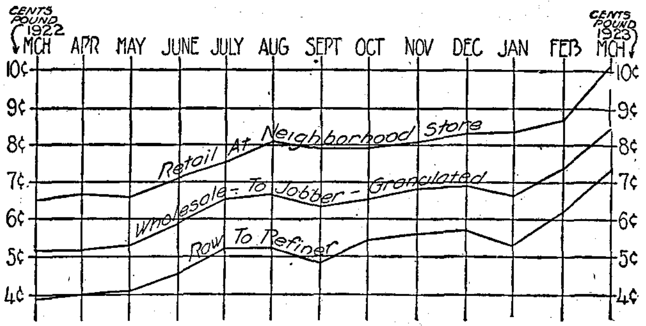

SUGAR
TARIFF
I'LL BETCHA THAT LITTLE FELLOW HAS SOMETHING TO DO WITH IT.
MR. & MRS. PUBLIC

WE DON'T KNOW HOW IT'S DONE, BUT—
—Kuhn in the Indianapolis *News*.

"It's time for such an injunction," applauds the New York *American;* "there was nothing else to do," agrees the Philadelphia *Public Ledger*. "Nowhere except possibly in quarters directly profiting from the sugar gambling is a word of protest heard," we read in the Washington *Star*. "It should now be found out once for all," declares the Boston *Post*, "whether the Government can constitutionally put an end to gambling in the necessaries of life." And "if it is found constitutionally impossible, there might well be an amendment to the great charter of our organic law."

But not everybody is convinced that the rise in sugar prices can be accounted for as simply as the Government's injunction petition would seem to indicate. What has caused the increase? asks Bruce Bliven in *The New Republic*. And he enumerates in reply that much-criticized Department of Commerce statement of February 9; the efforts of bullishly inclined sugar speculators; "general knowledge in the trade that the world surplus was dwindling; increasing consumption, with returning prosperity and higher wages in the United States; and the new tariff." That the injunction suit is purely and simply a political move to try to convince the public that the Government is doing something for the consumer is an assertion made emphatically by such journals as the New York *World* and *Evening Post*, Baltimore *Sun*, Springfield *Republican*, and Boston *News Bureau*. "The Government can not override the law of supply and demand any more than King Canute could stop the waves of the ocean," remarks the Brooklyn *Citizen*. The leaders of "a party which makes special claims to business acumen" ought to be able to appreciate "the utility of continuous markets in futures," and "to distinguish the plain facts in the sugar situation, which are that the Cuban crop shows signs of being materially smaller than had been anticipated and that the position at the end of the crop year is likely to be a tight one," mildly observes the New York *Evening Post's* financial editor. In this connection it is interesting to note that exactly a week after the Government's injunction petition was filed prices of raw and refined sugar on the New York market jumped respectively to 6⅝ and to over 10 cents a pound, as a result, according to the market writers, of lower expert estimates of Cuban sugar production for the current year.

"Sugar is high," and for two fundamental reasons, in the opinion of the Newark *News:* first, the belief that the Cuban crop will be short, second that a tariff of $.0176 a pound on Cuban sugar is inevitably passed on to the consumer. The Tariff Commission, in a special report to the President, has stated that "in the rapid rise in the sugar market of the United States which was witnessed after January 27 of this year price factors other than the tariff have been controlling." The evidence shows, says the Commission, "that the duty on Cuban raw sugar of $ .017648 imposed by the tariff act of 1922 was during February and March, 1923, and is at the present time included in the wholesale and retail prices of granulated sugar," but this is "not equivalent to saying that if the tariff was reduced or removed the prices to the consumer would necessarily be lowered by the full amount of the reduction." This, in the opinion of the Washington *Post*, "absolves the protective schedule of responsibility for the excessively high prices to which sugar was recently carried." But the tariff critics are unconvinced. The Louisville *Courier-Journal* says that the big rise in prices caused by the tariff up to February was the thing that attracted the attention of speculators to sugar in that month. "At least to the extent of the higher duty sugar prices were automatically increased by the Fordney-McCumber Tariff," argues the Norfolk *Virginian-Pilot*, which concludes:



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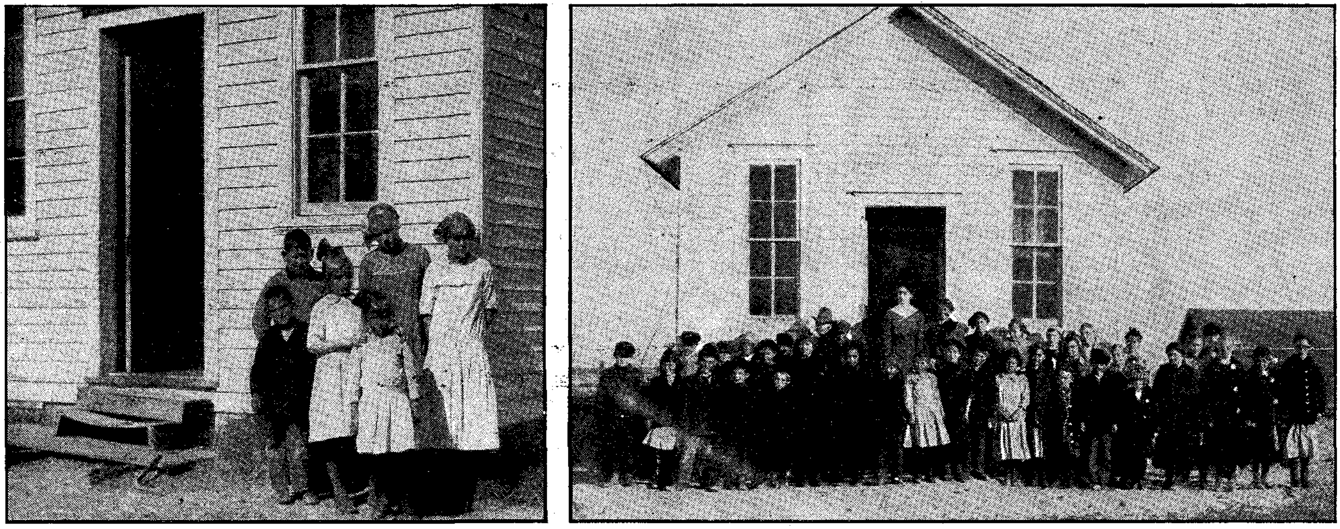
A YEAR OF RISING SUGAR PRICES

In March the average price of raw sugar was 7.3 cents (including duty); of granulated, at wholesale, 8.6 cents; of granulated, retail, 10.2 cents. On April 26 the newspapers reported sales of sugar at 10¼ cents wholesale, and 10½ cents retail.

> "Somewhere in the present sugar-price edifice are a few good-sized bricks representing the contribution of the new tariff law. It stands to reason that cutting the rate fifty per cent., as the President has the right to do, would knock out half of these bricks and to that extent lower the height of the sugar-price edifice, and perhaps permanently weaken the structure."



Illustrations by courtesy of the National Child Labor Committee, New York City.

A COLORADO SCHOOL IN THE SUGAR-BEET SECTION

DURING THE BEET HARVEST AFTER THE BEET HARVEST

THE CHILD WITH THE HOE

"CHILD SLAVES of the Sugar-Beet Industry," runs the headline of an editorial in the Socialist New York *Call*, and the editorial goes on to discuss—and condemn—the "virtual bondage" in which thousands of Michigan and Colorado children between the ages of six and fifteen are said to be held. Statistics gathered by the Children's Bureau of the Department of Labor, of Washington, and the National Child Labor Committee, of New York, in four independent surveys of these important beet-growing States, show that a condition of "contract peonage" exists; that children begin to work in the beet-fields at the age of five; that they work from nine to fourteen hours a day during two short seasons; that the entire family of the beet laborer, with the exception of the smallest children, work in the fields; that babies and children under five receive little care, and are sometimes left at home without caretakers; that the laborer's family occupies whatever temporary shelter they can find, sometimes the poorest kind of shanty; that sanitary conditions are far from good, and overcrowding common. But "the most serious effect of this contract peonage of children in sugar-beet fields," declares the report of the New York organization, "is their failure to get an American education."

Of the 5,581 Michigan children whose records were obtained by the New York committee, 63.4 per cent. lost school time because of work either in beet-fields or other forms of agricultural labor. The committee therefore concludes that the parents consider that the work of the child is more important than its schooling. Work in the beet-fields is chosen, it is said, in order to find work for the children "in agriculture," which is denied them by child-labor laws prohibiting the labor of children under fourteen in workshops or factories. In both States, we read in the government report—

> "Mothers working in the beet-fields did so for long, regular hours, not merely at times when their household duties permitted; beet work took precedence over all other tasks. Meals were prepared and other housework performed at the expense of the mothers' sleep and rest. Babies were usually taken to the fields, where they were in some cases sheltered by a tree or tent, but many fields were entirely without shade. Children 3, 4, and 5 years of age either played about the fields or were left at home."

In Colorado, declares the New York committee, "we found 5,000 children between six and fifteen years of age who were working regularly in sugar-beet fields, and the school authorities estimated that each of these children missed from two to twenty-two weeks of school a year."

Speaking for Michigan, "This State should not wait for Federal statutes to remedy the situation," asserts *The State Journal*, published at Lansing, the capital; "Michigan can continue to be prosperous without demanding the lives of children."

The Detroit *Free Press*, however, and one or two other Michigan and Colorado papers, think the New York committee, at least, has indulged in gross exaggeration. "All this pother" impresses *The Michigan Manufacturer and Financial Record* (Detroit), "as being much ado about nothing." "While cities are spending millions to furnish outdoor recreation to children, we see no very great harm in employing youngsters in agriculture to help their parents make a living," adds this industrial publication, which thinks it "rather singular that the alleged hardships of these children have never excited the criticism of their neighbors." And *The Michigan Farmer* (Detroit) explains:

> "Here in the open there is fresh air and sunshine, opportunity for the children to learn to do useful work and to be taught habits of thrift and industry. They do not work definite hours in the fields, and are under no boss except the parent. Furthermore, there are a few weeks of work, then a rest. The 1920 census says that 6 per cent. of the population of the United States is illiterate. In Michigan's industrial centers of Detroit and Grand Rapids, the percentage is given as 3.8 and 3.3 respectively, while in the State as a whole it is but 3 per cent. Moreover, the percentage of illiteracy is lowest right in the heart of the sugar-beet districts."

Journeying westward, we are told by *The Sugar Beet Journal*, of San Francisco, that "the pay in the sugar-beet fields is greater than in any other class of farm work, and not so laborious or tiresome as the work in the cotton-fields." It sees no reason why "mothers and children should not labor in the sugar-beet fields if suitable living quarters are provided and employment is made more permanent." The Denver *Daily Record-Stockman* thinks that the Children's Bureau report should not be "taken too seriously," and the editor of a New York trade journal, *Facts About Sugar*, remarks:

> "Many of the families working in the beet-fields come from Eastern Europe, where they have been accustomed to similar labor. Their standards of living are not usually high, and their disregard of the laws of hygiene is frequently noticeable, but their living conditions in the country are better than in the cities from which they are drawn, and the environment is immeasurably better for the children. The remedy for abuses, if any are found, lies in the correction of conditions that prevail in individual families and not in the indictment of a whole industry."

THE SUPREME COURT FENCES THE PIT

THE PIT, in the language of theology, is the place where lost souls go; in the language of wheat, it is the place where lost fortunes have often gone; and as the Supreme Judge has enacted laws and regulations for avoiding the former, the Supreme Justices at Washington have just sustained a law to curb the evils of the latter. Whether the new effort will be any more successful than the other, of course remains to be seen. At any rate, the long war between farm interests demanding government control of trading in grain futures, and the grain exchanges resisting such control, ends in a victory for the farmers. "And the Supreme Court decision that affirms the victory," notes the Norfolk *Virginian-Pilot*, "is subscribed to by the largest number of Justices—seven—that have supported the majority opinion in a nationally important case in many a month. It is a staggering victory that the farm bloc has won."

The Capper-Tincher law, which the Supreme Court now sustains, was designed, we read in *Capper's Weekly* (Topeka), "to curb grain gamblers who conspire to manipulate markets so that the farmer who sells wheat gets a low price, and the consumer who buys wheat pays a high price." As Secretary of Agriculture Wallace explains:

> "The law does not interfere with hedging transactions in the boards of trade. Neither does it interfere with ordinary speculation in the buying or selling of contracts for future delivery. If, however, there should be evidence of undue manipulation or attempts to corner the market, or of the dissemination of false or misleading information about crop or market conditions by members of the exchanges, such conduct would be inquired into and promptly dealt with as required by the law. In addition it prohibits the exchanges from discriminating against cooperative associations of grain producers who may desire membership in order to obtain the use of the facilities of the grain exchanges."

"The present law cuts the grain gamblers off from the use of mails, telegraph, and other means of communication, as was done when the Government put the Louisiana lottery out of business," remarks Senator Capper's Topeka weekly. The law was designed as a substitute for the one passed in 1921, which the Supreme Court declared to be invalid. The largest grain exchanges affected by the Capper-Tincher law are those of Chicago, Minneapolis, Duluth, Kansas City, St. Louis, Toledo, Milwaukee, San Francisco, Los Angeles, and Baltimore, we are told in the Buffalo *Express*. Book records of all exchange transactions must be kept and held open for inspection by representatives of the Secretary of Agriculture.

Senator Capper believes the law which the Supreme Court now finds valid will materially reduce the power of the Chicago Board of Trade, the leading exchange, to manipulate grain prices to the disadvantage of the producers. But traders, it is said, feel confident that the business of trading in grain futures will be little interfered with, particularly since Chief Justice Taft, in his ruling, says that sales of grain on the Chicago Board of Trade are as necessary to the continuance of the flow of grain to market as stockyard sales are to the movement of cattle. At the same time, the Court pointed out:

> "Manipulations of grain futures for speculative profit, tho not carried to the extent of a corner or complete monopoly, exert a vicious influence and produce abnormal and disturbing temporary fluctuations of prices that are not responsible to actual supply and demand. . . . Such manipulation does work to the detriment of producers, consumers, shippers and legitimate dealers in interstate commerce in grain, and that it is a real abuse."

"So far as the law may be effective to diminish gambling in grain and prevent manipulation, it is regarded as wise and helpful both to producers and consumers," observes the Providence *Journal*. For, we read in the Tacoma *Ledger:*

> "One of the most pernicious of the offenses against the farmers and the general public has been the manipulation of grain prices through purely speculative transactions. While there could be no objection urged to the possible and very probable fluctuations in the price of grain due to contract dealings in which actual grain was purchased and delivered, there was recognized to exist a serious evil in the buying and selling of grain neither party possest.
>
> "It was a common practise of so-called 'wire houses' to trade in grain on quotations sent out from Chicago. There was no thought of 'making good' on sales, for not a bushel of grain was controlled by the manipulators. The house gambled that wheat would go down, while the customer gambled that it would rise. Manipulation usually resulted in the house winning. It was gambling pure and simple, where the victim had even less chance than he would have in a faro game."

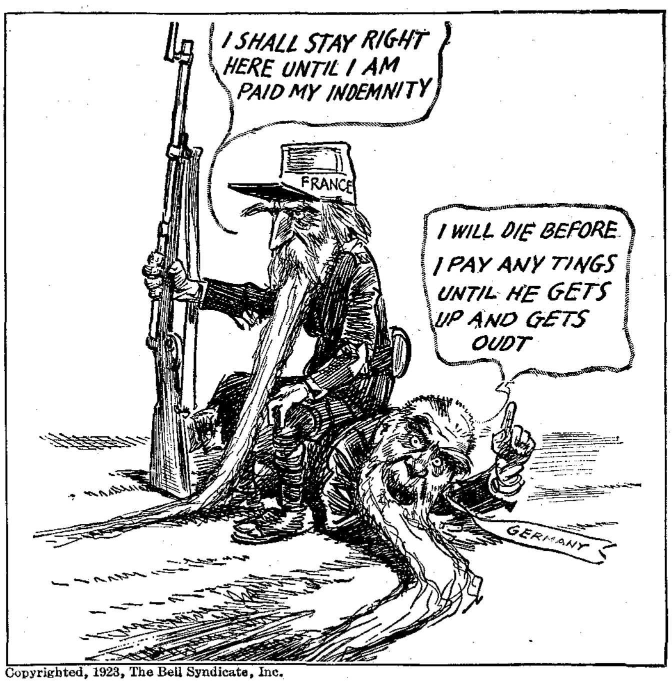
"So far the trade in grain is moving along as tho there had been no decision by the Supreme Court," reports a Chicago correspondent of the New York *Evening Post*. The president of the Board of Trade, moreover, announces that the organization will adjust itself to the new law, and that the Board will "maintain its high standard of marketing efficiency." The most important feature of the law is the control vested in the Secretary of Agriculture, thinks the Topeka *Capital*, "and this should assist boards of trade to stop vicious practises."

On the other hand, its critics point out, the law which the Supreme Court upholds is still in the experimental stage. "No one knows how it will work, but there is no promise of preventing fluctuations," we are reminded by the Newark *Evening News*. Moreover, maintains the Rochester *Post-Express*, "this law is discriminatory, like many other laws that have been passed in recent years. And usually this discrimination has been against business and in favor of some class that has a greater number of votes than has business." The Supreme Court ruling, thinks this paper, "emphasizes the tendency of the time to regulate business by law, instead of letting it be ruled as far as possible by the natural laws governing men and their dealings." "It is also undoubtedly a great victory for the job-holding bureaucracy," opines the Baltimore *Evening Sun*. "Our own opinion," says the New York *Commercial*, "is that the law is largely political buncombe, or 'bunk.'" Continues this business daily:

> "It was passed at the behest of the farm bloc in order to appease farmers who conceived the notion that the decline in the values of farm products was due to 'bear' manipulation. It is a curious phase of farm psychology, upon which political demagogs easily play, that manipulation, whatever may be understood by that term, is a conspiracy to depress prices. It never seems to occur to the farmers that there might also be 'bull' manipulation, or if it does, they are discreetly silent about it.
>
> "As a matter of fact, speculators prefer a 'bull' market to a 'bear' market, because there is a wider public interest in it. There is practically no such thing as 'bear' manipulation. It is only when there is a short crop and the possibility of a corner that manipulation on any large scale becomes possible. The only instances on record of any wide-spread manipulation have been on the 'bull' side, and almost without exception they have brought disaster to those who have perpetrated them. In the case of 'bull' manipulation, the farmer is able to sell his grain on a constantly rising market, and it is only when the corner collapses, as it invariably does, that the farmer who has been holding back in hope of still higher prices loses out.
>
> "Artificial control of the market can not last long either way, but it is infinitely harder to fool the trading public into the belief that there is a larger crop than that there is a smaller one. The Grain Futures Law is like the Emergency Tariff, a sop to the farmers to make them think they are getting something, when, as a matter of fact, they are getting nothing. It will not make a difference of an eighth of a cent a bushel one way or the other in the price of grain."

"It is an expansion of the interstate commerce principle that the Court affirms," notes the Norfolk *Virginian-Pilot*, "and still more interesting expansions lie just ahead." For—

> "If it is proper for the Department of Agriculture to supervise trading in wheat futures, what is to prevent it from extending the same supervision over trading in cotton futures as soon as the cotton farmers conceive such a regulation to be a necessity and are able to command enough influence in Congress to translate that necessity into law?"


I SHALL STAY RIGHT HERE UNTIL I AM PAID MY INDEMNITY
FRANCE
I WILL DIE BEFORE I PAY ANY TINGS UNTIL HE GETS UP AND GETS OUDT
GERMANY

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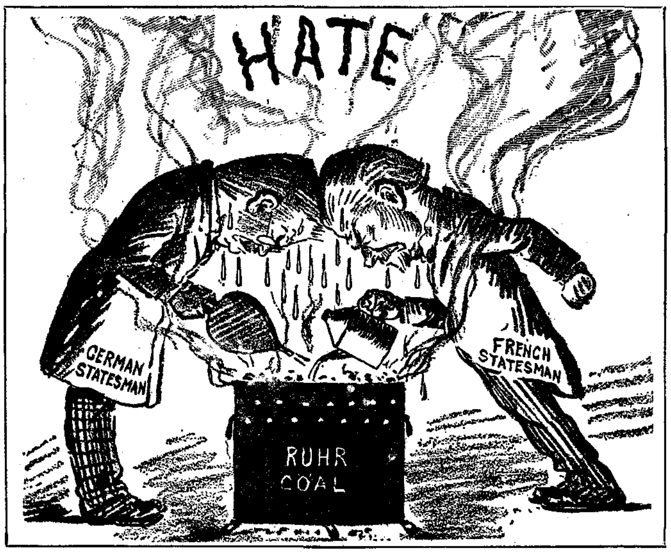
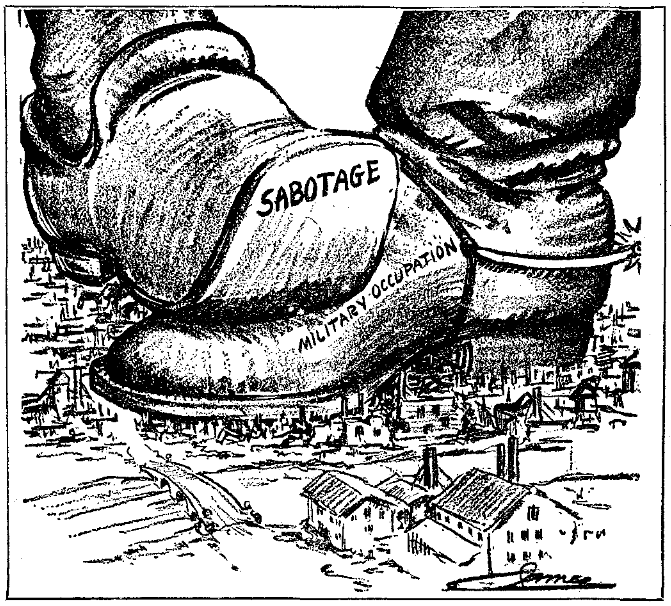
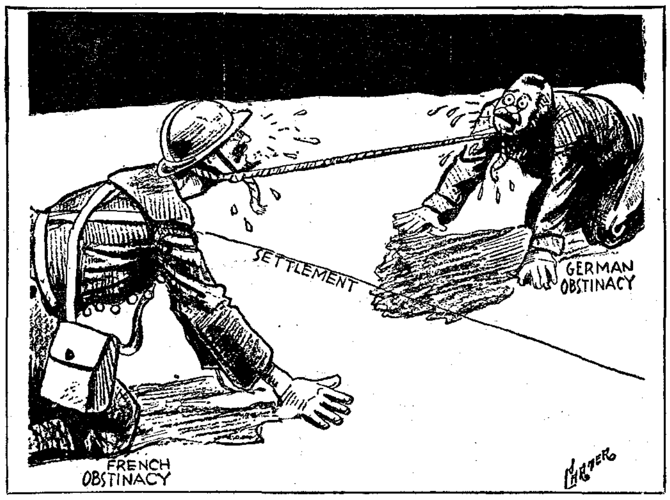
IF WE RIGHTLY UNDERSTAND THEM BOTH.
—Reid for the Bell Syndicate.


HATE
GERMAN STATESMAN
FRENCH STATESMAN
RUHR COAL

WHERE TWO HEADS ARE WORSE THAN ONE.
—Harding in the Brooklyn *Eagle.*


SABOTAGE
MILITARY OCCUPATION

THE GERMAN STAND IN THE RUHR.
—James in the St. Louis *Star.*


SETTLEMENT
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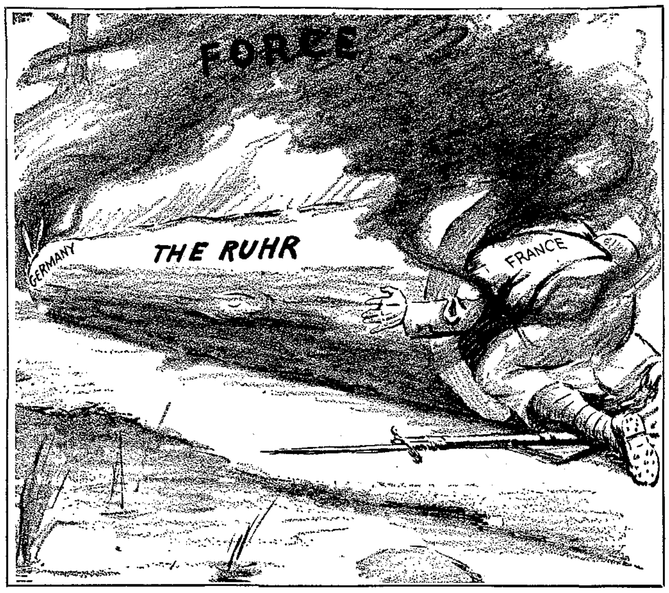
THE TUG OF PASSIVE STRANGULATION.
—Carter in the Louisville *Post.*


FORCE
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THE RUHR
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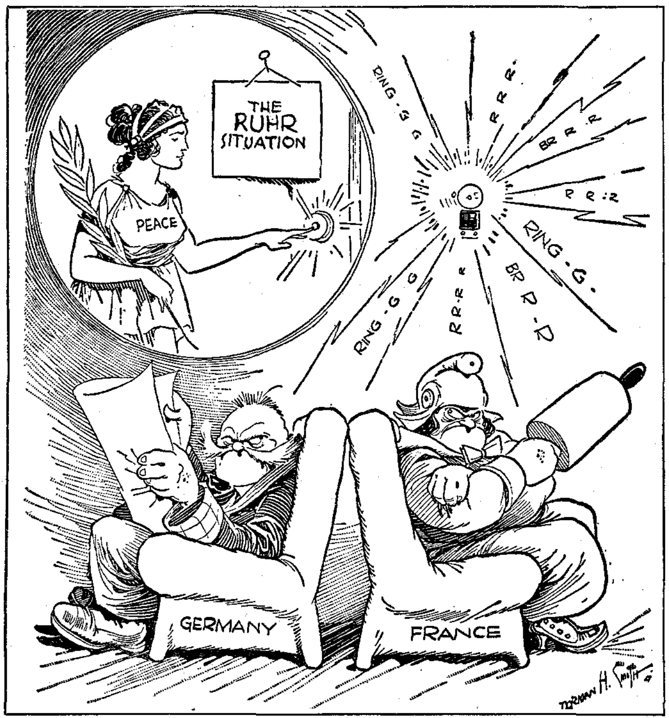
SMOKING OUT THE HUNTER OR THE HUNTED?
—Harding in the Brooklyn *Eagle.*


THE RUHR SITUATION
PEACE
RING-G-G
R-R-R
BR-R-R
RING-G-
BR-R-R
RING-G-G
R-R-R
GERMANY
FRANCE

BOTH—"YOU LET HER IN, I WON'T."
—Smith for N. E. A. Service.

THE RUHR DEADLOCK: WHEN JACQUES MEETS FRITZ, THEN COMES THE TUG-OF-WAR.

BIRTH-CONTROL FOR THE "MURPHIES"

THE ORGANIZER

of the Maine association and sixty-five other associations in the United States, Aaron Sapiro. The estimated total value of the business done annually is $400,000,000.

MR. MURPHY, as a writer in *The Michigan Business Farmer* calls the humble but necessary Irish potato, is receiving a great deal of attention these days from economists, and editors of magazines, farm papers, and dailies, who see in the announced success of a plan to pool the potato crop of Maine a move to control through cooperative marketing the 350,000,000-bushel potato crop of the nation. "But there is comfort for the consumer in the statement of Aaron Sapiro, leader in the Maine undertaking and organizer of sixty-five other associations, that the effort to stabilize prices for the benefit of the potato-grower is not necessarily to be at the expense of the consumer," *The Washington Star* hastens to observe. "It is aimed at elimination or restriction of speculators and middlemen." "In no other way can farmers obtain just prices and make farming reasonably profitable," believes *The Iowa Homestead*, of Des Moines. At the same time, we are warned by the editor of *Farm, Stock and Home* (Minneapolis), "cooperative marketing is not a panacea for our agricultural ills; by making money for the producer it tends to overstimulate production, as the California fruit-growers have learned." If so many potatoes are born as to depress prices, therefore, the work of the association will be to control the potato birth-rate and keep prices on a profitable level.

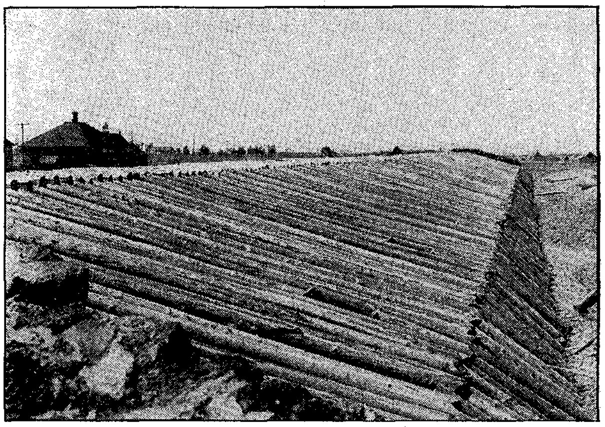
The organization of the Maine Potato Growers' Cooperative Association, we are told in the New York *Tribune*, represents the first step in marketing the country's largest food crop, in number of pounds consumed, altho it ranks eighth in point of total value, now roughly $500,000,000. There are two outstanding features in the development of the potato industry, writes Carl R. Woodward, in *The Review of Reviews* for April. "In the first place, our production is increasing more rapidly than our acreage; our yield per acre has increased. Again, the per capita production has very markedly increased." But last year, he points out, "with the largest crop ever grown in the United States, potato-growers were the victims of the most serious price slump in years." With increased production came a decrease in value. "Competitive juggling of prices, discriminatory shipping agreements, biased inspection reports, and other manipulations, some of them decidedly unfair," writes M. L. Bigelow in *The Michigan Business Farmer*, of Mt. Clemens, led to the cooperative marketing plan. "And it is about time that something was done in this line," declares Senator Capper's *Kansas Farmer, Mail and Breeze*, of Topeka. As the New York *Tribune* describes the new plan, and what its backers hope to accomplish:

> "Sixty per cent. of the farmers who grow Maine's great crop of tubers already have accepted membership and signed contracts with the Maine association. They have agreed to send every bushel raised on their farms to the warehouses of the association for sale by it.
>
> "With the 1924 crop it is also expected that associations modeled on the same lines will be ready to function in New Jersey, Virginia, Minnesota, Michigan, Wisconsin, North and South Dakota, Idaho, Colorado and Utah. All of these growers' cooperative associations will be linked up in a central body, which will direct the sales policy, the details of marketing, regulate the flow of the potatoes to market and designate the markets to which they are to go, and generally control the distribution so as to equalize prices and conditions everywhere as a protection for the farmer.
>
> "The Maine association and the groups being organized in other potato-producing States are all modeled after the Sapiro plan, on which similar cooperatives in tobacco, cotton, rice, and other lines of farm produce have been built during the last two or three years.
>
> "Like growers everywhere, the Maine farmers found themselves unable to grow sufficiently large crops to supply the demand during the war years and the year immediately following the Armistice. Potatoes kept mounting in price until in 1919 they were selling for $8 and $9 a barrel on the farm and the wholesalers were getting $18 and $20 a barrel in New York and other large Eastern cities. There was a good profit to be made in growing potatoes at that price, and more acreage was planted.
>
> "Some Maine communities are still suffering from the blight of that tremendous crop. For a variety of reasons the bottom simply fell out of the market.
>
> "The farmer has felt that he is completely in the hands of speculators, whether commission merchants, or buyers in the

Courtesy of "The Review of Reviews" (New York).

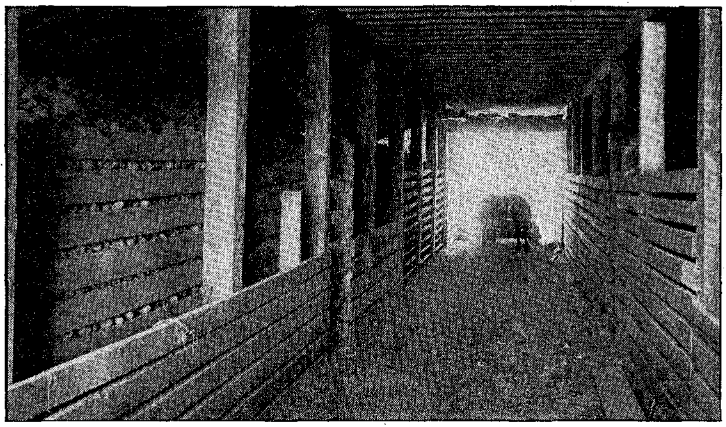
OVER THREE-QUARTERS OF A MILLION BUSHELS OF POTATOES

were shipped from Tennent, Monmouth County, N. J., in 1920. According to a writer in *The Review of Reviews*, it now requires two and one-half bushels of potatoes to purchase as much goods for the farmer as one bushel would buy before the war.



Illustrations by courtesy of "The Review of Reviews" (New York)

AN IDAHO "DUG-OUT" OR STORAGE CELLAR.



THE 11-FOOT DRIVEWAY OF THE "DUG-OUT."

This timber structure, 50 by 285 feet in size, has a capacity of more than 4,000,000 pounds of "Murphies" The end walls are of concrete, and the driveway facilitates the handling of the potatoes and insures good ventilation.

> producing districts. Because of the short growing season he has only a bare six weeks within which to get his crop out of the ground. He must sell it immediately, as a rule, in order to pay the country banker who has financed his crop, or the village storekeeper who has extended him credit between crops. Irrespective of market conditions or demand, he must turn his crop into cash, if for no other reason than that in 99 cases out of 100 he has no storage facilities to take care of the potatoes until more favorable market conditions warrant shipping them. He can either take the price that the dealer on the ground offers him, or he can ship them to the commission houses for whatever they will bring."

Several weeks ago the Minnesota Potato Exchange was roundly criticized in the press for making a net remittance of only $1.30 to a North Dakota farmer for a carload of potatoes. Freight, inspection, and other charges had eaten up the balance —$334.70. After an investigation, however, the Exchange finds that the railroad company had made a mistake of $25.45, which was refunded to the potato grower. Also that "this was a carload of junk; part of it, at least, was not fit for human consumption," in the words of the buyer. But the lesson to be learned from this experience, points out this non-cooperative organization, "is the need of organization on the right basis for the successful marketing of our potato crop." This exchange, points out a writer in *The Outlook* (New York), "is seriously handicapped in that it has no control over the grading of potatoes offered for sale by the farmer." The new Maine organization, it is said, will have this power. First of all, however, says the writer in the Mt. Clemens farm paper—

> "There must be cooperation. Not cooperative marketing alone, but cooperation between producer and producer. Cooperation between grower and the local warehouse manager, that the product may be graded and stored in such manner that when called out by market demand there will be no come-back from the buyer to reflect back on the man who grew the potatoes. Cooperation between State exchanges so that when one exchange has its market demand established and the channels of trade open, a sister State will not pour in an avalanche of potatoes and wreck the market."

"It is now a complex business to put a potato in the heart of a big city," remarks the Philadelphia *Inquirer.* "High labor cost on the farm, expensive truckage to railway station, high freight rates and the intricate system of distribution in the cities mean that the consumer pays a heavy price, while everybody who serves him complains of little or no profit in his part of the transaction." "Too many farmers have been raising potatoes at a loss," agrees the neighboring *Evening Bulletin,* and it goes on:

> "More satisfactory results are likely if the growers do their own marketing. They have brought about improved methods of handling and shipping their product, and obtained concessions in freight rates, from cooperative action in particular sections. By extending their organization, pooling their product, adopting a uniform sales policy and keeping potatoes moving regularly to the places where they are in demand, they should be able to establish and maintain a rational and stable market.
>
> "Such methods are in line with what the fruit-growers have been doing. They work for the elimination of useless middlemen and speculators, and quicker and more economic ways of supplying the popular demand. And their benefits are shared by the consumer if he gains the assurance of a steady supply, good quality and a fair price."

The farm papers already quoted are only a few of the many interested in the Maine cooperative plan. A few also remind us that the consumer, under the new plan, will not be made to suffer under a potato famine one week and an oversupply the next. And there will be less wastage of "Murphies." In the opinion of *The Ohio Farmer* (Cleveland), "this is the only solution of the difficulties of the potato-growers. It will stabilize the industry." And we read in *The Rural Life and Farm Stock Journal* (Rochester) that—

> "Maine farmers and business men realized that something must be done to give the potato-grower a larger percentage of the consumers' potato dollar. So Mr. Sapiro, the country's most eminent authority on cooperative marketing of farm products, was called to Maine to study the problem and find a way out. The result was a thorough organization of Maine's potato-growers, 60 per cent. of whom signed a five-year contract to turn over all potatoes produced by him to his cooperative association. The Maine Potato Growers' Exchange will act as sales agents, and $200,000 per year for the next five years will be spent in advertising Maine potatoes. It is expected that the Maine plan will not increase the cost of potatoes to the consumer, but will, by more efficient methods of merchandizing, increase the growers' returns."

Whether the Maine project will be a nation-wide success, however, is questioned by *The Rural New Yorker,* of New York City. As this farm paper observes:

> "To market the national potato crop is too big a job for a centralized cooperative association. Cooperation is a protest against speculation and monopoly. Its purpose is an orderly system of marketing a constant supply, and reduction of the cost of distribution to encourage consumption and increased demand.
>
> "True cooperation is possible only in localized groups because it would be impossible for farmers widely distributed to direct a centralized business, and without the personal direction of members an association can not be cooperative. The large centralized organizations have not been permanently successful heretofore. The arrangement of federated local associations has been generally successful.
>
> "The Federal Government should furnish warehouses for potatoes as it used to do for whisky, and see that the crop is regularly distributed over the season. The local cooperative association could then move the crop direct from the fields through these warehouses to the consumer in a steady supply. Speculation and monopoly would be eliminated."

TOPICS IN BRIEF

(*An extension of this department appears weekly on the screen as "Fun from the Press"*)

We hope this marathon dancing business is on its last legs.—*Dallas News.*

Almost any system of government will work if the people will. —*Springfield State Register.*

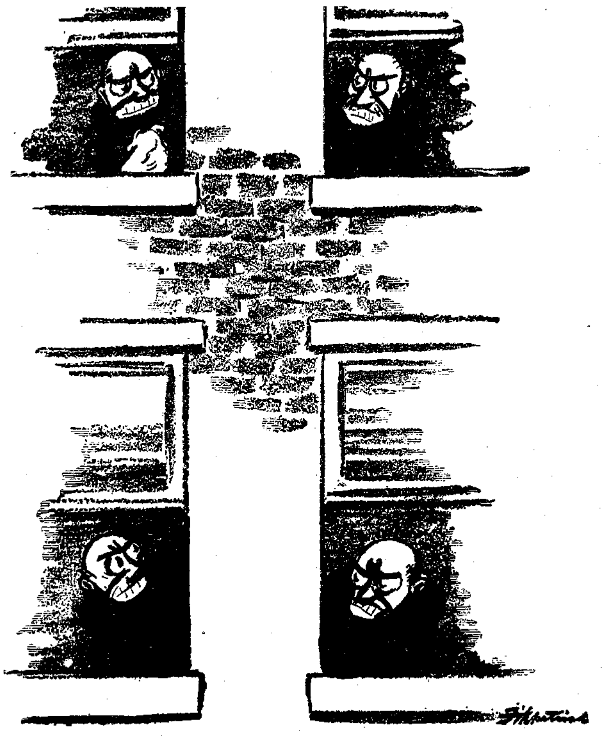
If there is any color more hated in this country than Russian Red it is Parlor Pink.—*Boston Transcript.*

Dollar gasoline would at least relieve the congestion in the emergency wards.—*Athens (Ga.) Daily News.*

Unfortunately, an intelligent minority doesn't always stay that way after it becomes a majority.—*Chicago Journal.*

Mr. Fly will be a great-great-great-great-great-great-granddaddy fly in a few weeks unless you swat him.—*Peoria Star*

The only thing about the movie hero that we envy is his ability to keep a shirt clean through all adversity.—*Palatka (Fla.) News.*



EUROPE.

—Fitzpatrick in the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch.*

The way of the transgressor is hard because it is the beaten path.—*Dallas News.*

It can no longer be denied that the Republican party is a party of parts.—*Norfolk Virginian-Pilot.*

They may suffer, but these non-stop dancers at least won't have to be treated for brain fever. —*Pittsburgh Sun.*

Commercial interests in China are now on an equal footing. That is to say, they share the same banana peel.—*Dallas News.*

This country sees no reason why it should recognize Russia until Russia is sufficiently recovered to recognize itself.—*Chicago Daily News.*

Germany has complained to the League of Nations that France has doubled her troops since February, 1922. Germany might find a remedy for this by doubling her payments.—*Philadelphia Evening Public Ledger.*

The salary of the Governor of West Virginia has been cut from $10,000 to $8,000 a year, which brings him down almost to the level of the rate of pay of a plasterer in New York.—*Boston Transcript.*

Well, why shouldn't France have a greater fleet of aircraft? She spends a greater part of her time up in the air.—*Vancouver Sun.*

Taxpayers will be glad to learn that modernizing a battle-ship doesn't cost any more than building a new one.—*Stamford Advocate.*

One good way to reduce to music is to listen to the musical clink of the trace chains on the plow harness.—*Windsor Border Cities Star.*

Lord Robert Cecil says the League will go on without us, but he failed to state just where it would go. — *Rockford Republican.*

"Most wage-earners," says Roger Babson, "spend all they get." It wouldn't be so bad if they also earned all they get.— —*American Lumberman (Chicago).*

A New York man has eaten nearly nine pounds of steak at one sitting. A Cleveland girl danced for more than fifty hours. Gee! We wish we could do something great like that!—*National Editorial Bureau (Asbury Park, N. J.).*

The mosquito bites the hand that feeds him.—*Financial America.*

The only B. A. that interests some of this year's seniors stands for Batting Average.—*West Palm Beach Post.*

The Chester concessions seem to include everything except Kemal Pasha's movie rights.—*Boston Transcript.*

A principle keeps the pacifist from fighting, but the militarist is quieted only by the interest.—*La Grange Reporter.*

Europe will find it much easier to balance her budget if she will keep her head level.—*Associated Editors (Chicago).*

If you do housework at $6 a week, that's domestic service. If you do it for nothing, that's matrimony.—*New Britain Herald.*

The danger in any international organization is that it might force nations to be as honest as they profess a desire to be.— *Macon News.*

The current idea in diplomacy is to pour oil on the troubled flames.—*Tacoma Ledger.*

Passengers in Pullmans heed the new "Silence" signs until they fall asleep.—*New York Tribune.*

No wonder the Bolshies deny God. In the very beginning God brought order out of chaos.— *Peoria Star.*

Nations may be weary of drifting, but they should be glad they're still floating.—*New Orleans Times-Picayune.*

The unhappiest man is the one whose expenditure of speech is too great for his income of ideas. —*New York Evening Post.*

In the matter of paying up Germany may yet be forced to bite off her Noes to save her face.—*Philadelphia Evening Public Ledger.*

"Car Kills Two; Gets Six Months," says headline. That's the idea; lock up the cars and give the drivers six months as pedestrians.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

One way to discourage some of these ladies from their exhausting endeavors would be to insist that the dancing be done only with their husbands.—*New York Evening Post.*

A London paper says that for the next sixty years our flag is going to look like the $tars and $tripes. Maybe this resemblance was suggested by the long known look of the British £ion. —*Boston Herald.*

The Pennsylvania Railroad publicity department says that the reckless automobile driver should be eliminated. Well, he soon is.—*American Lumberman (Chicago).*

A good many politicians who have been cast out of the Democratic and Republican camps are now earnestly hoping to become Ford accessories.—*New York Tribune.*

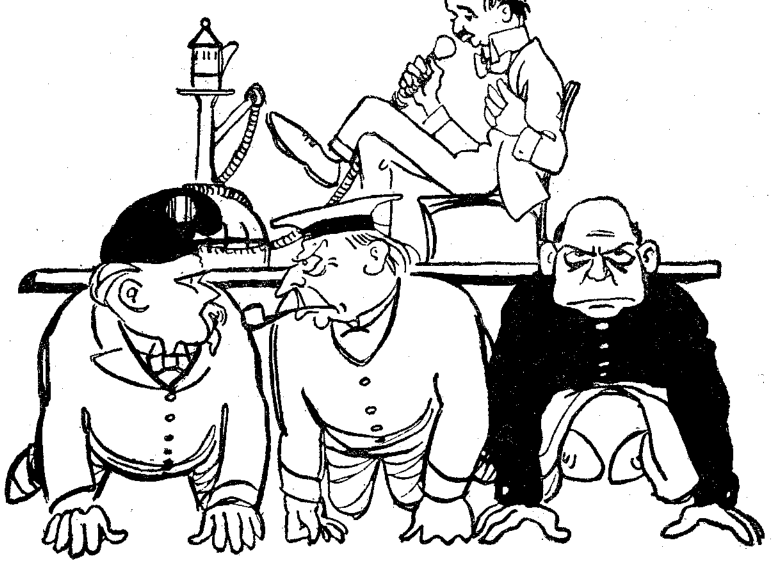
Mr. Mellon says in effect that even tho tax receipts are greatly increased, the government departments can always find some use for the extra money. So could the taxpayers, if they got it back.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

London, April 2.—During the discussion in the House of Commons of Lady Astor's temperance bill, W. A. Jenkins said that Americans were divided into two classes, those who "still had a little" and those who "had a little still." —*Associated Press.*

FOREIGN - COMMENT

POLITICAL POTS A-BOILING IN THE BALKANS

TROUBLE IN THE BALKANS in the days before the World War usually started with one of the States attacking another, or all of them together swooping down upon Turkey, say some editors in Southeastern Europe, who point out that since the World War a vast change is to be noted. To-day, and for the first time in the history of that turbulent peninsula, they tell us, each and every one of the Balkan States is suffering from internal disturbances of increasing gravity. The prospect is not brightened to their eyes, moreover, by the fact that the Allies and the Turks at the Second Conference at Lausanne are engaged in negotiations of extremely perilous matters. As far away as London, the *Times* notes the "wide extension of unrest throughout the new Balkan States," and it finds the indications the more discouraging "at this time when the Allies, who made the peace, are largely incapable of common action, owing to their disagreements on fundamental questions of European policy." In the judgment of this London daily "there is great need for paying careful attention to the Balkans." The internal troubles of these States, according to a Bulgarian journal, the Sofia *Echo de Bulgarie*, are due to a general constitutional crisis in full sway over the peninsula, and it adds:



A GREEK JAB AT THE ALLIES.

"Who said the Allies are not united on or under Turkey's demands at Lausanne?"
—*Eleftheron Vima* (Athens).

> "In the critical hours, when the laws of a country, being superseded by new customs, fail to serve its present needs, two controversial elements oppose each other: one of conservation, and the other of evolution. Whenever the former wins, in the process of legislating, we have reaction, whereas evolution alone leads to Utopia. Here in the Balkan States, we have no conflict between Labor and Capital, or at least those conflicts that we have are so weak that they do not have in our life the preponderant influence they carry in other countries. . . .
>
> "But the Balkan States, which have annexed new provinces, found in them a large proportion of peoples of the same race, but of a different culture. Nor is it perhaps necessary to add that the culture of the liberated was superior to that of the liberators. The main fact is, however, that the long centuries of separate life have created in both sections different traditions. The people of the same race desire their unity, but on condition that they maintain the particular characteristics out of which they draw their inspiration and their glory. They demand guaranties of some sort of local self-government, which will permit them to develop their individuality."

This statement is taken to refer in particular to the crises in Jugo-Slavia and in Roumania. As to Jugo-Slavia, or the Kingdom of Serbs, Croats and Slovenes, the Athens *Chronika*, which makes a close study of Balkan problems, gives the following account of what happened in the recent election when the last survivor of the war Premiers, namely, Mr. Pashich, lost his control of the majority in the Chamber, and had to resign. It appears that in the National Assembly of Jugo-Slavia, which was elected in 1920, Mr. Pashich had 96 followers, members of the so-called Radical party. By cooperation with the Democratic party, under the leadership of Mr. Davidovich, this majority possest 86 votes more, so that the Coalition had a sufficient, but not very secure majority. The uncertainty of the strength of the Coalition lay in the fact that the Slovenes who belonged to Coalition are said not to have been very faithful, while the Moslem deputies of Bosnia, who cooperated with the Government, are described as being "heavily subsidized." But the worst trouble for Mr. Pashich and his co-workers, according to the *Chronika*, was that the entire Croation delegation abstained from the Sessions of the National Assembly by way of protest against the centralized Jugo-Slav State.

Passing from Jugo-Slavia into Roumania we find that conflict there is acute over the new Constitution which the Bratiano Cabinet is said to have succeeded in passing through both Houses of the Roumanian Parliament against the combined opposition of the Agrarians, the Democratic party and the Nationalists of Transylvania. According to the London *Graphic*, the new Roumanian Constitution was carried in the Chamber of Deputies on March 27 by 262 votes to 8, the Opposition being absent; and by the Senate by 137 votes to 2, with 2 abstentions. The Peasant party, or Agrarians protested so violently against the new Constitution in their street demonstrations that the troops were called out to maintain order. This London weekly also informs us that "while respecting existing concessions and acknowledging that the owners of the surface are entitled to royalties, the new Constitution nationalizes the mineral resources of the country and expropriates the forests."

According to some Sofia newspapers the greatest opposition to the new Constitution was aroused by the so-called "minority clauses" which are said to give opportunity for misinterpretation because of the obscurity of the terms. Thus we are told that one clause much opposed reads as follows: "The Roumanians, without distinction of ethnic origin, or language, or religion, shall enjoy freedom of conscience, freedom of education, freedom of the press, freedom of assembly, freedom

ARMATA SA FIE A TARI
VREM LIBERTATEA SINDICALA

PEASANT PARTY PROTESTS AT BUCHAREST, ROUMANIA.

The new Roumanian Constitution, which is opposed by the Peasant party, was carried in the Chamber of Deputies by 262 votes to 8, the Opposition being absent; and in the Senate by 137 votes to 2 with 2 absent.

of association and all the rights established by law." Now it appears that the different minorities in Roumania demand that instead of the word "Roumanians" the phrase "Roumanian citizens" should be used. An Opposition organ in Roumania, the Bucharest *Adeverul*, charges that the Liberal Government of Mr. Bratiano has "voted without regard for the other parties, whose representatives were expelled from the Chamber, while the whole country was subjected to a régime of terrorism." The Peasant party charges that the elections to the recent Chamber have been illegal and that the new Constitution does not represent the will of the entire Roumanian people. In the view of some Greek editors, the chief issue in Roumania, as in Jugo-Slavia, is the opposition of the newly liberated voters to sacrifice their local autonomy in a highly centralized régime.

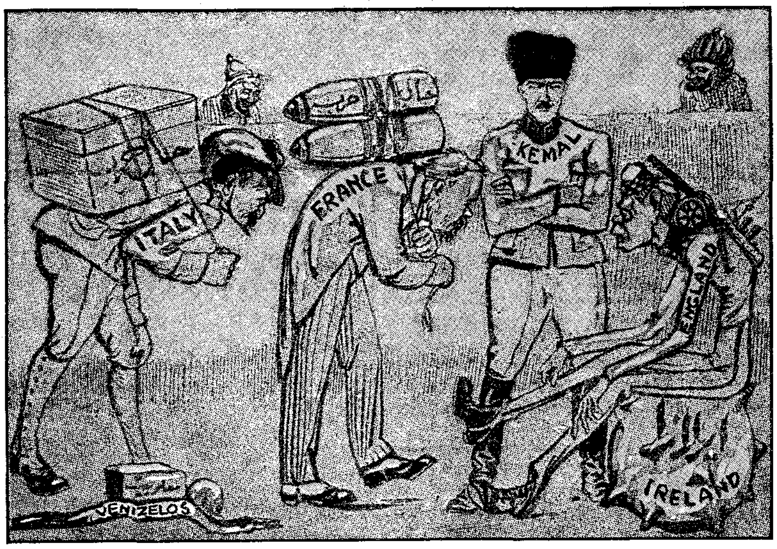
In Bulgaria we find that the last act of the late parliament was to pass sentence on the Ministers who launched Bulgaria into the World War, and on the general who cooperated with them. Sentences ranging from life to five years imprisonment were pronounced by the Court of Appeals, and the accused were also condemned to pay fines to the State Treasury amounting to thirty-two billion of *leva*, which normally equal $250,000,000. The Sofia *Mir* points significantly to the fact that these sentences were decided by a majority of one vote in the Court. Meanwhile, Bulgaria entered upon new elections on April 22, because, as the official Sofia *Pobieda* states, the Stambouliski Government wishes to secure a majority of followers necessary to the formation of a strong Cabinet drawn from the ranks of the Agrarian party.

Advancing into Greece the press advises us that elections seem to be depending on the signing of peace, and that the country in the meantime is subject to the rule of a military dictatorship. The revolution is strongly supported by the Venizelist party, and according to the daily *Patris*, which expresses the opinions of the present Government, "those who have liberated Greece from Constantine and his ministers, who were shot after being sentenced by a court-martial, will see to it that the next elections will not admit into the Chamber any of the supporters of the old régime." This pronouncement is ominous, but the *Chronika*, which speaks for the Party of Freedom, opposing the Venizelist Liberals, states that "the next campaign should see not only the end of the Venizelist party, but of all the older parties, which are all held to be just as much responsible as the Venizelists, for the present plight of the country."

PROBING BRITISH LABOR'S UNREST

A FIST FIGHT IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS between Labor members and supporters of the Government and the interruption of speakers while Communist Labor members sang "The Red Flag" so that the sitting was adjourned for an hour to permit order to be restored, form an item in the news of the day which profoundly impresses some British editors with the "class antagonism spirit" of after-war workers. There is something disturbing to them also in the announcement that the Labor members of the City Council of Leeds have decided to boycott the Prince of Wales when he visits there on June 1st by not participating in the welcome to the Prince or attending any function in his honor. Conservative labor leaders such as Ramsay Macdonald are said to be annoyed at the tactics of these "wild men," but it is reported also that straight Labor members are "privately delighted at such evidence of class consciousness." An interesting variety of views on Labor's unrest as seen from both sides is presented by the London *Current Opinion*, the official organ of the Industrial League and Council. Speaking for the advanced Laborites, Mr. Tom Kennedy, a former Member of Parliament, declares that what Labor wants in Britain is to have the worker raised to the "plane of free citizenship" where his reward will no longer be "a subsistence wage, which at best represents only a fraction of the wealth his labor produces." Mr. Kennedy goes on to say:

"The modern wage-worker is neither slave nor serf. He is neither tied to the soil nor is he the property of an owner. He is a free man. Dissatisfied with one employer, he may select another. His employer likewise may discharge him at any time. This measure of freedom is, of course, more apparent than real. The worker is compelled to sell for wages the only thing he has for sale, his power to work. Compelled thus to sell what can not



TURKISH DELIGHT OVER ALLIED PROBLEMS.

"England perched uneasily on the Irish bomb, France bent double under the load of armaments, Italy burdened with debts, and Venizelos prostrate in bankruptcy, all appeal to Mustafa Kemal Pasha for the salvation which lies in a prompt peace."
—*Karagueuz* (Constantinople).

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be separated from him, he literally sells himself. He has become a marketable commodity. The commodity form of labor power means, of course, that, like all other commodities, labor power is subject to the law of supply and demand. That this law operates with regard to wages no argument is required to prove."

Herein lies the root of class antagonism, according to Mr. Kennedy, who adds that the conflict of interest between the buyers and sellers of labor power can not be blamed personally on either worker or employer, for "the system of industry by which the means of producing and distributing wealth belong to a section of the people" renders this conflict inevitable. He is thoroughly aware that elaborate machinery has been created in order to promote friendly relations between employers and employees, and he proceeds:

> "Conciliation, arbitration, Whitley Councils, Wages Boards, are all prescribed as safeguards against open conflict between Capital and Labor. The history of Parliament is strewn with the wreckage of many attempts to persuade the Labor lion to lie down in peace with the Capitalist lamb, and to enjoy the tranquillity that would come by a recognition of mutual interests. In the field of private enterprise, the most benevolent endeavors have been made by means of schemes of profit-sharing, copartnership, etc., to reach the haven of industrial peace. Without fear of contradiction, I can affirm that they have failed. It used to be imagined that employers made advances to workers out of what was called a wages fund. Generally speaking, exactly the reverse is the case. It is the worker who makes the advances to Capital. At the end of a day, or a week, or a fortnight, the wages are paid. But in the meantime the worker has made advances—he has increased the value of his employer's capital, and has generally embodied in the commodities he has produced a greater value than he receives in wages. But the old idea of a wages fund still persists."

Mr. Kennedy argues that when a worker receives money wages, he really receives "an order on other workers" to supply him with a certain quantity of the necessaries of life; and it is on the basis of the cost of these necessaries that the average of wages is fixt. Consequently he maintains that:

> "However much we may desire to see an end to industrial unrest, we must face the cold economic fact that the only possible means whereby real improvement can come into the life of the working class as a whole, is by increasing the effective demand of the workers for the necessaries of life. By raising the standard of comfort of the workers alone can advantage to the workers be realized. Merely to state that will show how hopeless it is to expect tranquillity in industry if the factors that constantly depress wages to the level of bare subsistence are left untouched, or given free play. The whole of the labor unrest of our time is due to a more or less conscious desire to abolish the commodity form of labor power, to remove it from the field of marketable things, and to place the laborer on the plane of free citizenship, where his reward will no longer be a subsistence wage, which, at best, represents only a fraction of the wealth his labor produces."

To London *Current Opinion*, also, another Labor Member of Parliament, the Right Honorable George N. Barnes, contributes suggestions on labor unrest in Britain. Fifty years ago employers were often "too self-satisfied" and the worker was "ill-taught as well as poor and dependent," says Mr. Barnes, who has devoted special attention to old-age pensions, the welfare of discharged soldiers, and all industrial questions arising out of the war, so that he speaks somewhat as an expert student of labor conditions. According to him in the generation twice removed—

> "Employers assumed that the line they were following was the only one which would work out to the benefit of the whole community and the employee was convinced that it was dictated by a sense of self-interest. In any case it led to such selfish exploitation of human labor that it contributed very largely to the building up of a C3 population. It encouraged an increase of population out of all proportion to the country's ability to sustain it, unless we could continue to sell our manufactured products to other nations on a huge scale. Now that we are faced with industrial competition in other lands we are confronted with the problems of overpopulation and consequent unemployment and distress. That is the problem we are faced with, and employers are called upon to help materially to find the solution. They will find it the more easily if they try to see and meet the other fellow's point of view."

It is the firm belief of Mr. Barnes that the average employer realizes now how greatly the good of the community depends on the good-will of "the man at the bottom." The employer, he tells us, has appealed again and again to that man for cooperation in order to arrive at cheapest production so that Britain can hold its foreign trade. But it is necessary also, Mr. Barnes avers, that the worker be convinced that his employer means to treat him "fairly and squarely in every way." Meanwhile Mr. Barnes points out that:

> "The average employer, I believe, is prepared to do that and is actually doing it now. All that is needed is for him to keep on doing it until he has completely convinced the worker that the old suspicions are unfounded. The workers will then turn a deaf ear to the turgid nonsense of the quack advisers who foster industrial conflict and we shall see the cooperative spirit really manifested in British industry. . . .
>
> "But much patience will be needed in the effort to prove that the employer's appeal is disinterested. The man at the bottom has a psychological make-up which is the result of the bad industrial conditions of former days. From personal experience I can speak of piece-rate cutting which went far to destroy the confidence of the working-man. That short-sighted policy of the employer of the past was largely responsible for the active or passive opposition of the workers to methods for cheapening production, and it will take some time for employers to live down the bad reputation handed down from former generations."

The view-point of the employer on "practical friendship between him and the worker" is presented in the same monthly by the Right Honorable The Lord Invernairn, Chairman and Managing Director of William Beardmore & Co., Ltd., who laments that the vast size and intricacy of industrial concerns to-day prevent the employer from maintaining personal contact with his men and their families. The individual worker, he asserts, having no personal acquaintance with the "boss," can not have the same interest in his firm or pride in his work that he used to have. Then he tells us that:

> "The Industrial Council, formed within a firm, provides an ideal method of bringing together the management or proprietors and the whole body of employees, through elected representatives on each side, for strictly business purposes. There is still, however, the individual employee, with his human, personal interests, as distinct from his professional interests, to be considered. It is the true function of what is known as 'welfare' work to cater for these interests.
>
> "I have seen it said that welfare work—in so far as it means giving workers certain comforts and services for nothing—pays. It produces 'contented' workers, and contented workers give better work. That is a rather commercial and sordid view of the new movement. It may be true in some cases, but I have not come across them myself. . . .
>
> "As a matter of fact the most successful of all the welfare activities in my own firm, with works in and about Glasgow, is one in which practically all the financial support has come from the workers themselves. It is not mere money that is needed to make a scheme successful. It is the moral support and backing of the firm—the knowledge of good-will—coupled with the practical leadership of a good welfare supervisor. The adoption of welfare work by a firm is the practical expression of its friendliness toward the workers. The welfare supervisor should be the personification of the employer's friendly side.
>
> "I feel convinced that the vast majority of industrial directors and managers still feel at heart the desire to be friendly and helpful to their men, and to express that friendliness in many concrete directions. As industry is constituted to-day, welfare work is the only practical way of expressing that feeling in such a way that it will reach all the workers, and even their families. The welfare movement is a recognition of the need for a restoration of the right human relations in industry—an object of such importance that, it seems to me, it might well be regarded as the very foundation-stone of any permanent industrial peace."

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SPANISH TROOPS IN MOROCCO,

where the cost of colonization is said to total 2,500,000,000 pesetas and 1,200 lives.

SPAIN'S TRAGIC MOROCCAN "FIASCO"

GROWING ANTAGONISM to Spain's colonial adventure in Morocco, as some Spanish editors call it, is the natural result of the terrible toll of lives and the appalling sum of money the enterprise has cost, a record that recalls the days of Spanish rule in Cuba and the Philippines. They tell us that public opinion has steadily become more averse to Spain's continuance in Africa since the disaster suffered by Spanish arms last July, and some assert that all Spain's difficulties are somehow bound up with the Moroccan "fiasco." Reckoned in Spanish pesetas, one of which equals normally 19½ American cents, they tell us that Moroccan expenditures jumped from 63,000,000 in 1914, to 211,000,000 in 1920, and to 633,000,000 in 1922. All told, the Spanish press of the severely critical section charges that the Moroccan bill totals up at 2,500,000,000 pesetas and 1,200 lives. It is related that after a long military campaign the Spanish forces were routed and obliged to seek protection behind the fortifications of the seaports of Melilla and Ceuta, while reinforcements were rushed in in the hope of saving the situation, but without effect. Popular outcries forced the Government to resign, it is said, and court-martial proceedings were begun against some of the officers charged with negligence. But, according to the Madrid *Epoca*, "months have passed, public indignation has subsided, and, as far as the courts martial are concerned, apathy reigns." The Barcelona *Mercurio* surveys the situation as follows:

> "Our Army Department has failed to clear up the Moroccan muddle. Last year's disaster was due largely to the Juntas Militares, which interfered with the high command and conducted a war on paper in which imaginary battles procured brilliant promotions.
>
> "Such corruption is gradually diminishing, but has not entirely disappeared. In consequence of this the people have been driven to action and the social unrest now sweeping this country is the result of governmental inefficiency.
>
> "However fortunate the outcome in Morocco it can never repay us for what we are spending there, and this is the general opinion. That is why we now hear that the Government, realizing the crisis to which we have come, has decided to stop all military operations in Morocco and to appoint there a Civil High Commissioner, proclaiming at the same time that a 'pacific administration' is to be substituted for our powerless army."

A sharp attack on this change of policy as being "futile" is launched by the Madrid *Sol*, which says:

> "What are we to understand by a Civil High Commissioner? We must suppose that it means the replacement of armed forces by negotiation. In this way it is hoped to win the confidence of the Morocco natives; and we must not dare to speak of their submission, for the new plan provides not for submission but for persuasion in order to have them live at peace with us so that civilization may gradually penetrate into the interior. The proposal sounds entirely fantastic and unreasonable; but at least let us give it a trial.
>
> "When the nation realizes that this last move is also a failure, as it undoubtedly will, the hour will have struck for us to put an end to our African folly."

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MOROCCAN DESERT WARRIORS,

who have brought about a Civil Spanish administration by their resistance to Spain's Army.

FASCISM DEFENDED AND DENOUNCED

HIGHBROW JUDGES from Europe and America have found in Fascism one more evidence of the riotous and uneducated spirit of the Italian populace, according to a personal friend of Premier Mussolini, who undertakes to expound what he calls "the international problem of Fascism," that it may be protected against misinterpretation and undeserved ignominy. This defender of Fascism, C. Pellizzi, states his case in London *Foreign Affairs*, whose editor tells us that Mr. Pellizzi's utterances "may be taken as expressing the policy and philosophy of Premier Mussolini." Mussolini's spokesman asks us to forget all the interpretations of Fascism we may have read in the German, French and British press, and to consider first of all that "to regard Fascism as just the antithesis of the Russian revolution is exactly the way to misunderstand it," and he continues:

> "It is true that the Bolshevists of Moscow had once formed the project to bring Italy under their own rule, practically, and that they spent a great sum of money for that purpose; this was in 1919 and 1920. And it was chiefly due to Fascism that this project did not become a reality, as Lenin himself has declared. But this was only the occasion that brought the Fascisti to establish themselves in the life of their country. Essentially, the spirit of this movement would have manifested itself in any case, even if under different aspects. It was at the root of the character of most young men of this generation; it had been largely prepared by Socialism and syndicalism before the war; it had been developed by the hard life of continuous risk and heavy responsibilities in the trenches of the Great War itself.
>
> "The Great War was an event that did not fit into the pure Marxian conception. Still it was a great occasion for the new generation of Italians to manifest themselves. . . . Signor Mussolini said: 'To enter the war is to take the first step in our Italian revolution.' He was thrown out of the Socialist party. He founded his own paper, the *Popolo d'Italia*, and he carried on a strenuous propaganda to make Italy join the Allies in the war. The best part of the youth of Italy were with him. This same portion of the Italian population has always looked to Mussolini as to the leader of a new era in Italian politics. His enemies were not the Socialists only. They were all the men of those ruling classes or 'camarillas' that the new and confused tendency among the youth was trying to overthrow and replace."

To all this must be added the discovery that Socialism was "not fit for Italy," Mr. Pellizzi goes on to say, because Italy depends on other countries for her raw materials, her working classes are but slightly educated, and her national wealth and resources have yet to be developed—all of which "demands capital, private initiative, economic liberty." Moreover, in Italy economies are strictly confined to the individual, who is a saving person, and "any form of social and collective economy would require many years of education of the masses," and Mr. Pellizzi continues:

> "In Europe there are now two countries which give the impression of a certain stability of government; they are Russia and Italy In all other countries, as in England, there are democratic and representative governments that do not seem to represent exactly 'what the people are wanting for to-morrow.' In Russia and in Italy, stability has been attained by more or less violent revolutions, acting *against* the democratic and strictly representative bodies and systems. In both these countries democracy has greatly developed and surpassed itself. But there are differences. In Russia a complete theory of the revolution preceded the revolution itself; in Italy there has not been and there never will be a strict theory of the Fascist revolution. The result is, as Signor Mussolini has clearly pointed out recently, that the Russian revolution is slowly receding very near to its starting-point. On the other hand, the Fascist revolution is advancing gradually and cautiously, achieving day by day some of those things that have long been in the dreams of all the best Italians, from Gioberti to Mazzini, from Cavour to Carducci, and others."

Moreover, Fascism has given Italy a government which is "above the direct influence of capitalism," Mr. Pellizzi claims, "altho it frankly recognizes that capitalism is a vital necessity for the country, at least in this stage of its history," and therefore he finds:

> "So, Fascism is a development of democracy, not accepting democracy as a dogma. It is a development of the old liberalism not subjugating the State to the influence of that monstrous outcome of liberalism—capitalism. It is a development of Socialism, not submitting a whole nation to the disastrous experiments of *pure* Socialism. It is also a development of nationalism, conceiving this as the flame and passion that, together with tradition, religion, and family, may push and drive the nations forward in the way of work and civilization."

It is admitted by this spokesman for Premier Mussolini that Liberals, Socialists, Democrats and Nationalists will all have something to say against Fascism and "they will all be right, at least so far as, in the long run, Fascism may not prove itself to be good for the Italian people and others." As to the actual foreign policy of the Fascist Government, he says:

> "I shall only say that it has inherited a very difficult situation, owing to the weakness and continuous changes of former Italian Governments. If Germany is allowed to get upon her feet without the cancellation of the interallied debts, Italy will be practically ruined. On the other hand, Italy has no reasons in the world for helping to destroy Germany and for increasing the power of France on the Continent again. This is why Signor Mussolini came to London with the hope that his policy might go hand in hand with that of Great Britain. But, as long as London waits for the salvation of Europe to come from Washington, Italy is naturally left to act, more or less, on her own initiative. She sides with France in wanting her share of reparations, but she will certainly do her best to avoid the final ruin of Germany. She has not joined France in her military enterprise, but the German Ambassador is still in Rome, and working hard! Besides all this, there is an Italian *imperialism*, not military or political, but chiefly demographic and proletarian. It arises from the necessity of giving a fair chance to the hundreds of thousands of Italian workers that are bound to leave their country every year in search of work and subsistence."

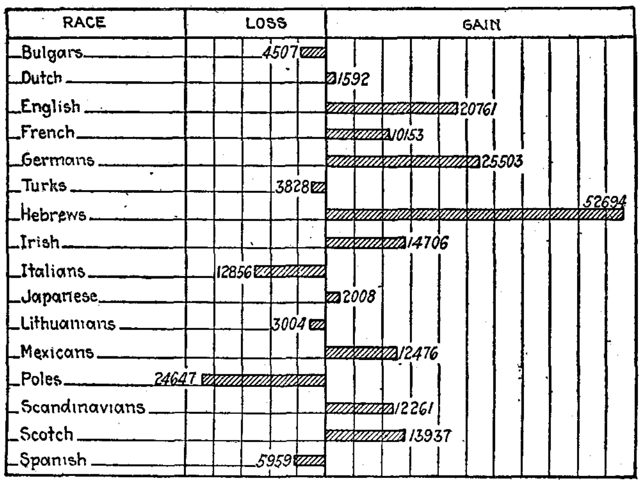
As a specimen of the attacks leveled by outside observers on Mussolini's method, there is interest in the remarks of Israel Zangwill, which also appear in London *Foreign Affairs*. Mr. Zangwill relates that he was in Italy during the Mussolini revolution and "in the immediate entourage of Mussolini as in the immediate vicinity of the fighting—for the revolution was by no means bloodless." He tells us, too, that the Fascists, "raw, half-armed youths, pipes for any demagog to play on . . . could have easily been mown down by the machine-guns of the Regular Army, had the Government dared to face the resulting odium," and he adds:

> "As easily could Mussolini—had his claim to represent majority opinion been substantial—have wiped out the Government at the approaching elections. But—an old Socialist and Revolutionary—he preferred to take the short-cut. And of all the roads that lead to Rome, Mussolini, undoubtedly, found the shortest. Unfortunately, it is the wrong road for civilized progress.
>
> "Mussolini, so one of his lieutenants informed me, began life as a bricklayer, and with commendable pride, still boasts that his bricks were well and truly laid; so truly that he was always assigned the decorative and difficult window-work. It is a thousand pities he laid aside the trowel for the sword. It is only by bricklaying, even in politics, that anything solid and permanent can be accomplished. . . .
>
> "Face to face with other Powers that are not to be intimidated by a piratical shirt, or a theatrical ax, Mussolini can not but discover that the greatness and glory of Italy are not the world's sole concern. And even in domestic politics, altho he continue to hold—like the rebuilders of the wall of Jerusalem—the sword as well as the trowel, it is not impossible that he will preserve his reputation as a first-class bricklayer. But even should his record prove less jingoist than the program that has brought him to power, the road he took to it would still remain an evil example in days when the world is only too ready to break down the ancient dikes, and let the old savage waters sweep back over the hardly won pasture land. Success, just because nothing succeeds like it, is the culmination, not the condonation, of a crime, and even if Fascism should advance Italy, it will have put back the world."

SCIENCE - AND - INVENTION

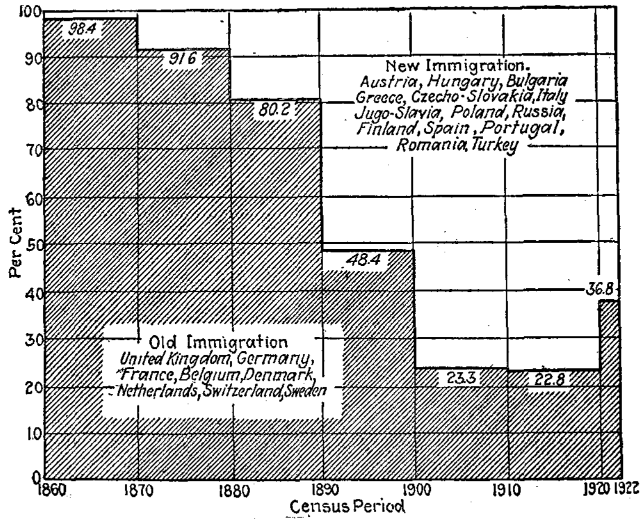
MACHINERY TO REPLACE IMMIGRANTS

IF WE ARE TO KEEP ON WORKING, we must either bring in more workers or we must increase our use of labor-saving machines, so that the workers we have will accomplish more. The restriction of immigration is with us to stay, says K. H. Condit, editor of *The American Machinist* (New York), in a leading article; so that improved machinery, and more of it, would seem to be a necessity. The men coming in under the present law, he notes, are more generally than before from the north of Europe—men who know how to run machines, rather than the southern European hand-laborer. We shall have the right kind of men for operators, therefore. Mr. Condit notes that we are now harvesting continuously greater crops with a smaller number of workers, and he counsels other industries to follow the lead of agriculture in this respect. He writes:



MORE SKILLED, BUT LESS UNSKILLED LABOR.

Recent immigration restriction resulted for the fiscal year 1922 in "a net loss of Poles, Italians, Greeks and Bulgarians, the nationalities which supply our rough labor. On the other hand there is a net gain of English, French, Germans, Scotch and Scandinavians, people who are not willing to do 'bull' work, but who have the intelligence to operate machinery of considerable complication."



EFFECT OF NEW LAWS ON OUR IMMIGRATION.

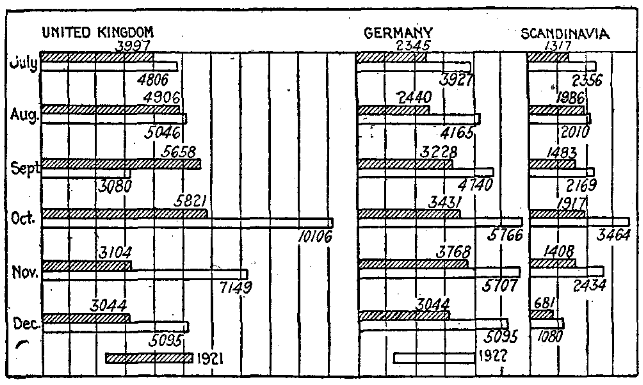
"The rising tide of industrial prosperity has brought in with it the inevitable demand for more labor. Unemployment, a serious problem twelve months ago, has practically ceased to exist, and in its place has come a definite labor shortage, constantly growing for the country as a whole. Where are we going to get the labor to keep our industries moving forward?

"We must look not only for the answer to the pressing problem of the immediate present, but must decide how we are going to answer it for the next fifty or one hundred years. In seeking for the solution the manufacturer can get enlightenment from the report on immigration based on an investigation conducted by the National Industrial Conference Board of New York.

"The first vital fact that we get is that the birth-rate in the United States is not sufficiently high to produce workers fast enough to supply the growing demand of American industries. As there is small likelihood that the birth-rate will increase, but two alternatives present themselves. Either we must open our doors to workers from other lands, in other words, stimulate immigration, or we must find some means of increasing the individual output of every available worker here.

"The law under which immigrants are at present entering the United States limits the number coming from a given country in any calendar year to 3 per cent. of the foreign-born members of that race living in the United States at the 1910 census.

"The effect of the new law in limiting the total number of immigrants is illustrated by the fact that during the fiscal year of 1920, 805,228 immigrants arrived, while 247,718 emigrants departed, leaving a net increase of population by immigration of 557,510. During the first fiscal year of the law's operation, the year ending June 30, 1922, 309,556 immigrants came in while 198,712 emigrants left, making a net increase of population by immigration of only 110,844. It will be seen that the gain was less than one-fifth that of the preceding year.



WHY WE CAN LOOK FOR PLENTY OF SKILLED LABOR.

The increase of immigration from Northwestern Europe, which furnishes most of the skilled workers to run our machinery.

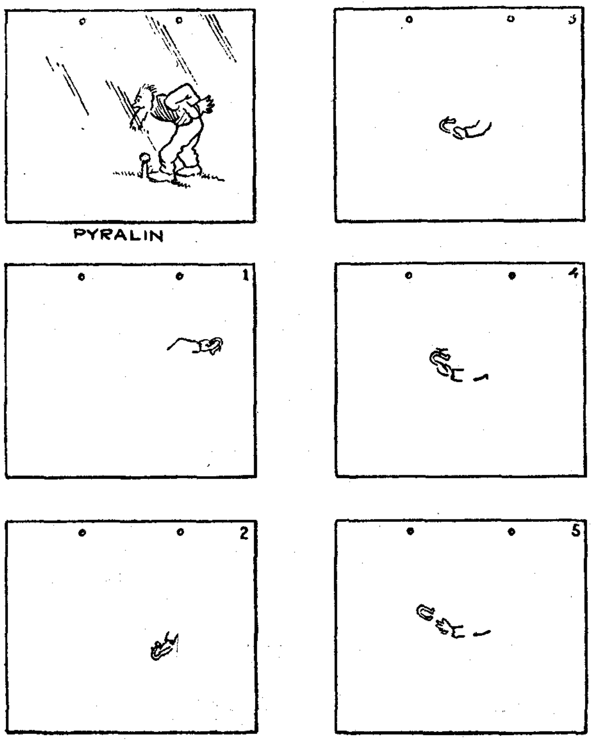
"Analysis of the immigrants and emigrants by profession or occupation shows that under the 3 per cent. law, there has been a net gain in professional and skilled labor classes and a large net loss in the common labor class. In other words, instead of gaining common laborers through immigration, we are losing.

"For the present, the manufacturer has no recourse but to turn to increasing the individual output of the men available. This factor divides itself into two parts, better management and better equipment. While better management may help ease the present situation, it can not go the whole way, and more and better machinery must be relied upon to do the rest.

There are good reasons, Mr. Condit thinks, for believing that immigration restriction will be a permanent policy. Always excepting the employers, who need cheap labor, there is an almost universal feeling against unlimited immigration. He adds:

"There is a pretty general feeling that the proportion of illiteracy, insanity, pauperism and crime is greater among the recent arrivals than among the native. As a matter of fact, statistics show this criticism to be unjust. There are some things to be said in favor of the immigrant. His principal object in coming here is to work.

"An ideal immigration law so drawn as to carry out an enlightened immigration policy, when we develop one, would supply sufficient high-grade workers for the needs of industry and at the same time would not add to our sociological and political problems. Selective examination before the prospective immigrant was permitted to board ship for the United States would be an intrinsic part of such a policy.



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LIGHTENING THE SCREEN CARTOONIST'S TASK.

The artist draws the complete figure only once—on the transparent sheet of pyralin. On the successive sheets he draws only parts of the picture which have to be changed with the progressive action. Working like this one cartoonist is able to turn out a hundred feet of film a week.

"It will probably be quite a while before we get our ideal immigration bill. Until that time comes we shall have a condition rather than a theory to face and must work out our own salvation. The first diagram shows how the kind of restrictive immigration we now have, and are likely to have in the immediate future, results. It will be noted that there is a net loss of Poles, Italians, Greeks and Bulgarians, the nationalities which supply our rough labor. On the other hand, there is a net gain of English, French, Germans, Scotch and Scandinavians, people who are not willing to do 'bull' work, but who have the intelligence to operate machinery of considerable complication.

"In the second diagram the fact is brought out that the people from northwestern Europe came over during the last few months of 1922 at almost double the rate at which they came during the same period in 1921.

"Here, then, is the situation: The industries of the United States are certain to be faced with a shortage in the supply of common labor. On the other hand, there promises to be an adequate supply of workers who go into the skilled and semi-skilled crafts. It is obvious that if this country is to continue to expand industrially, means must be found for doing by machinery the work done in the past by unskilled labor. The men to operate the machines are at hand and the capital to purchase them will be found when it is needed. It remains for the designers to conceive and the builders to construct the machinery to do the work of industry. A great duty and a great opportunity lie before them. If they fulfil the one, the other can not escape them."

A TRANSPARENT MOVIE TRICK

THE MOVING CARTOONS NOW FAMILIAR at the picture shows are made with the aid of transparent sheets of pyralin, we are told by a writer in *The Du Pont Magazine* (Wilmington, Del.). Without this transparent material, he says, the producers of animated sketches would be seriously handicapped; for it makes it unnecessary to redraw, hundreds of times in succession, the stationary objects in the picture. These cartoons have now made a permanent place for themselves. The most imaginative tale of Baron Munchausen falls flat when compared with them. Nothing is too fantastic for portrayal. Impossible stunts are performed with seeming ease and lifelike animation. We are told:

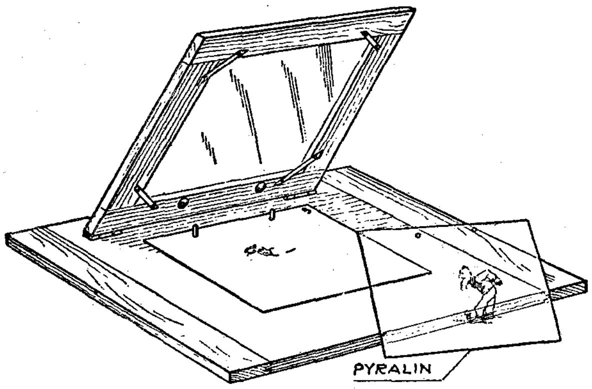
"People have ceased to wonder how the motion-picture camera can record moving objects photographed from real life. They know how that's done. But just how the dead pen strokes of the cartoonist can be given the semblance of life on the screen is not a little puzzling. The principle involved is, of course, the same as that employed in making and reproducing motion pictures of animate objects; but it's infinitely easier to film Ben Turpin tumbling into a barrel of water than to film Mutt or Jeff doing the same thing. Ben actually does it. Mutt and Jeff, purely imaginative characters, can not do it. The cartoonist has to make them do it with his pen and ink and paper, and perhaps a few sheets of transparent pyralin sheeting.

"How does he do it? Well, how did you do it yourself, back in the days of the 'three R's,' when you drew single-line figures of John L. Sullivan and the unknown pugilist in various fighting postures on the pages of your speller, so that when you 'flipped' the leaves of the book rapidly, the two fighters shook hands and fought violently until the 'knockout' came? You did that to amuse yourself and as many others of your gang as could look over your shoulder when the show was on."

The grown-up cartoonist proceeds in essentially the same manner in making Mutt and Jeff do stunts on the screen; that is, he draws picture after picture showing the progressive poses of his actors, but his work is infinitely harder, because each picture has to be photographed in correct sequence on a film for screen reproduction—and the audience to-day is more critical than formerly, tho not less appreciative of work well done. To quote again:

"'Do you mean to tell me,' asks some one, 'that every movement of Mutt and Jeff on the screen means a separate drawing?' Yes.

"'A complete drawing in all details?' Frequently, yes; but not always—and there's where transparent pyralin sheeting comes in. Sometimes the backgrounds and other details of an animated cartoon remain unchanged throughout the entire production. The barrel of water that Mutt falls into, for example, is probably drawn on transparent sheeting stock and photographed over and over again, while Mutt in the act of falling may require a score of separate drawings, each photo-



HOW THE TRICK IS WORKED.

Here is the sheet holder of the camera stand. The transparent sheet fits over the drawing in place and is photographed.

graphed with the barrel drawing to show the progressive motion of his tumble. By using transparent material on which to draw the stationary objects in a picture, the cartoonist does not have to draw each picture in complete detail. Only such parts of the picture as are necessary to indicate the progressive stages of a motion are drawn on paper, so that when the transparent sheet is laid over each of the animation sheets in proper sequence, and photographed, each picture is complete in all its details.

"You can judge how much time is saved when you realize that there are from sixteen to twenty pictures on a single foot of film, and the reels are four or five hundred feet long. If it were not for the use of this sheeting as a short-cut method in the production of copy for the camera man, months instead of weeks would be required in the making of a modern animated cartoon. It is reported that one cartoonist turns out on an average about one hundred feet of film a week.

"But the use of pyralin in the movies is not restricted to making animated cartoons alone. Nowadays, educational films are coming to the fore. You can procure graphic films to illustrate with lifelike reality how the heart pumps blood into the arteries; what takes place inside of a gas-engine; how coal is formed; the magnetic action of electricity, and scores of other things in the realm of the unseen—all visualized and dramatized and made real and understandable. In making such films the sheeting that looks like glass, but isn't glass, helps mightily to make the animator's work easier, speedier and therefore more productive."

THE RADIO BUSINESS

THE PUBLIC IS FAMILIAR with the radiotelephone as a scientific toy, and with the broadcasting of programs through its agency as a new means of popular entertainment. They have heard less of its phenomenal rise as a business enterprise; how it had its abnormal "boom," like some other businesses; how fortunes were made and lost in its ups and downs, and how it is at last settling down into a normal stride and devoting itself to the study and solution of its own special problems, scientific and commercial. All this is narrated in an article entitled "What Is Wrong with Radio?" contributed by Raymond Francis Yates to *The Nation's Business* (Washington). Apparently the verb should have been in the past tense, for Mr. Yates leaves us with the impression that most of the industrial troubles of radio are now behind it. He writes:

"In certain respects radio has been a business phenomenon. Its rapid growth has no parallel in industrial history. Its phenomenal growth was due almost entirely to the support which the newspapers gave it. It was a sensational thing and not without its circulation-getting features. It was in this way that the public became familiar with broadcasting, and that entertainment was available to any one with a receiving instrument.

"Before the advent of broadcasting, the city of Newark boasted of one combined electrical and radio shop. A few weeks after broadcasting had started there were over 200. In New York City the number of radio dealers grew from a few to over 1,500. Radio became a side line for hardware stores, stationery stores, drug stores; in one instance, the writer saw it featured as a side-line in a millinery shop. The people who sold the instruments knew little or nothing about them, and every purchaser had to turn to his newspaper for information.

"The industrial side of this matter was a study. Here was an unheard-of demand that practically grew overnight. It was a dangerous situation. The manufacturers producing instruments were deluged with orders. Every one of them had more business than he could absorb. The ordering on the part of the jobbers, dealers and distributers was of the wildest nature.

"In the meantime the situation was aggravated by the establishment of more broadcasting stations supported by newspapers, colleges and other public institutions. Radio sales grew from a few thousand dollars to a point where they were estimated at no less than six million dollars a day. Even at this figure the demand was nowhere near met. Before broadcasting started there were about 30 reliable producers of amateur radio equipment. Within a few months the number of radio manufacturers was increased to five thousand. It is safe to say that 95 per cent. of these new organizations had no right to enter the business. Radio engineering talent was scarce, and there were very few expert engineers worthy of the name.

"Badly designed and carelessly manufactured products were dumped upon the market by the carload. Patent rights were absolutely ignored. Devices that were assembled for a few cents were sold for several dollars.

"During the winter of 1921 and 1922, the radio business was tremendous. No one seemed to give any thought to the approach of the summer months and the effect of the warm weather on radio sales. Business was splendid until April. Then sales fell off to an astounding degree. The manufacturer was hit hardest. In many instances, every cent of his working capital was tied up. Literally thousands of manufacturers were swept into financial ruin. The market was glutted.

"In New York, Chicago and Boston, as well as many smaller cities, cut-rate radio shops sprang into existence. Articles were offered at one-third and oftentimes one-fifth of what the public had been accustomed to paying for them. Those who cut prices were the only ones who could sell their merchandise.

"During the summer of 1922, every one held out great hopes for the fall. It was believed that the approach of cold weather would stimulate public interest again. Those who predicted the revival had little or no idea of the tremendous quantities of surplus material that were available. Every week placed more of it in the market."

The present condition of the radio industry is still alarming, Mr. Yates thinks. Many of the manufacturers who have managed to survive still have great volumes of surplus material on hand. But in general the upset condition has been the best thing that could happen to the industry. The public is still buying great quantities of apparatus, but in the past there have been too many manufacturers, jobbers and dealers. He goes on:

"Radio is far from a craze. It is difficult to estimate the economic importance of a thing that will allow the voice of a single man to be carried to a million ears. To-day it is largely a matter of entertainment; to-morrow it will be a utility.

"There are still many problems that must be worked out, some technical and some commercial. A phonograph manufacturer makes more profit on his records than he does on the machine. George Eastman once said that he would give Kodaks away if people would buy his film. However, in radio we have an entirely different state of affairs. When a radio manufacturer sells a receiving instrument he is more or less morally obligated to supply the purchaser with entertainment. Here is a condition that is economically unsound. Yet there is no way in which the manufacturer can charge the user for the entertainment he supplies.

"We must look upon the year 1922 as the great year of experience in radio. It has taught many severe lessons and has blighted many hopes. Our manufacturers have learned that they must sell programs instead of instruments. They have also learned many new and interesting things about broadcasting and the public likes and dislikes. They know more about advertising than they did, and they are starting to fully appreciate the meaning of standards and general cooperation among themselves. To this end a Radio Apparatus Section has been formed in the Associated Manufacturers of Electrical Supplies, and we also have a National Radio Chamber of Commerce.

"The patent angle of the radio industry is still somewhat involved. One big patent pool has been effected, but there are still many infringements that have not been worked out. This pooling of rights formed a good step forward and prevented the precipitation of a cluster of legal battles similar to those the electrical industry experienced years ago.

"There are still many legal wrinkles to be ironed out in the case of smaller corporations infringing upon the patent rights claimed to be owned by others. In fact, there is an independent group drawing together for the purpose of protection along this line. In the telephone field we still have some very powerful independent manufacturers who have been able to maintain their position only through research work. The improvements that have been made by their research workers have thoroughly justified their existence and recognition, and no doubt the same state of affairs will come to pass in radio.

"We can look forward to the future of the radio industry with high hopes, not only from the standpoint of broadcasting but from the standpoint of its general commercial application. It is big, and it is here to stay. And who dares to say what the future will be?"

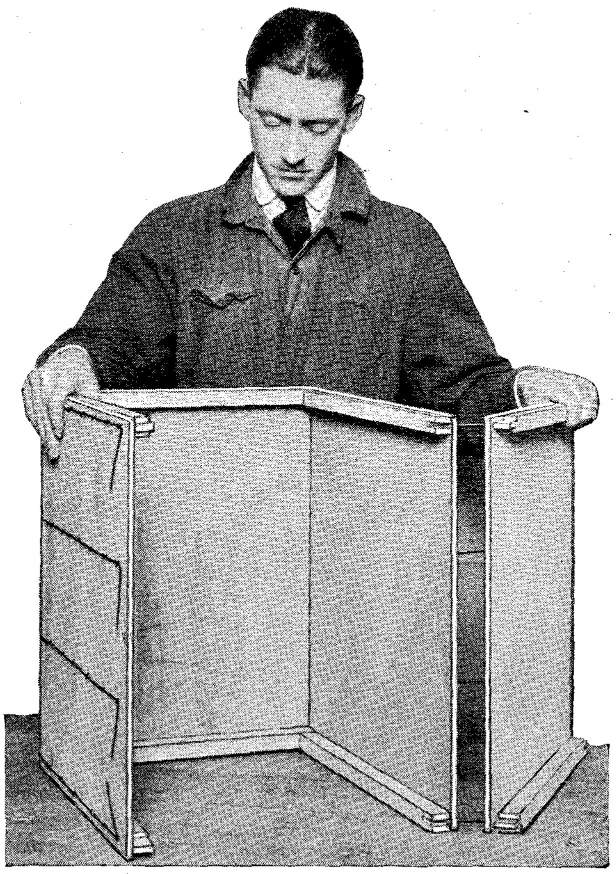
BOXES WITHOUT NAILS

THE WIRE-BOUND BOX is rapidly replacing the nailed wooden packing-case in the shipment of goods, we are told by a writer who contributes an article on "Building a Box without Nails" to *Export* (New York). Wire or iron strapping has long been used for additional security, but in the modern box the wire is a structural element. The development of this new kind of packing-case is due primarily to the necessity of economizing space, the writer tells us. When world demand far exceeded the supply, and ships were diverted from usual channels of trade, it became imperative to devise some means of accommodating more freight in the holds of the steamers that were available for commercial traffic. As cased goods occupied more than 75 per cent. of the shipping space, it was obvious that here lay the solution. He continues:

"Strength is so essential in a packing-case that a reduction in the thickness of the wood or the elimination of bracing could not be considered. It became clear that a new design and structure was necessary, and the result was the wire-bound box.

"Iron strapping and wire have been used for years in binding boxes, and it has long been known that a case so protected would resist the strain of close stowing and of frequent and rough handling better than one that depended solely upon nails or the tongue and grooving of the lumber for its strength.

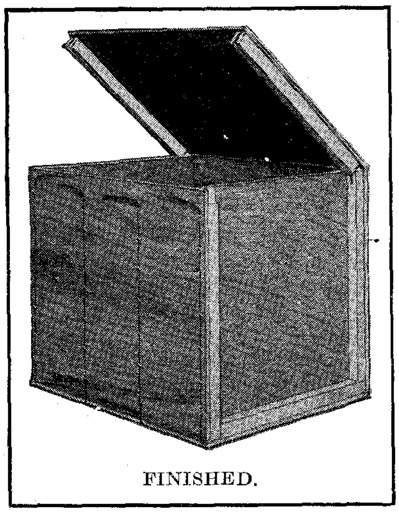
"This new idea in box-making makes the wire primarily a part of the supporting structure, and the fact that it is as perfect a preventer of pilferage as the ordinary strap is incidental.


PUTTING THE WIRE-BOUND BOX TOGETHER.

"Actual tests showed that the wire-bound box fully packed with cans withstood 58 drops of 18 inches before bursting as compared with 31 drops of the same distance for the ordinary packing-case of the same dimensions and contents.

"In the diagonal compression test the wire-bound box withstood a pressure applied diagonally through the corners of the box, of 1,852 pounds before the sides were torn apart, while the old-style case broke open at 1,330 pounds' pressure. This is one of the severest mechanical tests applied to boxes and duplicates the end-over-end movement of the case in man-handling as well as the strains that are developed in a shifting cargo.

"The tumbler test consists of placing the case in an immense tumbling barrow actuated by an electric motor. The box is rapidly tilted, tumbled and dropt much as if it was enclosed in the drum of a great concrete-mixer. The wire-bound box began to show a sufficient abrasion at the ends to be considered as no longer safe for packing at the completion of 300 tumbles. The ordinary box burst its side and end so that the contents were spilled out after the 130th tumble.


FINISHED.

"In the conservation of space in freight car, ship's hold or warehouse, the wire-bound box has decided advantages. Its average weight is 5½ per cent. less than that of the ordinary box while its displacement saving is 4½ per cent.

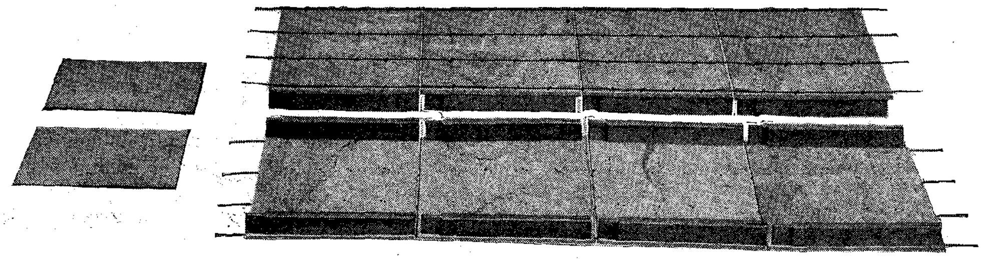
"It is in the cost of production and of assembling that the most remarkable savings have been made. Rotary cut lumber (thick veneer) can be used for all parts excepting the frame. The cost of assembling is approximately two-thirds lower. No sawing, measuring or construction being required, all time can be applied to folding the box into shape and stapling the wires."

When the boxes arrive from the manufacturer they are perfectly flat. All the wires are in place and the blanks, as they are called, are ready for erection. A workman folds the section, which will become one side, at right angles to the others, tapping each corner with a mallet so that the tongues of one set of cleats will fit snugly into the grooves of the next set. The next section of the blank, which will be the bottom, is then folded into place and tapped with mallet to insure a perfectly square joint. Before the fourth side is folded the ends of the box are nailed from the inside to the cleats. This leaves the box with the lid attached to the rest of the structure at one side only so that its contents can be easily, compactly and safely packed. The writer continues:

"In a large establishment where many boxes are made in a day, a machine is provided for stapling the ends in position. This machine makes its own staples from a coil of wire and does the work much more rapidly than a workman can nail the ends by hand.

"When the box is filled in the packing-room the ends of the binding wire which project beyond the edge of the top and one side are gript by a device called a twister. This machine, which is operated by hand, twists the ends of the wire in a compact twirl which lies flat against the wires. It brings the wires together with a tension that binds the box as firmly as if it was held in a grip of steel.

"Wire-bound boxes are used for all manner of shipments. The fact that pressure is applied laterally holds the boards together so tightly that they can be used for the shipment of materials which would ordinarily sift out of a nailed box unless it was well lined.


Illustrations by courtesy of "4-one-box Machine Makers."

MATERIALS READY FOR JOINING.

"For canned goods, hardware items and all classes of commodities and materials which are of such shape and dimensions as to properly fill these boxes they will be found a most economical form of container. They are frequently used for shipping single items which fit their dimensions so that there is no movement of contents within the case. Where machinery or other cumbersome objects are shipped special boxes can be supplied which will provide supports to the contents the same as is furnished in a box made to special specifications.

"The box is opened by cutting the binding-wires, the lid being left open along one side so that it can be easily lifted for the removal of the contents. The case can be closed again and reused with equal security by twisting into the cut portion of the wire another strand of the same gage and rebinding it with the twisting tool. In this way the boxes are used for many reshipments.

"Those who are concerned with the conservation of timber are enthusiastic advocates of the wire-bound box, as it does make an appreciable saving in this vast necessity of mankind which is rapidly disappearing before the onslaughts of modern industries."

THE WAY OUT OF COAL FAMINES

THE SUPERPOWER POWER-PLAN, developed accordingly to the provisions of the comprehensive survey made under government auspices and recommended by President Harding to the favorable attention of the last Congress, is declared by Robert Bruère, writing in *The Nation* (New York), to be "the only possible escape from the recurrent coal scandal." This plan means the combination of many existing power-plants, operated both by steam and by water-power, the creation of others on a huge scale and the distribution of the resulting current over a network of transmission lines gridironing a vast extent of territory. Mr. Bruère reminds us that tho the people in the Eastern and Central States live on the edge of the greatest coal-fields in the world, millions of them have been suffering from the most disastrous coal shortage in our history. Throughout the upper Mississippi Valley people have been freezing for want of coal, the railroads have been paralyzed, crops have been left to rot in the ground or piled at the freight sidings. Disease and death have risen to epidemic proportions. Amid the clamor of fuel administrators, railroad executives, State and municipal health officers, big and little coal dealers, fuel remained scarce, prices soared, and the victimized public continued to freeze, sicken, and die. He goes on:

"The coal shortage is not a new phenomenon. It has recurred not only with every hard winter and every prolonged cold snap, but also with every peak in industrial prosperity. It recurred with most menacing effect in the winter following our entrance into the war. Then the Federal Government saved the situation by taking over the railroads, setting up the Fuel Administration, and by a drastic system of priorities and price control averting disaster.

"But the Fuel Administration was not popular. It interfered too much with business-as-usual. A loose-jointed imitation of the Fuel Administration, improvised by Washington and the States this winter, has been a failure. The coal operators and the coal railroads have succeeded in keeping the public under the delusion that there is no practical escape from the present wasteful, costly, and antiquated system of hauling raw coal for costly and inefficient consumption in ancient stoves and inconvenient furnaces. As a matter of fact there is no better reason why the individual home or factory should maintain its individual heating or power plant than there is for the maintenance of individual water systems.

"Throughout the East, and to a great extent in the Middle West as well, coal to the domestic consumer means hard or anthracite coal. To him the distinction between anthracite and soft or bituminous coal is rather vague, except that he knows that soft coal is dirty, disagreeable to handle, that it smudges his town, and destroys his household goods. He does not realize that a ton of soft coal contains on the average, in addition to some five or ten thousand cubic feet of gas, two gallons of benzol, and eight gallons of tar, between twelve and fifteen hundred pounds of coke or smokeless coal. He does not realize that coal can be converted into electricity at the mines at two mills a kilowatt hour, and that with the proper utilization of the by-products of bituminous coal, steam electricity can on the average be produced more cheaply in the greater part of the eastern section of the country than water-power or hydro-electricity. Especially he does not realize that with a thoroughgoing development of a superpower system he could get all the current he needs for lighting, cooking, the operation of his factory and household machinery, and in due course for household heating, directly by wire or gas-pipe instead of in the crude form of raw coal and at a less price. Factories are beginning to raise steam by electricity; iron and other ores are being smelted by electricity; domestic hot-water heaters are already on the market. Given cheap current, and house heating by electricity is bound to follow electric lighting.

"To-day from 40 to 60 per cent. of the price which the consumer pays for the better grades of coal represents transportation costs, and the furnaces and stoves in common use waste nine-tenths of the consumer's fuel when he gets it. Electrification would take most of the coal which the railroads now haul, out of their freight trains, to say nothing of the coal which the steam-engines drag about in their tenders—some 30 per cent. of our total annual production. Electric locomotives improve with cold weather, and neither cold nor snowstorms block the movement of current through the wires. Under an electric superpower system anthracite would become an industrial instead of a domestic fuel, because it is most efficient as a steam raiser. And assuming for the moment that even a superpower system would not make electricity economically available for domestic heating, coke would take the place of anthracite for domestic use and at worst the fuel tonnage that would have to be hauled would be greatly reduced. Fuel shortages and coal scandals would be a thing of the past.

"Such a development is not Utopian. The mines themselves are already extensively electrified. Under compulsion of public opinion, many of the major railroads have electrified the passenger terminals in the denser traffic centers. In Ontario more than two hundred cities, towns, and villages have combined in the development of a hydro-electric system on a magnificent scale and are getting their current at cost. With our vast and readily accessible coal-fields coal electricity can be produced as cheaply under a proper by-product system as water-power electricity.

"Secretary Hoover is quoted as saying that the superpower system was the starting-point 'for a prodigious development in consolidating the electric power of the country along national lines, which would affect every village and hamlet, combine into superpower stations thousands of minor electrical plants with millions of horse-power and tremendous savings.' The thing is feasible. It is necessary. It offers the only escape from the recurrent coal scandal. In a small, privately controlled way it is being done.

"That is the choice which now confronts the public. Until the public makes its decision and demands action, fuel scandals and coal shortages will recur. Winter after winter, the price of inaction will be inconvenience, sickness, and death."

BACTERIA EVERYWHERE—Microorganisms, says an editorial writer in *The Journal of the American Medical Association* (Chicago), are looked on by most persons as unfriendly neighbors from which there is no escape, and many have dreamed of far-away lands where the smallest of living forms of matter are unknown. He goes on:

"From various reports there is reason to believe that, far from inhabited regions, as on the great oceans or in the unexplored polar regions, the number of bacteria in the air is greatly reduced. That the microorganisms are nevertheless present even in the virgin soils of the far north can no longer be denied in the light of bacteriologic studies. Barthel, who has had an opportunity to examine samples collected by Wulff in the neighborhood of Cape York, and also during one of Rasmussen's expeditions to the north of Greenland, has succeeded in isolating and identifying many familiar species. Not only in the previously untouched soils, but also in the contents of the intestine of Arctic animals, is found a motley group of bacteria, yeasts and molds—most, if not all of them, familiar to us of the more contaminated zones. We must therefore admit the ubiquity of the common microorganisms, whether in the torrid tropics or in Greenland's icy regions; and in doing so let us remember that these lowly forms of life, while often baneful, are quite as frequently most beneficent to mankind."

LETTERS - AND - ART

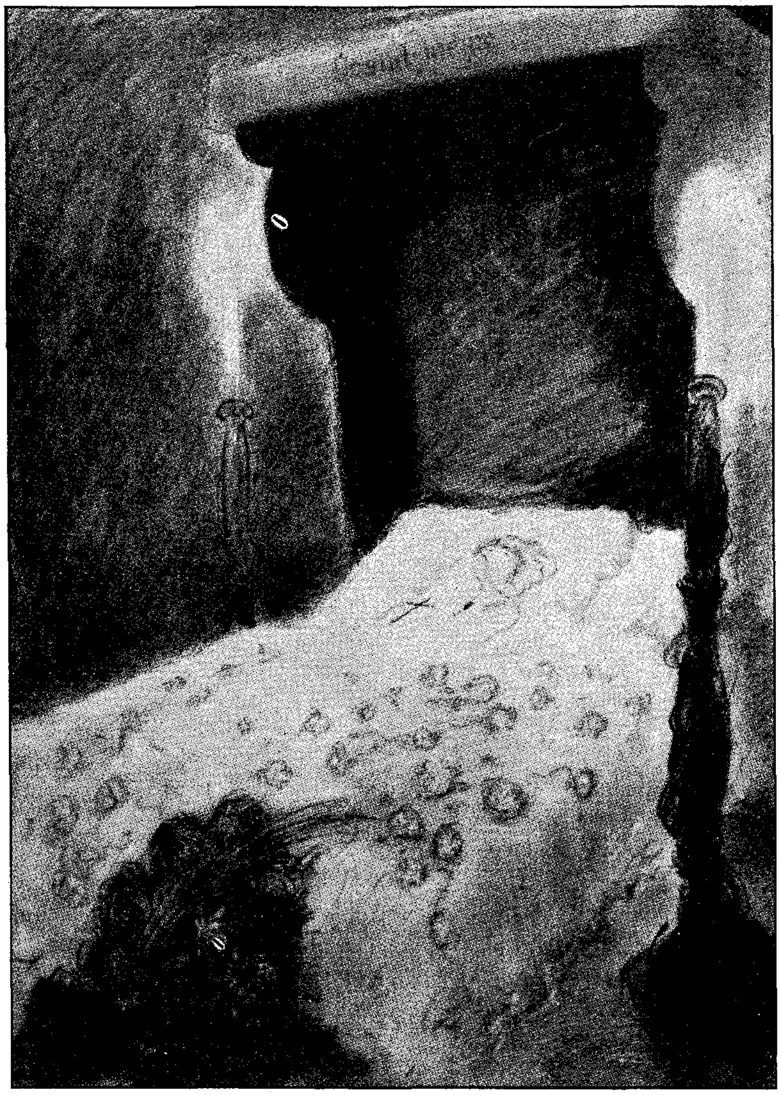
LITERATURE DRAMA MUSIC FINE-ARTS EDUCATION CULTURE

THE LAST "QUEEN OF THE THEATER"

A MILLION PEOPLE filled the streets of Paris to pay homage to the passing of Sarah Bernhardt. "No eulogies, but flowers everywhere for my funeral," was the actress's dying request. It was carried out as she wished, but the press of Paris was filled with tributes from artists in every field. "Thoughts for her" is the caption used by *La Comoedia* (Paris) for the gathering of a chaplet such as no other artist has had placed upon her brow. Many of them are no longer than one line, but they all exploit the French felicity in expression. "*La plus grande propagandiste française*," writes the poet and actor Lugne-Poë, echoing the verdict that appeared in so many American tributes. "The House of Molière," says Albert Lambert, who visited America last fall, "can never forget that it was on its hearth that her flame was lighted in the fulness of her youth and grace. The memory will be piously guarded." As promised in our first notice, we cull here entirely from French sources some of the tributes lavished upon her bier. "Sarah Bernhardt was the very genius of the theater itself," says Henry Bidou, in the Paris *Journal des Débats*, continuing:

> "This phrase tells everything about her. It defines at once the spirit of this great tragedienne and the limits of her kingdom, yet which are vast enough to suffice for the flights of great fame. Unquestionably the most profound quality of her genius was her marvelous faculty for reading into the very soul of the personages whom she represented. It must be understood that she did not do this by the painful methods of deciphering such as are employed by the critic. Easily and with one single movement Madame Sarah Bernhardt became *Athalie* or *Phèdre*. . . . Sudden intelligence and reflective decision—this is Bernhardt exprest in two phrases. She had the supreme acting gift, which was to blend herself indistinguishably with her rôle. She was *Phèdre*, or more exactly, she made another self of herself out of *Phèdre*. The daughter of the sun, reincarnated in this new flesh, recognized the most secret throbbings of her soul. Through her sense of the real, this interpreter of Sardou was destined to become again an interpreter of Racine. . . . But even in her realism she adhered to the purest of styles; by which I mean to say that even when led by the gods she herself governed their impulsion and made choice among their accents of inspiration. All of this, of course, combined to produce a certain sorcery. By virtue of her style, or by some other gift, all that she did took on an air of magic. Jules Lemaitre described her as being 'electric and chimerical.' This is what makes up her gift, and also it is what can not be analyzed. Princess of legends, heroine descended from the ages of fable, living dream of mankind and, at the same time, exponent of the stern rigor of life, all truth and all artifice; subject of immediate impulse, compound of illusion and of reality; sublime and mirthful; quick to motions of indignation, of tenderness, and of goodness; always out of proportion with life, the last queen of the theater has gone down to the tomb."

Claude Farrère, another dramatic critic, relates in the Paris *Gaulois* that he was scarcely twenty when he first saw Sarah Bernhardt on the stage, and she was playing "La Dame aux Camélias," of which famous play he speaks with unrestrained disdain. But he was in Paris only for a few days and in order to see Bernhardt at all had to see her as *Marguerite Gautier*. He hated the play as he saw it unfold, scene after scene, but there came a moment of dialog between *Armand* and *Marguerite*, when for the first time this youthful spectator realized the beauty of Bernhardt's histrionic genius, and he writes:



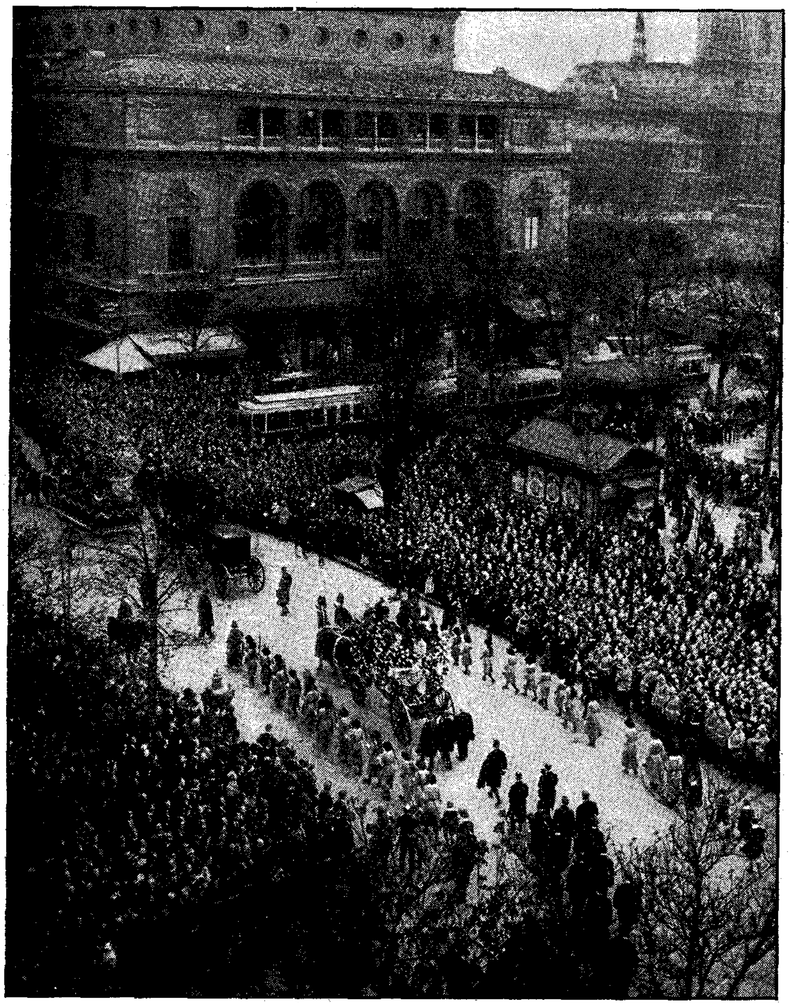
IN A CHAPELLE ARDENTE.

Arranged in Sarah's house, her body lay in state for friends to take a last view. The drawing was made by Marcel Vertes.

> "For years I did not understand the secret source of the sudden emotion that had swept over me at this juncture of the play. Was it her celebrated 'voice of gold,' which the whole world marveled over as a miracle? No. No voice could have shaken me as I was then shaken. Was it the impeccable articulation which spared the auditor all effort of attention, all nervous strain and doubled his pleasure? No. My enjoyment had blossomed as a flower. Was it the irreproachable intelligence, the exact understanding of the rôle, thanks to which every phase of the author's thought was, as it were, projected intact into the minds of the spectators? No. My joy in the performance was not merely intellectual. Then what was it? Why, it was the observation of genius in acting—and that word says everything. It was not of the slightest importance to me that *Marguerite Gautier* was a courtezan wholly unreal, or that *Armand Duval* was a fairly

decent young man, at the same time rather crude and stupid. What really overwhelmed me was that Sarah Bernhardt in her simple lines was putting by instinct, and probably without herself knowing it, all the infinitesimally shaded gamut of the thousands of sentiments, the ten thousands of sensations of a woman whose heart suddenly dilates in the surprize and the capture of an unforseen love. . . This it was—nothing more, or less—and the genius of the actress interpreting the rôle made up for the weakness of the play performed."

Robert de Flers, of the French Academy, who is an expert in writing for the theater and in appraising stage performances, remarks in the Paris *Figaro:*



From "L'Illustration" (Paris).

BERNHARDT'S FUNERAL CAR,

flanked by children bearing palms is shown here entering the Place du Chalelet where the Theatre Sarah Bernhardt stands.

"It is probable that with the names of Victor Hugo and of Pasteur that of Sarah Bernhardt will form the most illustrious trio of French cognomens of the past hundred years. Bernhardt's name towers magnificently. In its train follow all the graces and all the emotions, from the most sumptuous to the most delicate. It is a name that sings itself on all lips, . . it gives alms to all, to the rich as well as to the poor, to the great as well as to the humble, and this without impoverishing itself in the slightest. It belongs to the eternal domain of poetry, and for fifty years the muses one and all have been lending it their crowns. . . The name, Sarah Bernhardt, in a word, represents something infinitely surpassing her person and her personality. Her name has the signification of a symbol. It will remain as the most noble and the most complete expression of art and of the theater, and she who bore it will remain for us to employ the words of Jules Lemaitre—'one of the most gracious apparitions that has ever swept over the changing surface of this world of phenomena for the consolation of mankind.'"

André Beaunier is more analytical in *L'Echo de Paris:*

"Sarah Bernhardt died in the glory of full activity, for it was at the theater that she first felt the symptoms of the attack that resulted in her death. She had become semi-legendary; and possest the amazing prestige that the past gives to those faces that one no longer sees in the flesh and whose sharp outlines are beautified by the free and fervent imagination of multitudes. For all that, she was still living. One did see her and one found her worthy of that fame which seemed fabulous. Now she is dead, and it is as if one said that poetry is dead. . . .

"She translated everything into poetry just as the poets transpose life into symbols which are not a simple copy of all that is on the earth and under the sky. It follows, therefore, that she was most admirable in works not of a strictly realistic character. She left beside her vast room for an art such as Réjane practised exquisitely, to mention an exponent of only as long ago as yesteryear. Bernhardt did not have much of the truly natural in her and preferred to embellish nature. In point of fact, there is no art which does not embellish nature. She embellished nature in accordance with the tastes of that still neighboring period of Romanticism which was, truth to tell, a prodigal dower of the beauteous in art. Perhaps she gave too much zeal to a prolonged romanticism that toward the end was too tightly bound up with outmoded romance. Yet at least she was able to adorn it splendidly and she buried it with magnificence. Meanwhile, in playing imperishable masterpieces, such as 'Phèdre,' 'Hamlet' and 'Lorenzaccio,' she preserved their character of perfected eternity."

A note from one of her earliest colleagues, Silvain, a Sociètaire of the Comédie Française, is a memorable bit of history. It appears in the Paris *Comoedia:*

"The death of Sarah Bernhardt clouds the whole dramatic firmament in darkness. This marvelous artist shone during half a century not only over Paris and France, but also over the Old World and over the New World in all four corners of the earth. . . . Sarah Bernhardt, princess of gesture, magician of rhythm, I see her again on the stage of the Théâtre Français, in the rôle of *Aricie,* in 'Phèdre,' with Mounet-Sully as *Hippolyte.* One and the other of them raised the enthusiasm of the public to the point of delirium by the beauty of their postures, the harmony of their voices, the distinction of their utterance and their sublime expression of the soul of Racine. This pair of tragedians, I assure you, were magnificent—the perfection of the ideal in acting."

Finally a personal note of acute feeling appears in an article of tribute written by Maurice Rostand for the Paris *Matin.* It will be recalled that "The Far Away Princess," or "La Princesse Lointaine," of whom he makes mention figuratively, is the subject of a play written by his late father, Edmond Rostand, for Madame Bernhardt, for whom also he wrote "L'Aiglon." It is also interesting to recall that Sarah's last Parisian appearance was in Maurice Rostand's "Le Sphinx." We quote from him as follows:

"Princess of Gesture, you lie quite still. Queen of Posture, the attitude of death is now as natural to you as were so many others. We shall never hear again your voice. . . The story of human fairyland which you told to an age of ugliness is finished. . . . Why is it that I hear again to-night the sound of your cab approaching, just as I used to hear it when you came to see my father, and I would rush forth frantically to catch a glimpse through the half-open doorway of your unforgetable face? The last piece that you were to play for me was 'The Sphinx.' . . . Now you know the whole secret.

"Farewell, my adored friend, for behold it is your first night of death. Shall I venture to tell how much you take from me in going? The last lily of the *Princess Lointaine* is fading. . . The ramparts of the past are crumbling. . . At the threshold of the new world you are about to enter, the poets of the dead will come forward to welcome you, and the visage of him who is always most dear to me will kindle with brightness as he recognizes you. . . But all about me I hear the living poets who weep for you, and I, the most grieved of all, become a child again, to sob above your hands cold as snow."

HARVARD'S CHANGE OF HEART

WIDE OPEN DOORS will be the rule at Harvard. Only the "intellectually indolent" will have reason to fear for a welcome. Race and color will not enter into the conditions for admission either openly or by the covert methods of the "intelligence tests." General satisfaction is exprest in the newspapers commenting on the report of the committee appointed by the Board of Overseers that Harvard will stick to its "traditional policy of freedom from racial or religious discrimination." The problem is no doubt exercizing other institutions besides Harvard, without coming into the stage of acute public criticism, hence Harvard's solution will be scrutinized by all. The committee expresses itself as opposed to "an arbitrary limitation of the number of students to be admitted and to the policy of giving preference to the sons of graduates." It finds also that "even so rational a method as a personal conference or an intelligence test, if now adopted here as a means of selection, would inevitably be regarded as a covert device to eliminate those deemed racially or socially undesirable, and, however fairly conceived and conducted, could not fail to arouse damaging suspicion." As the full report appears in the press we excerpt the statement of steps to be taken in the way of excluding inferior scholars:

> "(a) A considerable number of such students now accepted for admission can be shut out by stricter enforcement of our existing rules, under both the new and the old plan, in the case of applicants whose records fall just below the normally required mark, and a still larger group of such students can be eliminated by raising that mark itself, particularly under the old plan. Our present requirement under this plan of five 'satisfactory' grades out of fifteen is too low. It should be progressively increased.
>
> "(b) Moreover, we believe that ability to write passable English should be insisted upon by the college, as it is a good criterion of mental proficiency and an indispensable prerequisite to college study. We therefore advocate the exclusion of candidates who can not write acceptable English, with the understanding that this rule shall not apply to those for whom English is a foreign tongue.
>
> "(c) In addition to those changes in our requirements for normal entrance to college the so-called 'back-door' method of entrance should be closed tighter. A thin but continuous inflow of very inferior students has been maintained by the practise of admitting after a year's residence at other colleges students who have either avoided our admission examination or, having tried them, have failed. Such a condition is not satisfactory to either college. This supply we would cut off without at the same time preventing the transfer to Harvard of successful students who desire experience at more than one university, or of candidates who for geographic or other good reasons have been debarred from entrance by the usual method. For a pupil of moderate means remote from this part of the country the only way to enter Harvard may be to seek admission by certificate to a neighboring college, and then, after proving his quality, to ask for transfer to Harvard.
>
> "Jointly these several changes would, in the opinion of the committee, exclude a substantial group of inferior students. This would solve one part of our problem."

Harvard will make a special effort to increase her attendance from States in the South and West, thus becoming less exclusively a New England institution. It is also proposed to hold out a welcoming hand to secondary schools not represented in the present student body by admitting the highest grade men in the finishing class without examination, after the courses in such schools have been properly approved.

The insistence on the ability of an intending first-year student to write passable English is applauded by the Washington *Post*, which recommends a wide adoption of the rule in other colleges:

> "For several years past at practically all colleges there has been complaint of the poor training in the correct use of English displayed by a large proportion of those seeking admission by examination or gaining it on high-school certificate. The new Harvard requirement on the subject will, if generally followed, tend to abolish an evil of whose existence there is no doubt."

The report has the right ring, comments the Boston *Herald*. "It stands for the Harvard of history and tradition":

> "It explicitly guarantees 'equal opportunity for all.' Nothing that might be denounced as a 'covert device' for a selective process is to be tolerated. What last summer threatened to become a storm center of magnitude seems now to have disappeared without discharge. Time and patience have done their healing work. Faithful investigation, and no doubt prolonged consultation, by a representative body of Harvard officials, have produced a report that will be generally approved. The president last June, in letters published broadcast as given out by a Harvard graduate resident in Cleveland, frankly discust the issue of race feeling and 'the impossibility of ignoring it.' The question of 'racial proportion in the student body' then raised, while put first in the report, is there regarded as only one phase of the problem to be studied. That is well. If the race issue is dead, let it stay dead. The Harvard that speaks in this report is not a Harvard that defers to social standards or race prejudices, but a Harvard that accepts its high educational and patriotic mission in a great democracy wherein all races and creeds are mingled."

HISSES FOR MODERN MUSIC

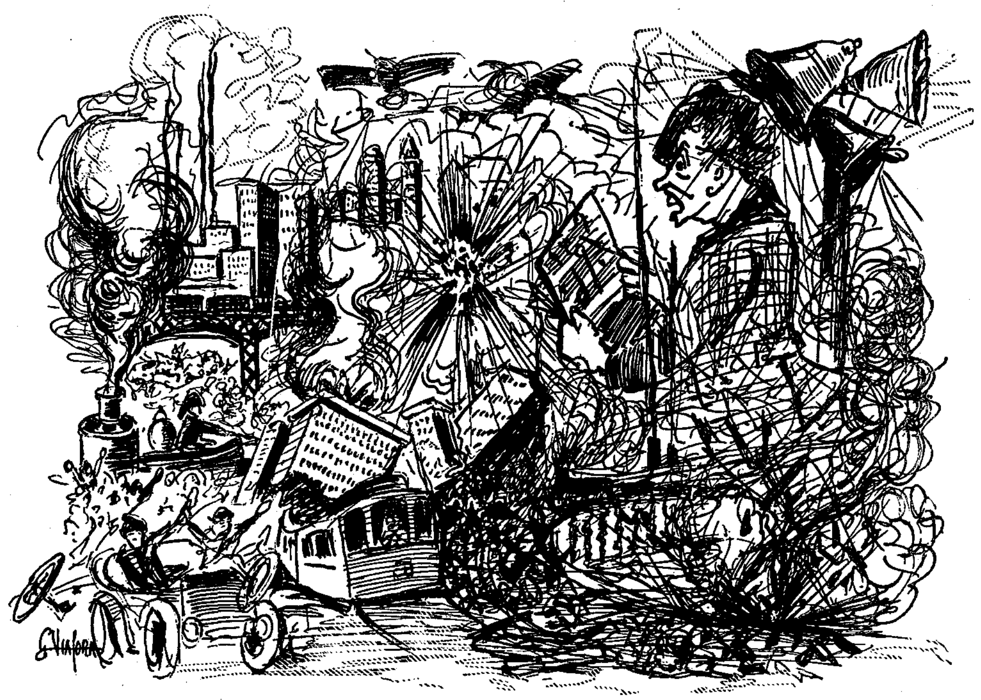
AMERICAN AUDIENCES are beginning to hiss. Formerly they were thought too polite or too kind-hearted, but the concert record of the past season produces three occasions upon which the exasperation of the audience was exprest in the sibilants formerly monopolized by geese and similarly provoked foreign audiences. The Boston and the Philadelphia orchestras, visiting New York, were two of the provoking causes; the other was a local organization, the International Composers Guild, and the vehicles were some of the most modern of modern music, e. g., Arthur Honegger's "Horace Victorieux," Schönberg's "Kammersymphonie" and Edgar Verese's "Hyperprism." These demonstrations are, of course, intimately connected with the whole subject of modern music and only incidentally concern the matter of modern manners. M. F. D. Perkins of the New York *Tribune* discovers a minute ethical problem which may be posed without much discussion:

> "Does the purchase of a ticket convey the right to an active expression of opinion—audible, if need be—in approval or the reverse, or does it mean that the prospective hearer may indeed hear and approve as loudly as he will, but, if he suffers, must keep his suffering to himself or seek the street—with, perhaps, a watchful corps of strong-armed ushers to hasten the dissenter's outward progress?
>
> "The answer, of course, varies in different cases. The International Composers' Guild, which is in an exceptional position, is, in a way, justified in an objection to audible, aggressive discontent, for it exists for the performance of works of the latest and perhaps the strangest type, and makes no claim to do otherwise. Its subscribers know (or ought to know) what general type of music is to be offered them, and do not buy their tickets with the expectation of hearing Beethoven or Brahms—or, in fact, anything earlier than the neighborhood of 1915. They are forewarned, and if they suffer may be considered to have brought it upon themselves.
>
> "But subscribers to other musical organizations, such as our Philharmonic or Symphony societies, are not, as a rule, so forewarned. Let us imagine, for instance, that with the scene shifted to Carnegie Hall at a Philharmonic concert some unusually ear-piercing, cacophonic number or some work of exceeding length and little meaning, such as the Seventh Symphony of the late Gustav Mahler, should provoke a large group of hearers to the point of the sibilant hiss or the strident boo, and that the chorus of dissenters should swell until a member of the Philharmonic management mounted the platform and invited those disliking the music to air their views in Fifty-seventh Street. Neither of these things has actually occurred at a Philharmonic performance, but if they did (still letting imagination take its flight) the invitation to withdraw would not be justified, as the subscribers to the various series of orchestral concerts have, to a certain extent, bought their tickets sight unseen, not knowing at the time just what would be played, but expecting, and having a right to expect, programs containing

a due proportion of classics, standard modern works and representative novelties chosen by a conductor paid to sift musical wheat from musical chaff. And if chaff is served they would seem to have a right to protest, audibly if they see fit, altho not with such intensity as to hold up the concert and disturb the peace. It would not necessarily be a reflection on the musicians' performance, or even imply that the conductor was wrong in selecting the disputed number for performance—views on what constitutes wheat and what chaff often differ—tho he would be wrong in trying to force it down his hearers' throats."

THE MUSIC DEMANDED BY THE TIMES

ROMANTICISM IN MUSIC OF TO-DAY is an absurdity; at least for an audience to demand that quality in new music is absurd, according to one of our concert pianists, Miss Ethel Liginska. Her reason is that "the spirit of romanticism is not the moving factor in the emotional life of the twentieth century." In her own compositions Miss Liginska puts her beliefs into practise. *Musical America* gives currency to this and other pronouncements of a similar nature. Mr. Ivan Narodny, in fact, goes into the subject quite fully and traces the logical development of the present cacophony in music:



A MODERN COMPOSER SUBJECTED TO INSPIRATION.

—Drawn by Gianni Viafora for *Musical America*.

"Revolution in art, as in politics, is usually the result of abnormal obstacles in the way of natural expression of the timely taste. Fatigue marks the end of the old period, and enthusiasm in a new direction is the beginning of the next. The phases of esthetic evolution consist, like those of nature, of birth, youth, maturity and decline. Our era marks the collapse of the past and the formation of new musical values. When we consider the position of the modern composer and musician in their contemporary surroundings and compare them with those of their colleagues of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, we find that there are innumerable psychological and sociological causes which make the motives and creations of the men of to-day different from those who preceded them.

"The great masters of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries created their works upon the melodic and polyphonic bases of the folk-song, *Minnegesang* and the *Madrigal*. Their works were born in an era when the mind of man was most vitally concerned with the mystic, legendary heroic or chivalrous problems of life. Religion, nobility, romanticism and fairy-tales filled the air. Palestrina, Gluck, Bach, Beethoven, Mozart, and Schubert composed their masterpieces in the shadows of feudal castles, awe-inspiring cathedrals, in calm sunshine and the midst of nature. The Church, nobility and cultured patricians patronized genius. Folk-lore, legends and sacred traditions were the sources of their inspiration. Music, like all other arts, mirrored the metaphysical mode of mind. . . .

"The melodic character of the old music was the natural result of preceding folk-songs, the vocal expression of primitive man's phonetic thought. Folk-song was the aboriginal music of primitive life. The subsequent instrumental music was a later development or elaboration of the vocal. Like the birds and animals, so the primitive man exprest his strongest emotions by means of a song; or, as Karl Boeckel says: 'Song has its origin in the cry of joy or sorrow; in the need of expression inborn in all peoples in a state of nature.' Melody was a rural product, invented and exprest by the country population, and as such it reflected all the inherent character of rural nature; sunshine, rain, winds, the roar of the rivers, the song of the birds, etc. Man's mind in those days was a part of living nature. Beauty was affiliated with superstition, fear, spirits and all the mystic elements of life."

He goes on to ask us to contrast all those factors with the conditions of our time—steam-heated city flats, concrete streets, noise, rattle, puffs of a thousand automobiles, whistles, hoots, etc., and we have a picture fundamentally different from the poetic past.

"Our composers and musicians resemble parts of those mechanical devices socially, by depending upon money, publicity, managers, seasonal fads, timely moods. Everything in our urban life suggests speed, rush, competition, quantity. Instead of quality, we speak of quantity. We live most of the time within an atmosphere of cement, asphalt, paper and metal and hardly ever see nature. For us everything is naked realism, commercialism, success. There is neither melody nor harmony around us. From early morning till late at night we hear noises and dissonances. While the rural atmosphere exalts melody and repose, regulated rhythm and harmonic grace, the city emanates struggle, accentuated noises and kinetic dissonances. Syncopation and jazzes are the echoes of the street. The city is a conglomeration of geometrical figures, streets, blocks, and houses—void of poetic grace and melodic designs. The country lives with harmonic legends and traditions; the city with the immediate present.

"It is only natural that our noise-accustomed ear begins subconsciously to crave for the echoes of the city and feels an aversion to the idyllic melodies of the country. The graceful tunes and placid tempi of the country fail to stimulate our urbanized minds. We require, not polyphonic, but polytonic effects. As the children of a cosmic upheaval, our souls cry for a phonetic intoxicant, a rhythmic tonic, more familiar to our emotions than the romantic fabrics of the past centuries. We crave to feed our minds with the urban idioms and urban rhythms of our restless era. This is mainly why the modern compositions are void of melody and lack of harmony. While consciously we condemn the 'ragtime' and jazz music, yet unconsciously we rather like it. We prefer intensity to graceful poetry.

"The modern composers achieve in their sketchy creations all the abnormalities of the modern city noises and furnish our auditory nerves with that lacking kinetic tonic, that strange *chromo-rhythmic* element of the time, in the rendering of which Scriabine has succeeded perhaps most profoundly, altho Stravinsky, in 'Petroushka,' surpassed him. The composers of ragtime music, in fact, are the modern urban troubadours, and mirror in their vulgarities the nasty soul of our cities. However, they have failed in that they take their commercial success and their sophisticated technique too seriously, instead of treating the subject as a parody."

RELIGION-AND-SOCIAL-SERVICE

A FORMER ATHEIST AT THE CROSS

IT IS TRADITIONAL that many of the devil's advocates who attempt to riddle the Cross eventually turn to accept it. One of these is Giovanni Papini, Italy's hectic genius, who has written a life of Christ based on the Gospels which is generally hailed by churchmen and laymen as the greatest piece of hagiography of modern times. On the other hand, a similar study of the Gospels brings Solomon Reinach, a renowned French scholar, to a point of view utterly irreconcilable with that of the penitent Papini. While he pays profound deference to Christianity, and declares it to be the noblest and most effective religious idea ever brought forth, Reinach asserts that the Gospels have not a single shred of evidence to support their claim to authority. Thus we have two eminent scholars agreeing on the place and value of Christianity in the life of the world, but completely at variance as to the historicity of its founder. In "A Short History of Christianity" (G. P. Putnam's Sons), translated by Florence Simmonds, Reinach tells us that not one of the Gospels is the work of an eye witness to the narratives they record, and not one of the synoptical Gospels is in the form in which it was originally written. Therefore, he argues, "the tradition of the Church is no longer tenable." Tho Reinach's book was not written as an answer to any specific defense of Christian tradition, he states that to extract the elements of a biography of Jesus from the Gospels "is contrary to every sound method." The collation of our Gospels and perception of the successive strata which compose them, he says, "prove that even the legend of Jesus as taught by the Church is not supported in all its details by the texts adduced."

A CONVERTED DEVIL'S ADVOCATE.

Once the self-styled "Apaché of Culture," Giovanni Papini now calls the world to accept the teachings of Christ.

Solomon Reinach is a French Jew, a philologist, historian and anthropologist. He is said to be an authority on the origins and rites of myths, cults and religions. He is the author of the celebrated "Orpheus, Histoire générale des Religions," and his scholarship is said to be held in universal respect in Europe. He denies the authenticity of the traditions of the Church, but he is at one with her defenders in according Christianity the highest place among the religions of the world. It is the greatest of all, "not excepting Buddhism," he declares, "because it suits the temper of progressive and laborious nations, and adapts itself to the most various conditions of society. Civilization and Christianity are united as by an indissoluble tie." Furthermore,

"Whatever may have been the mishaps and misdeeds of dogmatic theology and ambitious priestcraft, things which I have not tried to conceal, it is certain that Christianity, while opposing a veto to unbridled and degraded superstition, has taught and teaches the world the only moral lessons accessible to every one, thus preserving and propagating the most enduring elements of Hebrew and Hellenic wisdom, and cleansing and softening the animal instincts of the human race. If those gospel lessons, tho preached to thousands of millions for twenty centuries, have not yet been assimilated by mankind, they have at least acted as a permanent antidote against egotism and cruelty. Their beneficent influence is not only a thing of the past, but of the future. I do not share the opinion that they have as yet been superseded by some sort of a lay philosophy or theosophy."

From this tribute of an unbeliever we turn to one to whom the Gospels are a record inspired of God. In Papini infidelity loses one of its most powerful advocates to Christ, and the story of his conversion has profoundly moved the literary and theological world. It is a variation of the history of some of the other famous converts who have seen the light, tho in less dramatic fashion, which struck Saul of Tarsus on the road to Damascus, and who have turned from doubt or denial to become the most zealous of the newly baptized. In his "Life of Christ" (Harcourt, Brace & Company), translated by Dorothy Fisher Canfield, with eminent satisfaction to the reviewers, Papini confesses that the book is an act of contrition, an "insufficient expiation for his guilt" as a former enemy of Christ, and says that "it has happened often to Christ that He has been more tenaciously loved by the very men who hated Him at first. Hate is sometimes only imperfect love; and in any case it is a better foundation for love than indifference." Of the truth of this the book is a fiery witness.

Who is this new and fervid zealot who has "crowned a century with his achievement"? He is said to be the foremost man of letters in Italy. He is described as master of Bergson, a friend and disciple of William James, a writer of novels, poems, plays, essays; a student of philosophical systems. He was, says Henry James Forman in *The Pictorial Review*, "a hater rather than a lover of his kind, a master of invective, anarchist, atheist, nihilist." Of himself Papini has written sardonically, he is "the scoundrel of literature, the blackguard of journalists, the Barabbas of art, the thug of philosophy, the bully of politics, the Apaché of culture. . . one inextricably involved in all the enterprises of the intellectual underworld." Now the literary Apaché is a follower of Christ, Christ's most ardent advocate, for whom language is too feeble to convey his affection. Lately an arch atheist himself, he now exclaims that all the efforts of all the atheists, agnostics, and scoffers of all the centuries have failed to kill Christ. "Presumptuous donkeys mistaking libraries for their stables, top-heavy brains pretending to explore the highest heavens in philosophy's drifting balloon, professors poisoned by the fatal strong drink of philology and metaphysics, armed themselves," but Christ still lives. "The grave they dug was deeper every day, and still they could not bury Him from sight."

The book is popular, based on Scriptural text, but amplified with all the imagery and picturesqueness with which the Italian master of letters is gifted. It is meant, says Papini, to be a book of "edification. Not in the meaning of mechanical bigotry, but in the human and manly meaning of the 'refashioning' of souls." As such it receives a meed of praise which in fervor matches Papini's own. It will prove, writes Dr. F. Gavin in *The Living Church* (Episcopal), "a momentous and epoch-making departure in both modern literature and contemporary devotional writing. . . . It is vivid, powerful, close to the earth, and so fascinatingly interesting, in its ultra-modern dress, that in pure power of securing sustained attention it surpasses most of the jaded thrillers of melodramatic literature." As a token of new-found love for the Master, says Dr. Gavin, "we may well receive it, digest it, and profit by it."

No lingering shred of doubt remains to fester in Papini's mind, and he displays a ringing contempt for the doubting Thomases who still echo the cry: "Except I shall see in His hands the print of the nails, and put my finger into the print of the nails, and put my hand into His side, I will not believe." This double denial, writes Papini, left the doubter "in the dark, groping like a blind man, until the Light made Man, through a supreme loving concession, gave him back light for his eyes and for his heart."

> "But this answer of Thomas has made him one of the most famous men in the world: for it is Christ's eternal characteristic to immortalize even those men who affronted Him. All those afraid to touch spiritual concepts for fear of breaking them, all cheap skeptics, all the misers in academic chairs, all tepid half-wits stuffed with prejudices, all the faint-hearted, sophists, the cynics, the beggars and the retort-cleaners of science; in short, all rush-lights jealous of the sun, all geese hissing at the flight of soaring falcons, have chosen for their protector and patron Thomas called Didymus. They know nothing of him except this: he does not believe in what he can not touch. This answer seems to them the sum-total of perfect good sense. Let anybody who wishes claim that he sees in the darkness, hears in the silence, speaks in solitude, lives in death; the followers of Thomas can get no such idea into their thick, dense heads. So-called 'reality' is their stronghold, and they will not budge from it. They prefer to fill their lives with gold which satisfies no hunger, with land in which they will occupy so small a cavity, with glory so fleeting a whisper in the silence of eternity, with flesh which is to become worm-eaten corruption, and with those noisy, magic discoveries which after enslaving men hurry them toward the formidable discovery of death. These and other things like them are 'real things,' beloved by the devotees of Thomas. But perhaps if they had ever had the idea of reading what happened after that answer made by Thomas, they would have their doubts even of him who doubted the resurrection."

Many hands—some too eager, perhaps—have attempted to divest Christ of the divinity with which the Gospels and the "faithful" have clothed Him. It is one of the cardinal issues between "advanced" thinkers and certain of our clergy on the one hand, and, on the other, those for whom the words of Peter are surety for their belief in the Messiahship of Christ. For Papini Peter's verdict has the significance given it by a literal interpretation of the historic creeds. "'But who say ye that I am?' And then there came to Simon Peter the great light that was almost too great for him, and made him First to all eternity. He could not keep back the words, they came to his lips almost involuntarily in a cry of which he himself the moment before would have believed himself incapable: 'Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God. Thou hast the word of eternal life, and we believe and are sure that thou art that Christ, the Son of the living God.'" And, as Papini would bear witness,

> "At last from Peter the Rock there sprang forth the wellspring which from that day to this has quenched the thirst of sixty generations of men. It was his right and his reward. Peter had been the first to follow Christ in the divine wanderings: it was for him to be the first to recognize in the wanderer the Proclaimer of the Kingdom, the everlasting and lawful sovereign of that Kingdom, the Messiah whom all men had been awaiting in the desert of the centuries, who had finally come and was there Himself, clothed in flesh, standing before their eyes, with His feet in the dust of the road.
>
> "The pure King, the Son of Justice, the Prince of Peace, the Son of Man sent by God, the Saviour, the Anointed, whom the prophets had foretold in the twilight of sorrow and affliction; who had been seen by apocalyptic writers descending upon the earth like lightning, in the fulness of victory and glory; for whom the poor, the wounded, the hungry, the afflicted, had been waiting from century to century, as dry grass waits for rain, as the flower waits for the sun, as the mouth awaits the kiss, and the heart, consolation; the Son of God and of Man, the Man who hid God in human flesh, the God who cloaked His divinity in Adam's clay, it is He, the dear Brother of every day, who looks quietly into the astounded eyes of those chosen ones!
>
> "The period of waiting is done; ended is the vigil! Why had they not recognized Him until that day? Whence did it come in those simple souls, the first notion of the true name of Him who so many times had taken them by the hand, and had spoken for their ears to hear? They could never think that one of them—a common man like them, a workman and poor as they were—could be the Saviour Messiah announced and awaited by saints and by the centuries. With the intellect alone they could never have discovered Him, nor with the mere bodily senses, nor with the teachings of the Scriptures; only with the inspiration, the intuition, the sudden flaming illumination of the heart, as it happened that day in the soul of Peter. Blessed art thou, Simon Bar-Jona; for flesh and blood hath not revealed it unto thee, but my Father which is in Heaven. Fleshly eyes would not have been able to see what they saw without a revelation from on high.
>
> "But weighty consequences flow from the choice of Peter for this proclamation. It is a reward which calls for other recompense, 'Thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build my church; and the gates of Hell shall not prevail against it. And I will give unto thee the keys of the kingdom of heaven: and whatsoever thou shalt bind on earth shall be bound in Heaven: and whatsoever thou shalt loose on earth shall be loosed in Heaven.'
>
> "Weighty words from which have emerged, through the patient germination of long centuries, helped by the fire of faith and by the blood of witnesses, one of the greatest Kingdoms which men have ever established upon the earth; the only one of the old kingdoms which still lives on in the same city which saw the rise and fall of the proudest and most pompous of earthly kingdoms. For these words many men suffered, many were tortured, many were killed. To deny or uphold, to interpret or cancel these words, thousands of men have been killed in city squares and in battles; kingdoms have been divided, societies have been shaken and rent, nations have waged war, emperors and beggars have given their all. But their meaning in Christ's mouth is plain and simple. He means to say, Thou, Peter, shalt be hard and stanch as a rock, and upon the stanchness of thy faith in me, which thou wast the first to profess, is founded the first Christian society, the humble seed of the Kingdom."

The Son of Man is still with us, exclaims Papini in a final rhapsody of faith. "He is still present in the world which he meant to be free."

> "He is still attentive to our words, if they truly come from the depths of our hearts, to our tears if they are tears of blood in our hearts before being salt drips in our eyes. He is with us, an invisible, benignant guest, nevermore to leave us, because by His wish our earthly life is an anticipation of the Kingdom of Heaven, and is a part of Heaven from this day on. Christ has taken to Himself as His eternal possession that rough foster-mother of us all, that sphere which is but a point in the infinite and yet contains hope for the infinite; and to-day He is closer to us than when He ate the bread of our fields. No divine promise can be blotted out: the May cloud which hid Him from sight, still hovers near the earth, and every day we raise our weary and mortal eyes to that same Heaven from which He will descend in the terrible splendor of His glory."

KLAN KNIGHTS PUT OUT OF CHURCH

IN DRIVING KU KLUX KLANSMEN out of church, when they come in mask and gown, the Bellevue Methodist Episcopal Church in Pittsburgh set an example, says the Brooklyn *Citizen*, which "may well be followed." It was a lone and particularly irate trustee who started the retreat of the Klansmen, which ended in a rout. The hooded men came unheralded, according to newspaper accounts of the affair, breaking in on the Easter services being conducted by the pastor, Dr. R. B. Urmy. The visitors divided into three groups, one of which started up the main aisle, while the other two headed for the pulpit from the opposite sides of the church. Six of them were approaching Attorney Elmer L. Kidney, trustee, who was taking up the collection at the time, when he planted his "six feet and 200 pounds" in front of them and effectually barred their further progress. "Get out," he ordered tersely, "and be quick about it." From the pulpit came the voice of the pastor: "Gentlemen, you are disturbing the services here, which is a violation of the law. You will be perfectly welcome to remain if you remove your disguises. Otherwise you must go."

UNMASKS SIX KLANSMEN.

Trustee Elmer L. Kidney, who started a disorderly rout of hooded knights from a Pittsburgh Methodist church.

The Klansmen, thus rebuffed, turned to go, and as they reached the exit Mr. Kidney, we are told, got into action. When he had finished, he had the robes and masks of six Klansmen as spoils of war, and the visitors had incontinently and ingloriously fled the scene. Mr. Kidney, the son of a Methodist Episcopal minister, is said to be prominent in the work of his church. In 1921 he presided over an international conference of Methodist laymen in London. He has no feeling against the Klan, the Pittsburgh *Post* quotes him as saying, and he understands that the organization has "some very good principles." But he does think that "this thing of interrupting church services and handing a few dollars to the preacher ought to be stopt." Some newspaper editors agree with the redoubtable Pittsburgher. "If other pastors were to adopt the rigorous course of Dr. Urmy," says the Jersey *Journal*, "there would be less of this sensational tomfoolery, and a lot of Ku Klux advertising might prove very unprofitable." Nobody can object to the Klansmen going to church, in the opinion of the Baltimore *Sun*. "They will be welcomed in their individual capacity as saints or sinners in any church, so long as they observe religious proprieties and conventions." But, in this case, submits *The Sun*,

"The Klansmen apparently had not come to pray, but to create a sensation. They seemed to value their hoods more highly than their souls, for they declined the good pastor's invitation and departed hurriedly.

"It is a new thing for honest, one-hundred-per-cent. Americans to be ashamed of their faces. The Ku Kluxers profess to specialize in piety and patriotism. Pious and patriotic people generally do not hide their countenances under masks or their light under bushels when they attend church. They have nothing to be afraid of or ashamed of. The Ku Klux church fashion is not only a piece of cheap and ill-mannered melodrama, but it is in direct conflict with the honest Americanism that is not ashamed of its patriotism and of the honest humility that never wears a mask over head or heart in the presence of God."

If the Klan wishes to give money to a church, remarks the Fort Wayne *News Sentinel*, "the mails are still open, or representatives may call upon the pastor in his study and quietly make the donation. But the minds of men who go about their activities hiding their faces from the world, are the minds of swashbucklers." And the Newark *News* thinks it will do no harm to repeat what has often been said: "In the life of America there is no room for a band of men who are ashamed to show their faces while engaged upon what they insist is work of humanity. All the high professions of the Ku Klux Klan are of no avail as long as the mask and gown are retained in their ritual. And the height of impropriety is reached when, so attired, they invade churches, hoping to win condonation of their impertinence by a gift of money." To the Columbus *Ohio State Journal* "the effrontery of the Klan is amazing. It does not seem as if an organization which countenances such impudence could live very long among persons of good sense and respect for sacred things." "Down in Louisiana, where the evenings are dark and the country is wild," remarks the Baltimore *American*, "knighthood prospers better; but Mr. Kidney of Pittsburgh has demonstrated with startling vividness what knights will do when they meet a he-man in the daytime." And "when it is borne in mind that the Klan has never officially condemned the outrages which culminated in the Mer Rouge butchery, nor any other outrages of which men wearing the Klan regalia have been guilty," says the New York *Globe*, "Mr. Kidney's action seems warranted."

"REMOVE YOUR DISGUISES,"

said Rev. Dr. R. B. Urmy to the hooded Klansmen who invaded and startled his church during services.

"Before the Klan is received in church it may well be required to give evidence that its purposes are those of which tolerant and law-abiding citizens may approve. So far the evidence has run the other way. The Klan is certainly hiding something under a bushel, but it is darkness rather than light."

"FIRST ADE" TO YOUTH—As an apologist for youth, none, we are told has exceeded George Ade, a humorist who has become serious in his defense of the youth of the twentieth century, just as Mark Twain did when he defended the youth of the fifteenth century in the person of Joan of Arc. The generation of to-day came into a ready-made world, of wars and rumors of wars, of rebellion and restlessness, of new desires and of new dissatisfactions. All this the younger generation had to swallow at a gulp, and, remarks George Ade, as he is quoted in the London (Ontario) *Free Press:*

"Did you ever stop to think that the children now coming into action get the entire accumulation of fifty years at one dose, and take it without blinking? . . . Just as a Chinese infant easily picks up a language which the missionary can not learn in twenty years, so the absorbent little ones shouting in the schoolyards take on, without conscious effort, a mighty cargo, which includes the whole array of inventions, the results of the war, the complicated developments of the silent drama, a working knowledge of sports and pastimes, a list of the modes and fashions, all the popular songs which pour out of the phonograph, and the myriad facts of existence which are lined up along the motor routes and trolley lines. We have smothered them with riches and blinded them with revelations, and then we are surprized because they differ from the gawks and ignorami who circulated around the schoolhouse back in Hickory Creek. Is it any wonder that the rising generation is blasé? Is it strange that the wealth of worldly knowledge which they inherited, all in a lump, has somewhat gone to their heads and given them the usual conceits and pretensions of the newly rich?"

"A rich inheritance," this, says the *Free Press*. "Yet how hard it is for the rich to enter the heaven of content and happiness. Youth must be helped, not hindered." In the opinion of the Toronto *Globe* it is impossible to keep the flood of knowledge and ideas spoken of by the humorist away from children. So "we must try to improve its quality and thereby benefit the mature as well as the young. But it is clear that the new influences must be considered by those who are charged with the duty of training children."

THE RELIGION OF TO-MORROW

DAVID AND GOLIATH were the first two disciples, said *Tom Sawyer* before his assembled Sunday-school classmates, and *Tom's* unblushing ignorance of the Bible and its characters is illustrative, we are told, of the ignorance among our modern youth of matters pertaining to religion. Not that they are necessarily irreligious in the sense that they are morally wicked—their social service work proves the contrary—but they reflect the apathetic attitude which their elders have adopted toward the traditional forms of faith. They have probably less respect for authority than any of their predecessors have had since the Renaissance, writes Prof. James Bissett Pratt, of the chair of Philosophy at Williams College in *The Yale Review*. They are a very fine young people, he thinks, with many noble ideals which they serve with considerable fidelity, but they have notably less sense than had their ancestors of any supernatural sanction for their morality. In exploring the processes by which this change has come about, Professor Pratt finds that the old-fashioned college prayer-meeting has been given up, but that its place has been taken by the Forum or the Good Government Club, or the night school. "Students no longer painfully analyze and expose their inner life in fervid (or hypocritical) 'experience meetings'; but they spend evenings teaching English or arithmetic to newly arrived immigrants, or their Saturday afternoons directing a Boys' Club, or they study social conditions with a view to betterment of society and the prevention of evil. They talk less about saving their souls, but they far outstrip their predecessors in actual social service." In short, their course of conduct is admirable, but they lack the religious sanction gained by prayer and worship, the reading of religious literature, whether found in the Bible or elsewhere, occasional or systematic times of meditation on universal and eternal themes, and the systematic cultivation of the spiritual life. The lack of these traditional forms of religion will not make the younger generation unhappy or bad or irreligious, thinks Professor Pratt; "but unless remedied it can hardly fail to some extent to impoverish their lives and to make of them less complete, less fully rounded, less joyous human beings than they would otherwise be." Tho he is not horror-stricken, as are some of our observers, Professor Pratt regards the situation as serious, and proceeds to place the responsibility and to point a warning.

The immediate cause of the religious changes is to be found, we are told, in the influence of home training and of society as a whole upon the developing minds of the present younger generation. They have had less religious care than their parents had, and they have been exposed, consciously or unconsciously, to movements of thought which were unknown in the childhood of their elders. Plainly many things have happened in the last fifty years to influence the religious life, and Professor Pratt lists the most important as "the steady and rapid growth of the naturalistic point of view; the waning of the ancient authorities in matters of belief and conduct, and indeed of respect for authority in general; and, lastly, the great increase and growing complexity of practical concerns and secular interests and 'diversions.'" The first is regarded as the most fundamental and important, since "the tendency is to go far beyond anything that science itself would justify and to take for granted a naturalistic philosophy which, once fully understood, is seen to be quite incompatible with any view of the world which Christianity or any other religion has taught." Yet "there is nothing in the teachings of science that is inconsistent with liberal Christianity —or, for that matter, with liberal Buddhism or liberal Hinduism." This tendency toward naturalism in everything has been accompanied by the rise of the Higher Criticism and the loss of the older faith in the inerrancy of the Scriptures, all of which is only a part of the general growth of independent thought. The results of the liberal movement are thus weighed:

"It has freed us from servitude to the letter and has put faith upon a much more spiritual and truly Christian foundation. We would not, if we could, go back to the old days of unthinking faith and unscientific creed, and we could not if we would. Yet if we would see clearly, we must not blink the fact that one of the effects of this emancipation of the human mind has been to weaken incalculably the foundations of religious faith for millions of Christians before anything very substantial could be given them in place of what has been taken away. Tell it not in Gath, publish it not in the streets of Askelon, but we may as well confess to each other that the glowing promises which we of the liberal movement made to ourselves twenty years ago of a rationalized and newly vitalized Christian faith which should fill the masses with a more spiritual religion and take the place of their old bondage to the letter have not been fulfilled. The bondage to the letter is rapidly going, but the new spiritual faith is not spreading with anything like the same rapidity."

However, the prospect for the future is not altogether dark, thinks Professor Pratt. "As has been pointed out, religion is too fundamental to human nature ever to be lost. Our young people are truly religious at bottom; and while they do not seem to be spending much of their time remembering their Creator in the days of their youth, the days are ahead of them in which the exigencies of life will inevitably thrust upon their attention the eternal problems and bring them more and more into some religious attitude." They have already launched upon their course, and they must work out their own salvation. But that Christendom will ever return to the old creeds and to the old attitude to the letter of Scripture "is out of the question." New forms of faith must be worked out, and they "must be in harmony with science; tho, if they are to contribute much to the life of the spirit, they can hardly be in servile subjection to a naturalistic philosophy." However,

"What the present younger generation and their successors will do with religion, it is for them to decide. They may do with it what they will. I do not feel that our generation—I speak as one of the older ones—have done quite our full duty by the young people; but perhaps nothing better could have been expected. At any rate, the tiller is slipping rapidly from our hands. We can do little now but impress upon our younger friends the enormous issues at stake—at stake for them and for their successors—and the genuine value of some of the things which in the lightness of youth they tend to minimize. Let them remember that religion is a pearl of great price; that the spiritual life, tho it can never be killed out of the race, is a tender plant which gives its fairest flowers only after careful culture; that liberty is not the only thing whose price is eternal vigilance."

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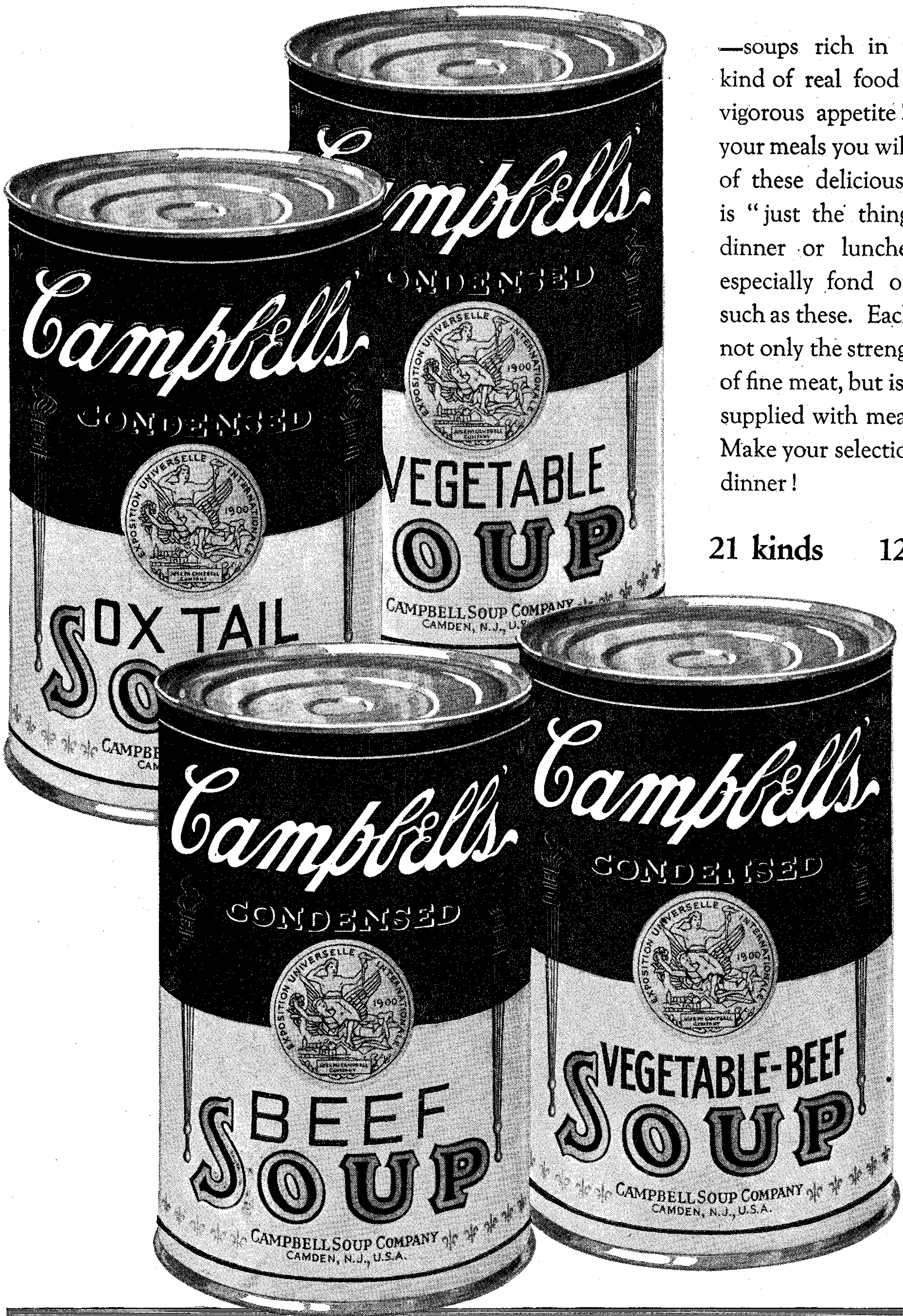
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CURRENT - POETRY

Unsolicited contributions to this department cannot be returned.

TWO poems in *Poetry* (Chicago) try to sound a mystery that has baffled many. If the solution is still to find, the mystery is pictured sympathetically:

A YOUNG BOY

BY JESSICA NELSON NORTH

THE DECISION

Let him alone, and when he is one year older
We will send him away to school.
This year he is twelve. His eyes are colder
Than stars in a rainy pool.

Cold and clear. He bends his graceful head
Not to our sadness, nor to any other.
Perhaps, we think, he would have loved his mother;
But his mother is dead.

His round cheek is like a sun-sweetened apple,
And his brown throat is bare.
Is there any sorrow with which he must grapple
That we would not die to share?

He will not help us. He puts his thoughts behind him,
And not of these will he speak.
He is like the waters out of Nameless Creek,
Dark and still. There you may seek and find him.

There he dives like the gull, with the mill-sluice races;
His curving arm, dappled by shade and sun,
Rises and falls. But he comes not back for our praises
When the race is done.

A child is harder to win than any lover.
Let him alone—there is nothing more to say.
Lovely, elusive—when the year is over
We will send him away.

THE OTHER WIND

The honey locusts, heavy with rain,
Swirl in the wind and splash the walk.
The darkness makes forbidding talk
Outside our door, and sodden leaves come down.
I have no quarrel with these—the rain and wind,
That tame your haughty heart and make it kind,
And bring you home again.

Now you and I, imprisoned here together,
Are comrades for to-night, against the weather.

What do you hear
In all the voices of the August night—
More than the wind in its familiar grief,
More than the wash of rain, the fall of leaf?

Sprawled in a leather chair with *Westward Ho*,
O supple body, bright unruly hair!—
There is a Wind will blow
Suddenly out of the dark, bidding you go
I cannot tell you where;
Slamming the gate on ways that you have known
Since life began,
Warping you to the stature of a man
With bulk of sinew and bone.

Just now, while still your mind
Thrilled to the prowess of Amyas Leigh,
Crowning with worship his heroic form,
Why did you raise your startled eyes to me?
Was it because you heard above the storm
The mighty rising of that Other Wind?

Two brief poems in the London *Spectator* seem to show that conservative organ committed, so far as its verse is concerned, to the ranks of the radicals.

IN THE STREET OF LOST TIME

BY HUMBERT WOLFE

Rest and have ease;
here are no more voyages;
fold, fold your narrow pale
hands; and under the veil
of night lie, as I have seen you lie
in your deep hair; but patiently
now that new loves, new days,
have gone their ways.

BY THE FIRELIGHT

BY L. A. G. STRONG

Mother, when my baby stirred
Deep within me,
Fluttered like a bird—
Then, although I dearly love him,
I felt far from George,
Far above him.

Yes, my dear, I know;
'Tis always so.

Mother, he's so rough, so coarse,
He don't understand:
Like a beast, a horse;
His great hand ———.

Hush, my dear, I know, I know:
'Tis always so.

IT seemed likely that the death of Bernhardt would inspire a good deal of verse. There has been some but little good. This from *Punch* (London) is better than any we have seen in English:

IN MEMORIAM

SARAH BERNHARDT, 1845–1923

BY D. M. S.

Against the siege that Death had laid
She held her tower from year to year,
With banners on the wall displayed,
With trumpet-call and flash of spear;
Long did his legions wait
Before that stubborn gate.

But he prevaileth, as he must
To whom all tangible things are thrall;
The gallant banners droop in dust,
And cloven is the inner wall;
Silent the trumpets lie
That clamoured to the sky.

Now is he Victor at the last,
And in the darkened fort he stands;
Yet an undying flame has passed
Sunward between his fumbling hands,
For he can only hold
The empty cresset cold.

There has gone forth in this hushed hour,
When the tired flesh sinks into sleep,
An elemental force, a power
Drawn from the deep unto the deep;
And the world of men is left
Wondering and bereft.

All that can change of her lies now
Aloof and royal in repose;
Dead poets bend o'er her dead brow,
And phantom wreaths of bay and rose,
Myrtle and ivy green,
Lie at her feet unseen.

IT is well to be reminded once in a while of what we lose by becoming too sophisticated or too sodden with material things. Children and animals escape this. In the London *Nation and Athenæum* we read:

ORPHEUS

BY OSBERT SITWELL

When Orpheus with his wind-swift fingers
Ripples the strings that gleam like rain,
The wheeling birds fly up and sing,
Hither, thither echoing;
There is a crackling of dry twigs,
A sweeping of leaves along the ground,
Fawny faces and dumb eyes
Peer through the fluttering screens
That mask ferocious teeth and claws
Now tranquil.
As the music sighs up the hill-side,
The young ones hear,
Come skipping, ambling, rolling down,
Their soft ears flapping as they run,
Their fleecy coats catching in the thickets,
Till they lie, listening, round his feet.
Unseen for centuries,
Fabulous creatures creep out of their caves.
The unicorn
Prances down from his bed of leaves,
His milk-white muzzle still stained green
With the munching, crunching of mountain-herbs.
The griffin, usually so fierce,
Now tame and amiable again,
Has covered the white bones in his secret cavern
With a rustling pall of dank dead leaves,
While the salamander, true lover of art,
Flickers, and creeps out of the flame;
Gently now, and away he goes,
Kindles his proud and blazing track
Across the forest,
Lies listening,
Cools his fever in the flowing water of the lute.

* * * * * *

But when the housewife returns,
Carrying her basket,
She will not understand.
She misses nothing,
Hears nothing.
She will only see
That the fire is dead,
The grate cold.

* * * * * *

But the child upstairs,
Alone, in the empty cottage,
Heard a strange wind, like music,
In the forest,
Saw something creep out of the fire.

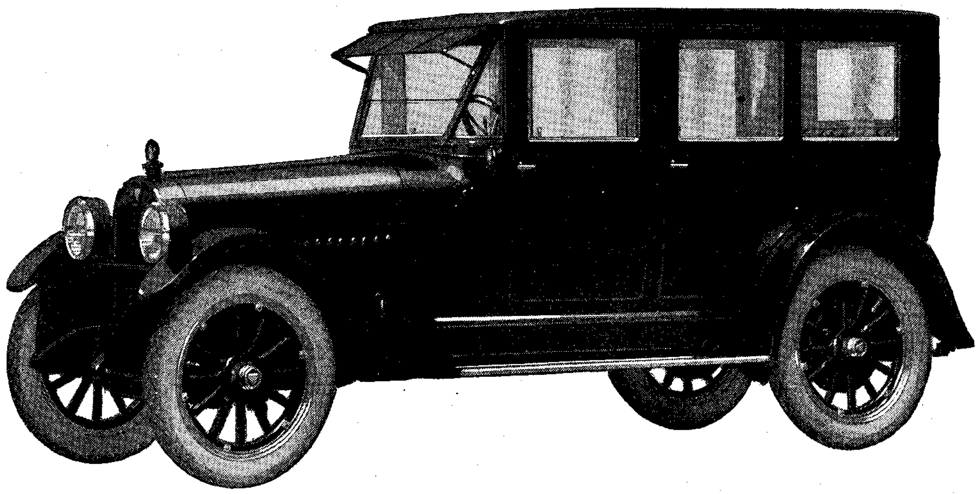
SET alongside Sitwell's "Orpheus" there is a world of difference in the treatment of Nature. Probably we shall begin to kick and cuff her instead of loving her, if we imbibe enough of the modern spirit. Of course we go to *The Dial* (New York) for such as this:

MARIGOLD PENDULUM

BY DUDLEY POORE

All night the wind ran round the house
hugging his sides with laughter.
Thunder tramped clumsily to and fro in the garret
dragging trunks and old bookcases over the ceiling.
The women folk pattered up stairs and down,
closing drafty doors, seeking each other's beds
to mix their long, undone hair
and gibber like bats in cavernous twilight
when lightning thrust a yellow paw
in at the window.
I alone was glad of the tumult,
glad of the storm that kept me awake
to put my arm round the lightning's neck,
and clasping the tawny leopard against me,
to hear once more overhead,
through the hiss and crackle of rain
on the smoldering world,
the apple tree's gnarled hands
caressing the weathered shingles
on a night when I held
in the circle of two arms
all the sun's hoarded gold.

On the barn's peak the moon sits washing her whiskers.
Now she blinks a green eye, slowly arches her back,
and walking along the gable on satin pads
glares at me hungrily.
All day she looked so demure.
When I lay on my back in the deep glass,
watching her prowl the sky eaves, and leap
over fences of blue
I never guessed she could show so thirsty a tooth.
To-night I am afraid of her.
I wish she had not seen me here at the window
observing her antics.
She is not nearly so attractive as by day,
sly creature, rusted with mange,
and one ear gone, I see, in the fight she had
with the orange leopard that owns the morning.



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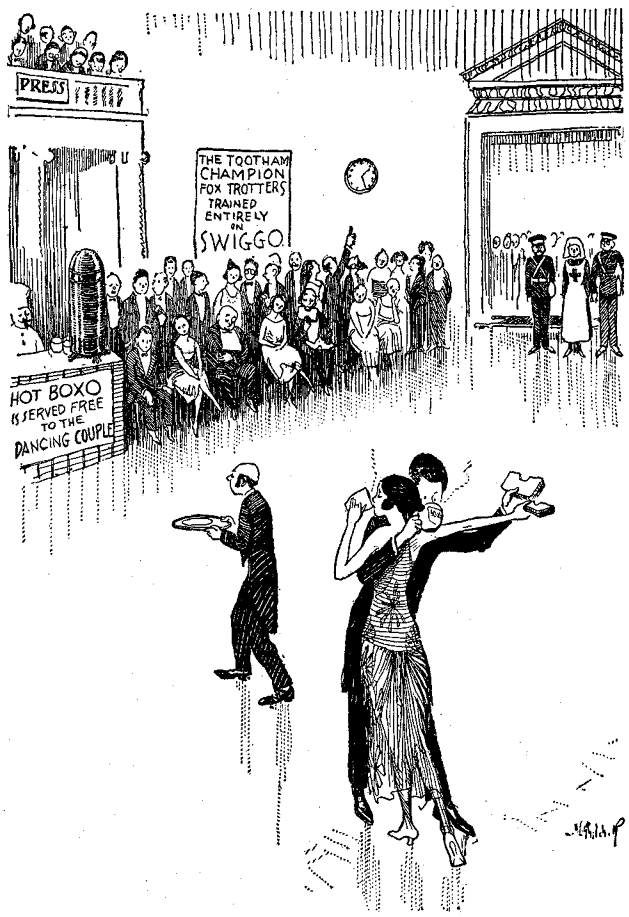
PERSONAL ▾ GLIMPSES

TRIPPING THE LONG, HARD FANTASTIC FOR A RECORD

DANCING DERVISHES OF THE NEAR EAST, who gained world-wide reputation by whirling until they collapsed, are put into total eclipse by devotees of the modern long-distance dance craze which has spread over England, France, and America. Religious ecstasy inspired the whirling dervishes. Only the desire for preeminence and, possibly, for fat vaudeville contracts, inspires these up-to-date whirlers of supposedly more enlightened lands. One of them, a Cleveland, Ohio, girl, reached a record of ninety hours and ten minutes, nearly four days and nights, of continuous dancing. Immediately a New York dancing academy announced a "Six-Day Dancing Contest," and both Paris and London are expected to rise to the challenge. "Of all the crazy competitions ever invented," disgustedly remarks the New York *Evening World*, "the dancing Marathon wins by a considerable margin of lunacy. If the authorities are anxious to find legal grounds for stopping such exhibitions, the statutes in regard to the care of lunatics would seem obviously applicable." This blue view, however, is not taken by others of our editorial observers who turn the power of their intellects on this new phenomenon. "On with the dance!" cheerfully advises the New York *Tribune*, whose editor finds something flavorsome and human in the fact that "the young men and women who seek the bubble reputation even at the saxophone's mouth, seem determined to die dancing if they can." Dancing, "long a religious rite, and now a social necessity," must run its course, this expert observer believes. "And while burglars continue to climb porches," he concludes, "and footpads to wield their blackjacks, the police could be more usefully employed than chivvying the Marathon terpsichoreans from one State to another." This last reference to the police applies to a particularly lively Marathon dance, which made Miss Vera Sheppard, of Long Island City, temporarily world's champion non-stop dancer, with sixty-nine hours of steady going to her credit. The New York *World* tells the story of her triumph, and of her various flights from police interference which preceded it. To quote from the reporter's account:


PRESS
THE TOOTHAM CHAMPION FOX TROTTERS TRAINED ENTIRELY ON SWIGGO
HOT BOXO IS SERVED FREE TO THE DANCING COUPLE

A STRENUOUS BRITISH CONTEST.

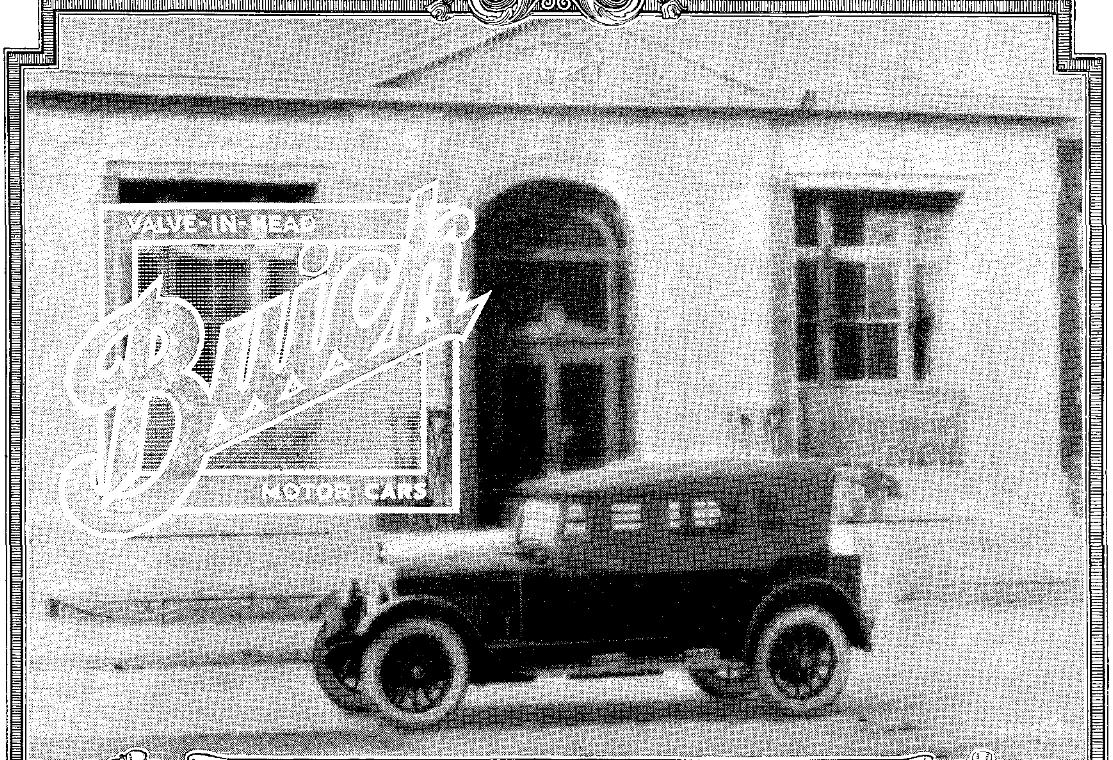
The heroic attempt of Tootham's Two-Step Champions to break the world's time record for continuous fox-trotting.

—D. L. Ghilchik in *London Opinion*.

> A weary little figure, in a draggled bathrobe, whose dimpled Irish smile was very wan, was carried off the floor of the East Port Chester, Connecticut, Cygnet Athletic Club in the arms of cheering friends yesterday afternoon at 4:10, winner of the world's long distance non-stop dancing record, just sixty-nine hours after she started dancing.
>
> Vera Sheppard, nineteen, of No. 148 Seventh Avenue, Long Island City, the last of the ten Marathon dancers, who started out so bravely last Saturday evening at 7:10 at the Audubon Ballroom, 168th Street and Broadway, broke the Cleveland record established yesterday noon by almost three hours, having danced in three States, two halls, one private parlor and four times in a moving van, not to mention a ferry-boat.
>
> She said she could have made it an even seventy-five. But the police decided that what wasn't good enough for New York and New Jersey certainly was no go in Connecticut, and at 3:45 they ordered her to quit. Chief Justice Nedley, however, kindly extended the time to allow Miss Sheppard to make the even sixty-nine-hour record.
>
> A small group of East Port Chester male citizens, who had been drifting in and out of the disordered, stuffy hall ever since the dancers staggered in at 2:20 Monday morning, joined the girl's footsore, delighted friends in their cheering.
>
> The triumphal procession then concluded at the Palace Hotel, where Miss Sheppard rested before her trip back to New York and her appearance at the Audubon ballroom at 9 last night.
>
> For fourteen hours the dingy hall, littered with worn slippers, cigaret stubs, newspapers and soup-cans; reeking with the mingled odors of stale coffee, tobacco smoke, cold broth, chewing-gum and smelling-salts, was the scene of one of the most drab and grueling endurance contests ever witnessed.
>
> There is nothing inspiring in seeing an extremely tired pretty girl in a worn bathrobe, dingy white stockings in rolls about scuffling felt slippers, her eyes half shut, her arms hung over her partner's shoulders, drag aching feet that seemed glued to the floor in one short, agonizing step after another.

The cold gray dawn of her third day of continuous dancing found Miss Sheppard walking slowly round the room, hand in hand with her partner. One realistically-minded reporter observes:

> The sun sifted in, reporters and substitute dancers washed up, after a fashion, outsiders stopt to glance inside, and still the phonograph continued grinding out its slow, level jazz—until one never wanted to hear jazz again. Breakfast was served at 7:30. After that the dancing was more like dancing.
>
> Miss Sheppard's partner, Ben Solar, dropt to the floor at 8:30 after dancing 61 hours and 15 minutes with her. They were the only couple who kept together that length of time. Thomas M. Gill and Henry Howard, who were still shuffling Monday noon, fell asleep in the truck en route to East Port Chester about 1:30 A. M.
>
> They had to be lifted out, but when set feet down on the floor, shook themselves, blinked and started off again as if they had never thought of doing anything else. Gill was still dancing when Miss Sheppard finished.
>
> There was no more rouge and powder for Vera yesterday. She removed the boudoir cap and made a few feeble attempts to smooth her hair. Once during the morning she asked for an



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WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES ARE BUILT, BUICK WILL BUILD THEM evening dress. New felt slippers were brought her as soon as the Port Chester stores opened.

Miss Sheppard seemed to get on a little better with the fresher partners who offered themselves after Solar gave out, to be leaned on while the deadening shuffling continued. Dr. Thomas J. O'Donnell, who examined her about 8:30, said she was fit to continue.

Traffic Cop Cullon appeared at 8:45 and ordered the dancers out, but Charles Smith, manager of the Audubon ballroom said he had called the Chief, who had said there was no law against their dancing.

Miss Sheppard received a large bouquet of roses at 2:10, when Mr. Smith announced she had completed sixty-seven hours and was thus the world's champion. She received another gift of a dozen fresh eggs from the farm of Carl Schmidt, a local pianist, who gave the phonograph frequent rests during the afternoon. She also received the congratulations of John McCartney of the Audubon ballroom, who came from New York and intends to take her later on a tour to Chicago and the West.

While Miss Sheppard danced her managers reported to her how long-distance records were going in other cities. Miss Madeline Gottschick of Cleveland, Ohio, who quit at 9:06 A. M. Tuesday, having completed 66 hours and 6 minutes, had beaten the record of Miss Magdalene Williams of Houston, Texas, who had danced 65 hours and 53 minutes.

Altho Miss Sheppard beat them both with 69, the record is not sure yet. Four men and four women contestants in Cleveland were dancing at 1 P. M. and hoped to beat Miss Gottschick's record. Miss Magdalene Williams is planning to win back her laurels. A man wearing a mask is trying to establish a new male record for continuous dancing in Cleveland. He started at 2 P. M. Sunday.

Non-stop dancing contests are under ban in the large Pacific coast cities, however, according to the authorities of San Francisco, Los Angeles, Portland, Oregon, Seattle, Washington, and Tacoma, Washington. The City Council in Detroit also adopted a resolution against such affairs.

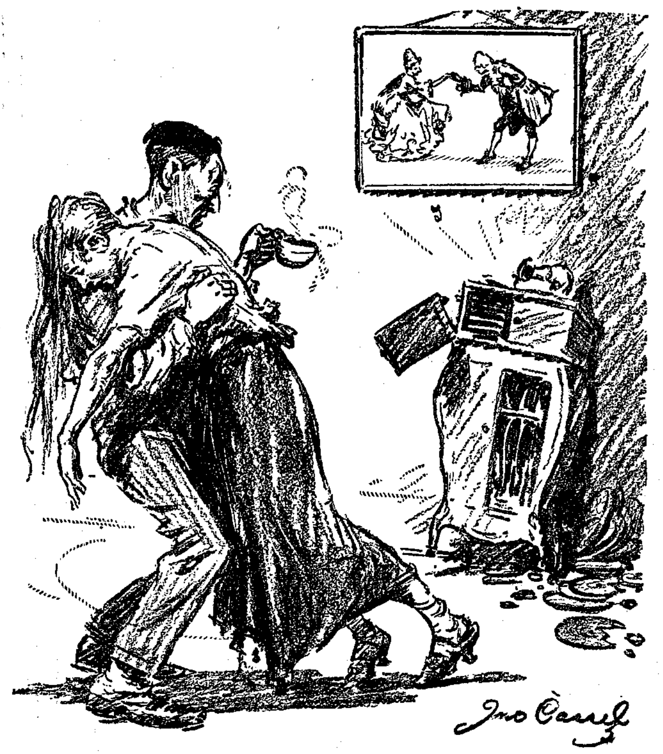
How did Miss Sheppard hang up her 69-hour record? Opinions differ. Some of her co-workers say it was because she doesn't smoke and was very abstemious in what she ate and drank throughout the affair.

Her sister Mary, who was with her throughout the entire time, says, "Vera has prayed every night."

Vera herself said, with a quick lift of her head, "I'm Irish; do you suppose I could have stuck it out otherwise?"

For two days the record stood, and then the Associated Press carried, under a Cleveland, Ohio, date-line, a brief dispatch to the effect that a new world's non-stop dance record had been made by Miss June Curry, with ninety hours and ten minutes of continuous dancing to her credit. Arthur Klein, a youth of twenty-six, had stept off the same floor ten hours before, after dancing for eighty-eight hours and eighteen minutes. The list of records, from the start in England, where the dancing Marathon idea seems to have struck simultaneously in Sunderland and Edinburgh, now stands as follows:

March 6—Sunderland, England, 9:30.
March 6—Edinburgh, 14:36.
March 20—Marseilles, France, 24:04.
March 30—Paris, 24:20
March 31—New York, Miss Alma Cummings, 27:00.
April 6—New York, Miss Ruth Molleck and Jack Butler, 40:00.
April 9—New York, Miss Cummings, 50:00.
April 12—Cleveland, Miss Helene Mayer, 52:16.
April 14—Baltimore, 53:00 (eight couples and six others stopt by police).
April 15—Houston, Texas, Miss Magdalene Williams, 65:53.
April 16—Cleveland, Miss Madeline Gottschick, 66 hours 6.
April 17—New York City, Miss Vera Sheppard, 69.
April 19—Cleveland, Arthur Klein, 88:18.
April 19—Cleveland, Miss June Curry, 90:10.



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TRIPPING THE LIGHT FANTASTIC.

—John Cassel in the New York *Evening World.*

It is noteworthy that practically all of these endurance records are held by the "weaker sex," which one critic accounts for by the fact that the girls may be assisted around by a succession of strong partners, while the men have to depend on their own legs. In the case of a very tired and light girl dancer, a strong partner could easily carry her around, it is pointed out, merely allowing her feet to touch the floor at appropriate intervals. By following some such method as this, it appears, a tired girl dancer might even sleep, like the frigate bird, on the wing. It is recalled that, in a recent bit of Broadway vaudeville, a man dances for some time with a girl who is, for dramatic purposes, dead. Considering the practical difficulty of staying awake, to say nothing of dancing continuously for five or six days, some such idea will have to be produced, believes a New York editor, if the record is going to be stretched much further. Anyway, concludes *The Tribune* editorially:

> Among all the laws designed to stop things one can probably be hunted up to control the epidemic of Marathon dancing if the craze grows menacing. It is quite contagious. No sooner does a young woman in New York beat the long-distance record than another in Cleveland adds a few hours to it, and the toughest-fibered young people of a dozen other cities immediately take the floor to better the new mark, while loafers of inferior leg power, gratified to find a new way of killing time, actually pay to look on.
>
> In "The Deserted Village" the pictures of rustic merry-making include
>
> The dancing pair that simply sought renown
> By holding out, to tire each other down.
>
> So we see that this kind of competition is not new. Goldsmith gives no inkling of the relative endurance of the sexes. The most interesting fact about this pedomania is the superior staying power and perhaps grit of the female contenders. They commonly tire out half a dozen Tom, Dick and Harrys, their partners in the exhausting shuffle. The "gentler sex," the "weaker sex," have almost been banished from print already. In the interest of truth, it now appears, these phrases should never again evade the blue pencil.
>
> If such tests of stamina as the Marathon dancers engage in were exacted as punishment they would be deemed cruel. The treadmill was abandoned as too harsh, yet the prisoner was obliged to tread no more than six hours a day in fifteen-minute periods, with intervals of rest. The dancers keep in motion for fifty hours and more at a stretch. They certainly earn their grotesque glory and the small purses that go with it, and, fortunately, there are enough hospitals and asylums in the country to take good care of them.

Toronto, Canada, beyond the reach of the stop-the-dance laws, is suggested as the place for a hundred-hour Marathon by Miss Alma Cummings, one of the earlier champions. Dr. Cummins, Head Surgeon of the United States Health Service, in the meantime, traces the descent of the modern long-distance dancing craze from the Middle Ages. In London, five hundred years ago, he says, crowds began dancing, whirling around four and five days at a time without stopping, until they fell from exhaustion and many died. The first death of the present craze is reported from North Tonawanda, New York, when at *for Economical Transportation*

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noon on April 14, according to a special dispatch to the New York *American:*

"Homer Morehouse, twenty-seven, dropped dead as he walked off the dance floor with his partner after completing eighty-seven hours of continuous dancing. Physicians say death was due to heart failure.

"Morehouse started dancing at 9 o'clock Sunday night on a wager at a country club near here. As the two dancers started for the side of the hall to-day Morehouse collapsed on the floor. He did not regain consciousness."

The dancing Marathons have had the effect of turning the attention of the public once again to the dance-hall, at any rate, observes the New York *Herald.* Boston will not be invaded by the pest, announces the Boston *Evening Transcript.* "To a certain level of intelligence," concludes *The Transcript* trenchantly:

"There is apparently amusement in watching a young man or a young woman going through the steps of a modern dance hour after hour while musicians and partners work in relays, and pauses are made from time to time that the dancer may change shoes whose soles have disappeared for shoes that are whole. But it is not wholesome amusement. These contests are likely to cause overexertion on the part of many who are poorly equipped for trials of endurance. Long-distance dancing does not come within the scope of those tests of skill and strength that serve a useful purpose. It is a good thing that the craze will here receive no official sanction."

CHAMPION FOR A DAY.

One of the earlier record-holders, Miss Alma Cummings of New York, wore out six partners, several pairs of shoes, and lasted for twenty-seven hours.

Some of our animal brothers exhibit this craze for dancing, points out the New York *American,* as, for instance, "the dancing or whirling mouse, which spins around with incredible speed until it drops," a state of affairs caused by "a diseased condition of the brain." The present long-distance dancing mania, concludes *The American* editorially, is a slap at the evolutionary theory, for:

"No anthropoid ape could possibly have had descendants that could display such hopeless idiocy. If the Darwinists intend to maintain their theory they will have to call in the ape and substitute some other ancestor for mankind—the cootie, for instance."

The New York *Evening World,* after cruel words about the craziness of the craze, presents a bit of constructive criticism. "Invent a dancemobile," advises the editor, and explains:

"The closing hours of a record-breaking dance revealed how little a 'record' means. The dancing partner of the winner dropped out. The reason was said to be the need for fresh partners who would be able to support the winner in her exhausted condition—in other words, to carry her and dangle her feet along the floor.

"The next step in the development of Marathon dancing ought to be to substitute a mechanical partner. Here's an opportunity for Yankee ingenuity.

"To inventors we suggest the modification of the tricycle for children, adjusting the seat so that the toes of the dancer just reach the floor. Then attach driving rods from the rear wheels to the ankles and supply power to push the device and dancer about the dancing floor.

"With good upholstery and a counter arrangement for eating, reading or writing, the dancer ought to be able to amuse herself and even get more or less sleep while her legs are swung back and forth."

THE PASSING OF "THE GIANTS" IN THE WOMEN'S MOVEMENT

THE DAY OF "THE GIANTS," those outstanding leaders among the women who brought suffrage and a new view of Feminism to the nation, is passing. A sign of the times, says S. Adele Shaw, a correspondent of the New York *Evening Post,* is to be found in the retirement of Mary Garrett Hay from the Chairmanship of the New York League of Women Voters, and in the announcement that Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt will retire from the presidency of the International Suffrage Alliance at its meeting in Rome next month. The question of new leaders, of "young blood," is troubling those who feel that "the woman movement" still has much work to do. "I don't see any new leaders. All the ones I see have gray hair," remarked one of the pioneers quoted by Miss Shaw. "We can't find leaders. The hardest job I have is to develop county chairmen," agreed the head of the Pennsylvania League of Women Voters. The question whether the women who stood forth in the past generation really accomplished about all they were fighting for, and so need no successors, is undecided. In the meantime, Miss Shaw casts a backward glance at the outstanding women of the days before suffrage was won. She recalls:

Anna Howard Shaw, preeminently the pioneer; Jane Addams, the perfect citizen; Mrs. Florence Kelley, the torchbearer of justice; Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt, the stateswoman; Lillian Wald, the educator; Julia Lathrop, the imaginative leader.

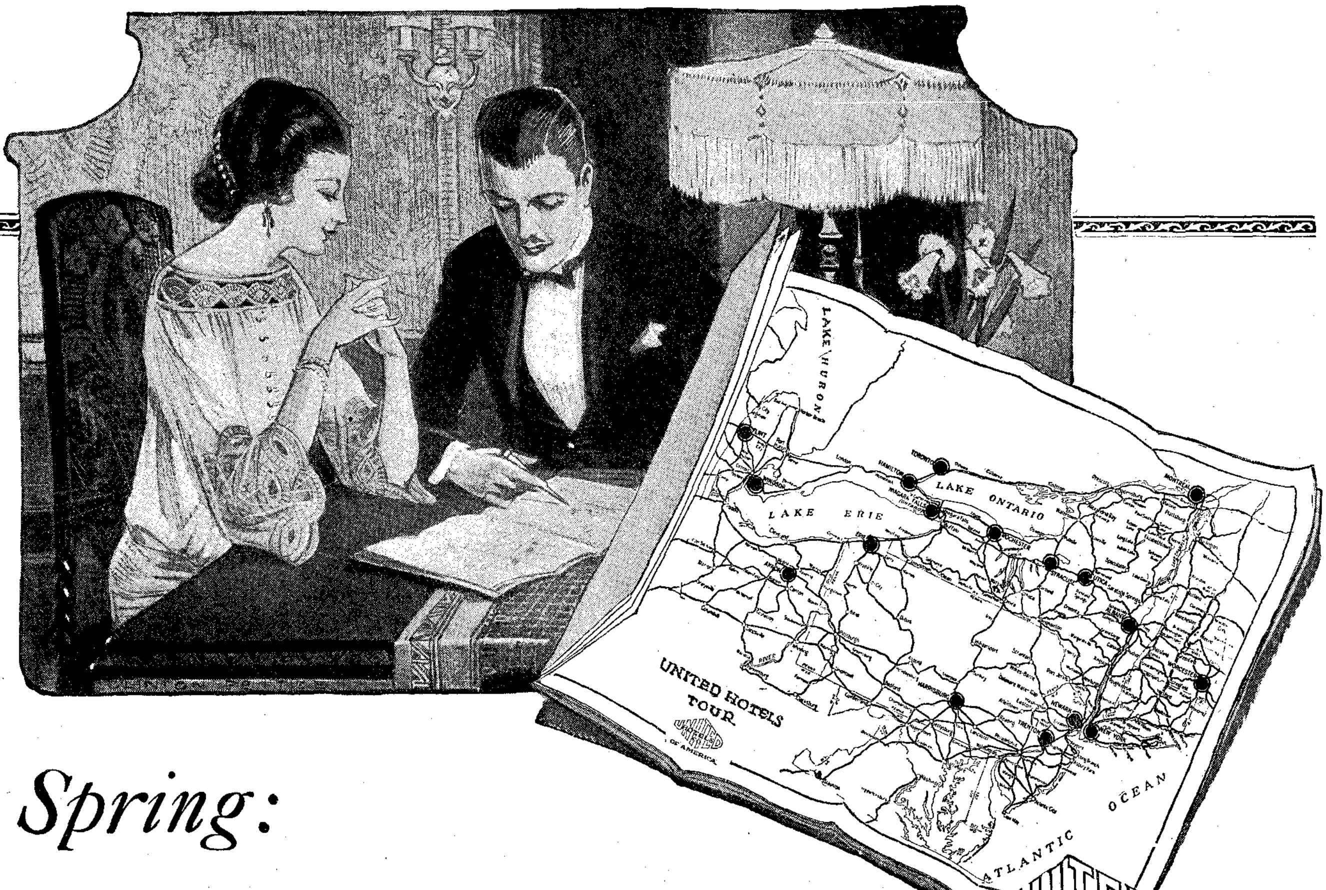
Anna Howard Shaw used to tell the story of her life in a paragraph: "I studied for the ministry," she said, "but found it was no use to preach to people. I wanted action. I went to live in a slum, but found I couldn't do anything for the women there, for they were always sick. So I studied medicine. But I found it didn't do any good to make people well, for there weren't any laws to keep them well. So I studied law. But I found there was no use being a lawyer, for you couldn't get social laws through legislatures controlled by men. So I had to get women enfranchised."

Dr. Shaw was the pioneer.

Jane Addams is known as the wise citizen of Chicago, of the world. She has shown more insight into the city's affairs than any one of her day. No social idea was ever too large but that it should be applied to her city; none ever too small but that it should be applied to the world. Miss Addams mixes a keen knowledge of the social problems with deep human insight. She has a tender view of girls. She has an inspiring international love which will not admit the necessity of war. Jane Addams is the perfect citizen.

That other perennial, the other youth of the passing generation—Mrs. Kelley—is the gadfly propagandist. She gets under people's skins and makes them feel uncomfortable where she believes they should. She is preeminently the interpreter. She thinks of children and of the working people. She is drowned in these interests, not in the technique but in the inspiration, which in her is a burning fire. Mrs. Kelley is the torchbearer of justice.

Mrs. Catt has a vision of world peace. She has seen the enfranchisement of women as the most direct means to that end. She has been socially more conservative than the other "Giants," and for that reason has worked with a more conservative group both nationally and internationally than, for example, Miss Addams. While Miss Addams has been the idol of the confirmed pacifists, Mrs. Catt has converted those of the middle



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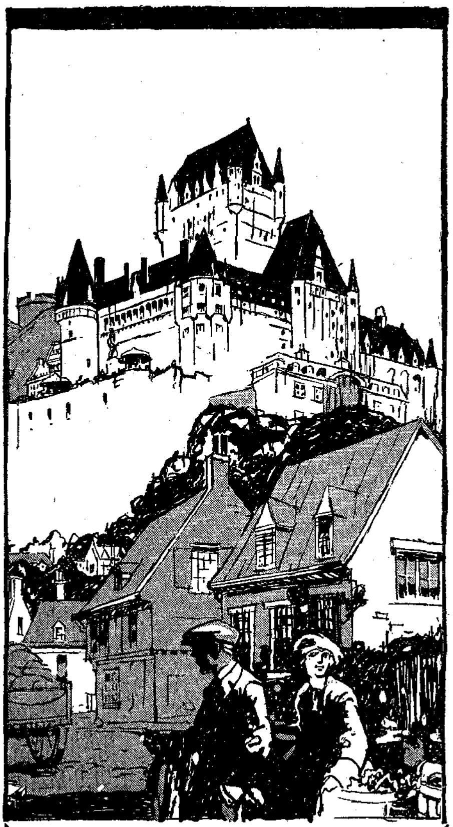

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PERSONAL GLIMPSES

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ground and her work has therefore been in this way more far-reaching. Mrs. Catt is the stateswoman.

And there is Miss Wald, the leader with the capacity for bringing men and women in and making them understand socially; the woman who inspires confidence; the woman who has seemingly unlimited ability for personal contact, from the man or woman up-town to the woman on the East Side block with a new baby. A manager of people but not a politician. A woman who has always used her extraordinary personal influence for big issues. A woman who has seen education as a matter of human relationships rather than learning. Miss Wald is the educator.

Julia Lathrop, with an imaginative and international mind, has shown extraordinary leadership. Her Children's Year, when in the midst of war, she said in effect: "If we are killing the youth of the country we must preserve the children," proved the insight that is the test of leadership.

The Giants, says the writer, stood out because of their isolation. "They were the advance guard. They were obliged to force recognition of women's ability." As leaders—

> They required more aggressive courage and more reckless devotion to their cause than the leaders of to-day for whom they obtained opportunity. With their powerful personalities they developed their lieutenants and worked away until finally the war brought women their chance for political victory. Economic necessity then opened up to them the professions and opportunity in the business world. Their special problem was no longer the seeking of opportunity, but the need of serving and of serving well.
>
> How have they met it? Where is their leadership?
>
> As an organized group the women who had fought for opportunity recognized that their job was no longer to agitate but to educate and to function. Thus the League of Women Voters, organized to harness the suffrage ranks for training in the best of citizenship, developed under the guidance of the successors to the pioneers.
>
> In Maude Wood Park, head of the National League, one finds the successor to Mrs. Catt, the stateswoman. Economically, Mrs. Park is generations ahead of Mrs. Catt. Her vision is one of the perfect state with every one in it receiving justice. She is not the propagandist. She is not a burning fire. She is an organizer and director of public opinion. She is a remarkable lobbyist, and a force at the Capitol. Mrs. Park is the technician. She is carrying on. She is the "intermediate" person.
>
> Scattered throughout the States, associated with her, one finds other successors, trained in efficiency—Mrs. Tiffany in New York City, Mrs. Slade in New York State, Mrs. Miller in Pennsylvania, Mrs. Hibbard in Illinois, Mrs. Munford in Virginia, to name but a few. These women are so many the country over that they can not be singled out. They are seeking to develop an effective constituency that will send to Washington a better Congress and a better President, and the same in the several States, and the same in international councils. They are working for the clean-up of the existing political order. They believe that women should work through the political parties, but that the political education of women in a non-partizan organization is necessary because the parties have not developed disinterested education.
>
> They believe that conference outside the parties should lead to greater independence within them. They do not believe in a sex war, yet there are those—notably Mrs. Tiffany—who hold that if women are not soon given equal party recognition and thrown more than "political sops" they must organize themselves inside the parties, have a sex division, and fight the men at their own primaries.

These women, we are told, go further in their program. They, like the pioneers, see enlightened citizenship as the means to end war. They, too, will not admit war's desirability or its necessity. Miss Shaw continues:

> The most important development of the League at the present time is its work for international cooperation to end war. It was this subject that absorbed the last convention at Baltimore. It is this that gives the drive to their desire for a better informed constituency and a trained citizenship.
>
> "It's a religious instinct with them," says Miss Morgan. "There never was a church woman baked a cake and sold it but had the thought of the missionary in her mind. Women won't admit that the world can be in a state of quarrel all the time."
>
> And so we find Carrie Chapman Catt retiring from the International Alliance, which she has been building up for twenty years, only to take up the pioneer work of bringing the women of the other America into conscious cooperation—all for the same ideal for world peace. And it is conspicuous that the veteran near seventy, and not her successors, has become chairman of the Pan-American Congress of Women and circled South America this winter to inspire and guide the women leaders there.
>
> Outside the League of Women Voters are organized women in the National Women's party, who are carrying on a propaganda, a sort of sex war, in which the equality of women is the goal. And here, too, no significant leadership is apparent.
>
> The political parties have not as yet produced women Giants. On the one hand is the women leader's dislike for partizan methods, the traditional tendency to go after the issue, rather than the building up of machinery and—quite seriously—there is to be taken into account the fact that party lines are not the style. Among the independents there is the dramatic leadership of Cornelia Bryce Pinchot, who lent more than an arm to her husband's campaign for the governorship in Pennsylvania. Nevertheless, hers is the leadership of an intermediate; and there is many a Cornelia Bryce Pinchot. On the other hand, the political parties are not developing the leadership of women. They have made them chairmen of entertainment committees, have pushed forward social leaders or the wives of men leaders, but they have not given the women of ideas and sincere purpose a chance to function. We have had no women Giants in Congress, none in the State Legislatures, tho of course it is early to look for that.
>
> Less identified with the political movement is a large group of other "intermediates," outstanding among whom is Grace Abbott, successor to Miss Lathrop in the Children's Bureau, who carries the

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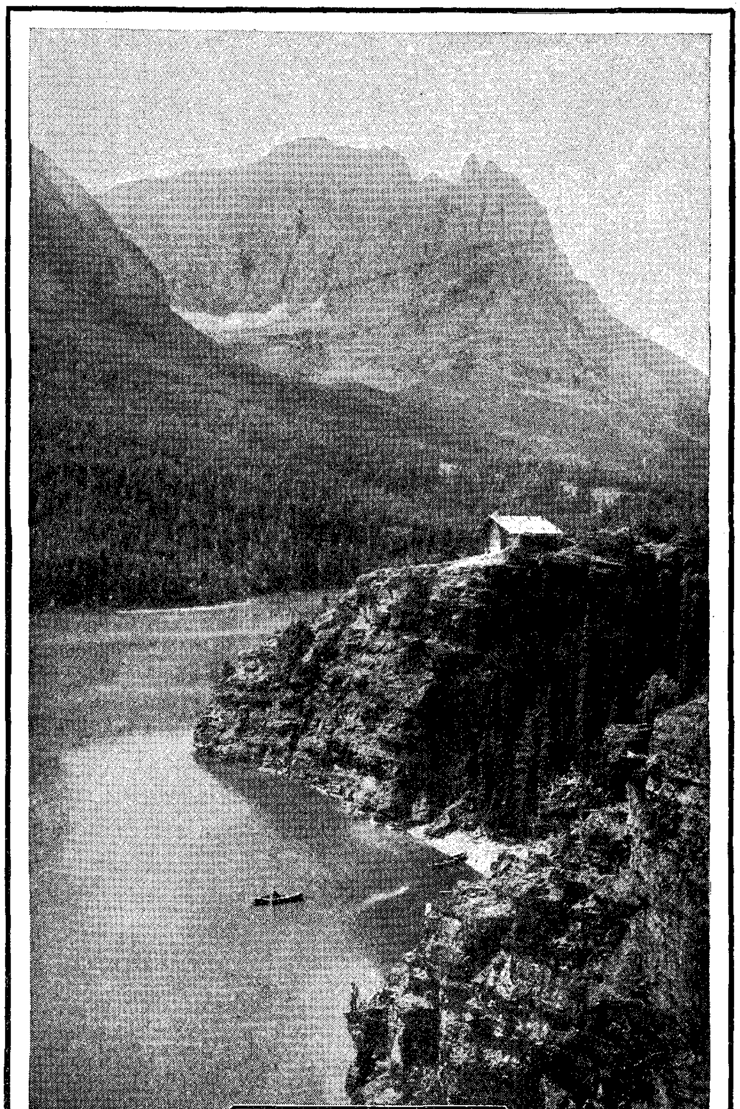

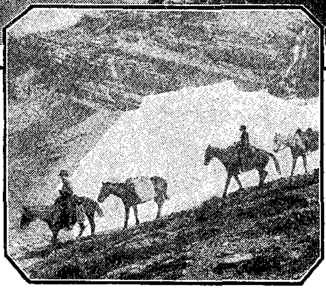

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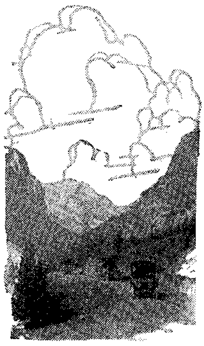

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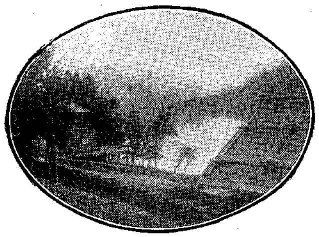

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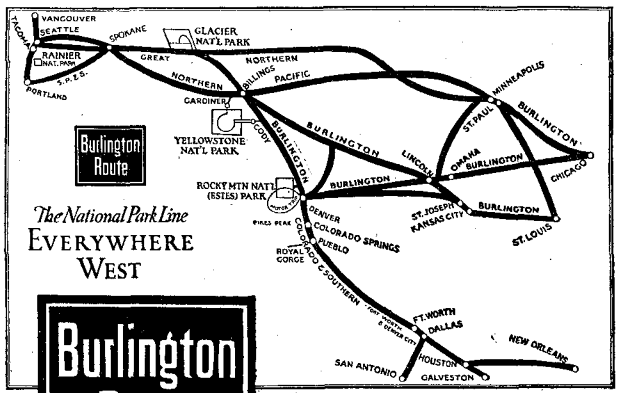
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PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

social spirit of the older generation by whom she was considered the youngest child. Hers has been the contact with the immigrant and with children. She has the humanitarian point of view of Miss Addams, as has been recognized in her recent appointment to the committee on traffic in women and children of the League of Nations.

But where, asks the writer, is the "fresh aggressive leadership of youthful women?" She comments:

It was noticeable the other night at the dinner given to pay homage to Miss Hay that the younger element was absent from the gathering of 1,000 women working for better government. And when confronted with the question, "Are there many young women in the League of Women Voters?" the newly elected leader for New York City said: "No; it is not necessarily young blood that we have, tho it is ex-suffrage blood."

Why? Is the young woman not sympathetic? If not, through what channels is she working?

The young pioneer to-day is sympathetic with the "intermediates," but is not ready to follow in the pre-suffrage footsteps. She has unconsciously stept out of the "Woman's Movement." She has gone from college to her own law offices, to her editorial rooms, to her banking-house, to her laboratory, to her studio; or, from the grades into the factory. She is fitting herself into the community side by side with men. She intends to make good and to support herself, but she still has the feminine ideal of a life of service. She hopes to give something of value in expert service to the community through her profession. She is working silently with an intellectual and moral devotion. Hers is the quiescent period.

But there are those who believe that this silent pioneer is one day going to ask a few simple questions: Why should strong people be denied employment? Why should children lack seats in school? Why should there be war?

"We are not laying the foundations for peace," says Mrs. Kelley. "We just have aspirations. The workers will lead the way. It may be that in the next forty years the women leaders will come up out of the working class."

In this point of view many of the younger women agree. Industry, they see, is to-day entering upon its greatest era of creation with aerial transportation, power transmission and chemistry working out an evolution which will undoubtedly bring in its trail a continuous industrial revolution. To meet this peaceably it will take all the courage, vision, devotion and aggressiveness of the giants.

So the test may come in whether the worker leaders will be met by an understanding leadership from the business and professional groups working side by side with their men. There is the crux. And there is where the aggressive youth may be storing its leadership to-day.

The young silent pioneer then seems not ready to perpetuate the isolation of her sex group for the purpose of preserving intelligently the existing arrangements in the governments of the world. Her vision is of a new deal, and the world waits to see her approach to it.

THE SOUTH ONCE MORE SINGS "DIXIE"

WHAT is the spirit and significance of that tripping, light-hearted "national anthem" of the South, and of a great part of the North, East and West as well? "Dixie" will last, it has been predicted, after most of the high-sounding national anthems have passed into forgotten history. "A little army of gray old rebels," records the Nashville *Tennessean*, met the other day in New Orleans, and sang "Dixie" again. The gathering of the Confederate veterans, and the old song, inspired the Nashville editor to a brief appreciation of the old, yet perennially new, song of the South. Beginning with the gathering of the old Confederates in New Orleans, he writes:

> The gallant remnant of a host, as deeply scarred by peace as war, gather once more to stay its heart on the memory of heroic days well lived, of dangers well met, of youthful sacrifice unsullied by thought of loss or gain.
>
> A rare old city is gay with flags and flowers. Roses and bunting deck the streets. The long years since the '60's are as a tale untold. Names of grim old battles fill the air. Shades of unforgotten heroes guard the camp. The rustle of billowy skirts and the echo of soft music bring back the young life of a long gone day. Tales come now of campaigns and of battle—"Trafalgar, Marathon, Salamis, show me a name that stirs like this"—of fighting and of march, of hunger and cold and weariness, of victory well borne, and of defeat that brought no bitterness. Songs and laughter fill the air. Old comrades turn to boyhood days with jokes and stories that time nor custom ever stale.
>
> The conquered banner is unfurled. The Confederacy relives its deathless story. The South once more sings "Dixie."
>
> Heart and soul of us, we thrill again to the magic of a battle song forever young and dauntless in its gaiety.
>
> As light as the laughter of a child, the irresponsible old melody stands for the story of heroic armies long ago dissolved and of blood-red banners furled these many years. It stirs the heart to memory and to tears.
>
> Yet it is not a martial air. We do not stand to its strains nor uncover when it is played. It is intimate and human, filled not with grandeur, but with joy. It is more than a war song; it is the heart song of the South.
>
> It is the song of childhood and soft lullabies, of youth and pride and happiness. It holds the perfume of magnolia and of jassamine. It is tender with the sound of the south wind blowing through long moss, and sweet with the fragrance of clover blooms, soft swept by a summer breeze.
>
> It is vibrant with the rustle of palmetto leaves, and rich with the melody of slave voices singing in the cotton and the corn.
>
> The old song carries the sacrifice of splendid youth, the eternal eagerness of boys who fought in a long gone time for things its music meant to them. Its strains defy regret and grief. They own to no defeat that means despair or desolation. They sing the joy of faith and limitless devotion. In them youth lives unsorrowing through the years.
>
> "Dixie" is the home song of a brave and lovely land. It holds no bitterness. It makes no plea. Its message goes from heart to heart. Wherever it is heard, it carries to other loves and other loyalties the same exultant eagerness it brings to ours.

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SECRET ORDERS AND MURDER IN GERMANY

TWO HUNDRED BODIES, mostly of men who stood forth as champions of the democratic idea, are buried along the road that crosses Germany from despotism to the new and still struggling Republic. They were travelers along the highway, they paid the penalty for their faith by meeting death from ambush, and the bands of killers who sent them to their death, says a recent investigator of conditions in Germany, "still threaten Liberalism throughout Central Europe." The German murder-*bunds*, known under a variety of names, and many of them with a multitude of autonomous ramifications, are casting a "lengthening shadow over Germany," testifies Charles Merz, writing in the May issue of *Our World* (New York). They are, he says, "growing every day in power—vast, inscrutable, and cautious." "How does this sinister power work?" he asks. "What does it mean to the peace of Europe?" His reply runs:

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SALUTING THE WAR FLAGS.

The Swastika emblem on the left belongs to the Bavarian Fascisti, who are called "bitterly reactionary and anti-Semitic." A German war flag is shown on the right.

> Five men sit around a table in the *Freude Garten*, in Munich or Berlin. Never more than five. Waiters hurry past them, wiping with white aprons their foaming steins of beer. Across the room some noisy family is celebrating a birthday with laughter and much thumping on the table. A violin is playing Wagner. It is a typical German *biergarten*, sluggish, crowded, warm—everybody willing to drink the health of everybody else. But these five have a special toast. They drink to a death to-morrow.
>
> "Konsul," the most sinister of all the German secret societies, is organized in Groups of Five. One man knows the other four with whom he meets and works. He knows the organizer who first enlisted him, and who has long since vanished from the scene. Beyond that he knows nothing. He does not even know the members of another Group of Five. The trial of the men who came near killing Maximilian Harden showed that the director of the plot did not know from whom the money came for his "expenses." It reached him by general delivery mail.
>
> Always, orders for these Groups of Five arrive mysteriously. Some central bureau pulls the strings. And "Konsul" keeps its secrets. The actual culprits may be caught, in any case of murder; but this loose form of organization shields the men who set the machinery in motion. That is what happened in the case of Walter Rathenau. And, undoubtedly, it will happen again to-morrow. For "Konsul" has not run its course in Germany.
>
> It is strongest, this alliance, in those parts of Germany where monarchism and reaction have the upper hand. Especially in East Prussia. In fact, so far as the organization has a history, that is where the story starts. Four years ago, an event long since forgotten in the swirl of later news, the Germans of East Prussia made an attempt to recover the Baltic provinces which the Treaty of Versailles had bestowed on certain smaller nations. For that adventure several thousand soldiers of the disbanded army volunteered. For the most part they were professional fighting men, with no corps left to join; they were attracted, too, by the promise of a parcel of land in case the enterprise succeeded. That land they never won. For the adventure failed. But the great land-owners of East Prussia, the famous "junkers," saw in these men an excellent body-guard against the encroachment of any form of Socialism, however mild. And they began to employ the jobless volunteers as "farm-hands." "Farm-hands" they remain to-day—tho in reality they are soldiers. They are well armed. For it is an open secret that a very fair amount of war material is still held by the monarchist junkers.
>
> It is around this nucleus that "Konsul" was constructed. It is possible, to-day, to boast openly of affiliation with the order, in any parts of East Prussia. It would have been possible to make the same boast anywhere, had not a second famous *putsch* ended even more disastrously. This was the unsuccessful attempt of the military party to seize Berlin, in the spring of 1920, and to reestablish monarchism.

Commanding a machine-gun brigade in that struggle, the writer recalls, was a certain Captain Ehrhardt. If the affair had any hero, continues Mr. Merz:

> To Ehrhardt fell that rôle. When the *putsch* failed, and the spirit it represented was driven underground, there began to spread through Germany a secret order that called itself, at first, "Organization C"—and later took the name of "Konsul," because "Konsul" was the nickname of the celebrated Ehrhardt. In its growth this order had the support of the spiritual brethren of the Prussian junkers, everywhere: the blood-and-thunder militarists, the 100 per cent. monarchists, and at least one faction of the great industrialists (tho that faction did not include the powerful Herr Stinnes).
>
> "Konsul" grew apace in the three years that followed. Outside of East Prussia it is strongest—again where reaction itself is strongest—in Bavaria and Mecklenburg. It puts its faith in

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A "HITLER-GUARD" ON THE MARCH.

This German organization is said to be one of forty or fifty similar secret "bunds" who are the greatest present danger to Germany, Europe, and the peace of the world.

He is worse than blind because he *thinks* he sees.

". . . honest, I never saw her till she was nearly under . . "

Death at the Steering Wheel

"Good heavens, Jim, you almost got that child!"

"Well, I didn't, did I?" snarled the man at the wheel, pale and quaking. "Close thing, though, I'll say; but honest, I never saw her till she was nearly under, and if it hadn't been for this traffic jam just ahead——"

"Exactly," responded his friend in level tones. "You'd have been a murderer, no less; and all because you're too obstinate to get those wretched eyes of yours examined. You know that you can't see things down the street worth a cent!"

"That's *my* business," muttered Jim, resentfully.

"That may be true when you are not driving your car," replied his friend, "but your record of four accidents in four months makes your eyesight the affair of everybody who has to use the streets."

"All nonsense! Why, I can *read* without any trouble—and if I can *read* I can drive!"

In the twinkling of an eye

Yet—four accidents had been marked up against him. That eternal effort to adjust shortsighted eyes to distance interfered with his ability to apply brakes and shift gears quickly. It cut down the swiftness and sureness with which his hands and feet responded to the brain message that cried "Stop!" Although he could *read*, he was incapacitated for *safe driving*.

Every second car you see is driven by a person who needs glasses; and probably every *tenth* car by one whose vision is so defective that he should never have been granted a license. Magistrate McAdoo of New York City declares that 60,000 people are injured by motor cars in that city every year.

How to remedy a condition so deadly

Why not begin with yourself? You, unconsciously, may be a menace to public safety. You can't be sure you aren't until you have your eyes examined. Don't wait for a law compelling every driver to have his eyes examined before he is granted a driver's license. If you drive a car, you owe it to yourself, to your family, to every other driver, and to every person who drives or walks on the street, to have your eyes examined today.

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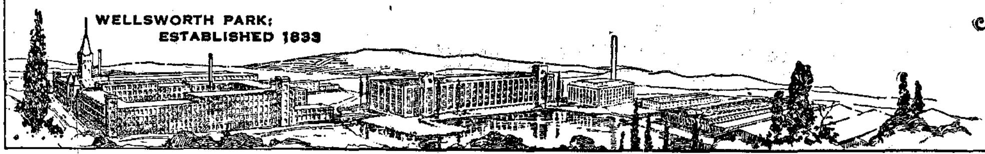

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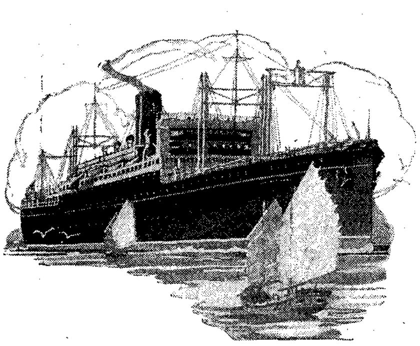

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PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

militarism; rallies loyally to the monarchists; whips up a riot of hatred against the Jews. How many of Germany's political murders are directly the result of its activities, there is no telling. One of the men who killed Rathenau confessed that he was "acting under orders from a secret society"; another was an erstwhile member of the Ehrhardt brigade. Ehrhardt himself is being held in prison on a charge of complicity in the affair.

Again, the men who killed Erzberger admittedly belonged to "Konsul." So did the men who attempted to kill Scheidemann by throwing prussic acid in his face. As for the rest, it is largely a matter of conjecture. Some light is thrown on the zeal of "Konsul" by this clause, reported on good authority (Dr. Gumbel, Berlin, "Four Years of Political Murder") to be the bulwark of its faith: "Traitors will be dealt with by the secret blood tribunal."

"Traitors" is a way of saying "democrats."

"Konsul" leads the way, says Mr. Merz, in Germany. It sets the pace for political reaction and government by stealth. But it does not stand alone. It shares its field with friendly colleagues. Of these, we are told:

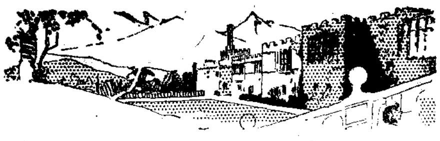
The best known is a certain Bavarian organization known as the "Hakenkreuz." Its members are chiefly youngsters, like the Fascisti volunteers in Italy—and chiefly youngsters from the cities. The movement has not yet got a foothold among the peasantry. But through many a town in southern Germany it marches its young soldiers—wearing steel helmets, gray shirts, and brassards in the old imperial colors—headed by a red flag with a giant swastika and the short legend "Germany, Awake!"

"We have had no flag since 1918," proclaims the leader of the Hakenkreuz, "when Germany's time-honored flag was furled."

This leader is a certain Adolp Hitler—undoubtedly a candidate for the rôle of a German Mussolini. He seems, at the moment, to waver between politics and force as an instrument of conquest, with one eye out for each. Twelve mass meetings in Bavaria recently organized the Hakenkreuz into a political party with a program "against the Jews, Communists, Bolshevism, Marxian socialism, Separatists, high cost of living, weak Berlin Government and Versailles Treaty." Tho he is theoretically opposed to violence, and helped, last August, to prevent a *coup d'état* in Munich, Hitler is no giant. It remains to be seen whether he can hold his followers in check. Ludendorff supports him. But the Socialists charge, despite his vaunted patriotism, he is in the pay of France—so tirelessly does he attack republicanism in the Reich.

Hitler's movement is monarchist and anti-Semitic—may turn out, also, to rely on force; it is typical of one wing of German sentiment. But, on the whole, it is a Fascist organization, rather than a Ku Klux Klan. It does not—yet, at least—employ terroristic methods and the mask. "Konsul" runs far ahead of it. But even "Konsul" by no means stands alone. For there are dozens of kindred orders scattered throughout Germany.

For example, says Mr. Merz, there is a secret alliance known as "Orgesch"—that



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name being a contraction of the word "Organization" and "Escherich," founder of the order. It, too, is secret. Also:

> Its methods are terrorism and its aims are reaction. Two years ago it seemed so menacing that the Allied governments ordered it disbanded. Escherich, its leader, boasted that it would be disbanded only over his dead body. But Escherich is still alive. His followers backed down, before an Allied threat to occupy the Ruhr. . . . To-day, however, "Orgesch" is back again. Reports from Germany describe the rallying of its clans, especially in Bavaria—where highlanders are "mobilizing." And the threat to occupy the Ruhr, now a *fait accompli*, can no longer be invoked.
>
> Like "Orgesch," again, is the "Schutz und Trutzbund," which concentrates its fire on the Jews. Its membership runs above a hundred thousand. Then there is the "Jungdeutscher Orden," somewhat smaller, but well organized in military units. The "Alldeutscher Bund," equally secret in its membership, is somewhat more public in its aims: it frankly wants the Hohenzollerns back again.
>
> The "Rossbach Organization," headed by Lieutenant Rossbach, whose activities have recently commanded international attention as a result of the revelations of the Minister of the Interior, Dr. Severing, is another of these conspiracies—connected with the so-called "German Liberty Party."
>
> All told, there are at least fifty organizations in Germany that follow "Konsul's" lead. It is hard to keep them separate. For, except where they are strong enough to defy the national government, as in some sections of East Prussia, it is good tactics for them to keep changing—names, headquarters, passwords, everything. Everything, of course, except their aims. To those they cling. Revenge, Reaction, and the Restoration of an order whose day is long past.
>
> That these terror *bunds* are factors to be reckoned with is certain. We in America do not know as much about them as we should, to have an understanding of the forces now in conflict. And yet there is a danger, in handling such material as this, of straying from a realistic sense of values. I have heard it said, for instance, that these organizations are the real governors of Germany; that they gridiron the whole country with a fine net of espionage; that they fuse in common social brigandage at least a million desperate men.
>
> "These people show marked contrast to the usual types of political criminal," declares one observer for a New York journal; "they belong neither to the sleek, cautious, polished, well-educated, sophisticated type of political plotter, as a rule an army officer, nor to the type of picturesque fanatic; they are just cold-blooded, brutal and defiant."

This is on the right track, believes the writer, but not altogether in proportion. It is true, for instance, he admits:

> That the membership of these orders runs above a million: "Konsul," 200,000 members; "Schutz und Trutzbund," 150,000; the "Jungdeutscher Orden," 80,000; and so on. The figures quickly reach a million; but reach it only by counting individual faces, however often they appear. For memberships overlap. One man may belong to a dozen different orders. Probably the estimate for "Konsul" alone is

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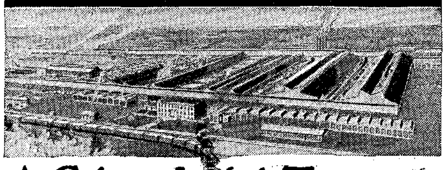

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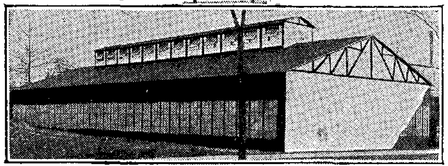
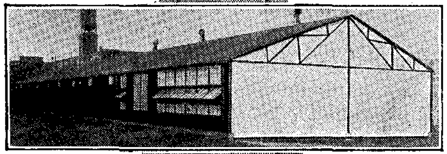


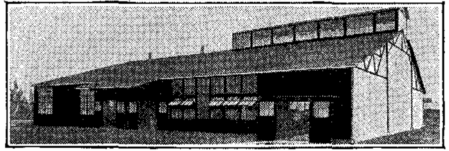
TYPE 1
(Clear Span)
with Lantern

Widths: 8'-12'-16'
20'-24'-28'-32'-40'
48'-50'-60'-68'



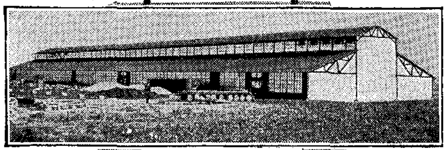
TYPE 2
(2 Bays)

Widths: 40'-48'
50'-56'-60'

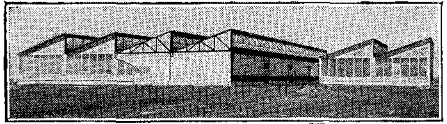


TYPE 3
(3 Bays)
with Lantern

Widths: 56' to
116'. Same as
for Type 3M.



TYPE 3M (Monitor)
Widths: 60'-64'-68'-72'
76'-80'-84'-88'-90'-96'
98'-100'-106'-108'-116'



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PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

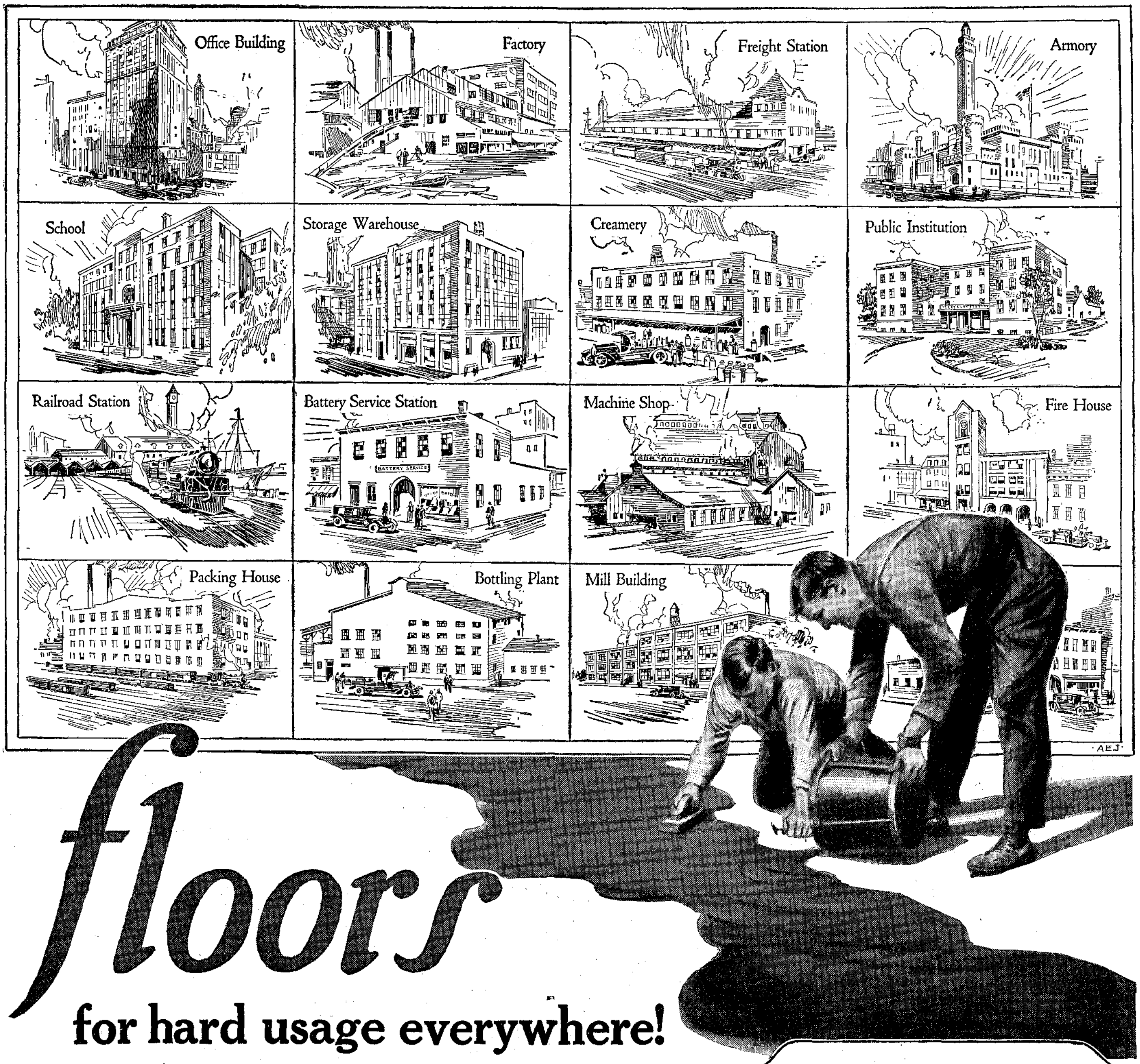
sufficient to include the whole family of terrorists.

Again, any line of demarcation which simply fills these organizations with men who are "cold-blooded, brutal and defiant" is a line too hard and fast to reveal their real significance in German life to-day. They have the outlaw element. It is inevitable, with their secrecy and violence, that they should have it—and that it should lead the way. But the rank and file is drawn from a far wider circle.

THE HARD-BOILED COLLARS OF PALM BEACH

GRANTING that the best-drest American males in the country are to be found at Palm Beach while "the season" is in full swing, there is a message for the men of America in a detailed investigation recently conducted by a New York organ of the textile trade. At least Heywood Broun, colyumist and author at large, thinks he has found one. A textile trade journal, *The Daily News Record*, prepared a wonderful and complicated chart, extending over two complete newspaper pages, and headed "Complete Analysis Chart of Apparel Worn by Over 300 of the Best Drest Men of Palm Beach." Mr. Broun, after remarking *sotto voce* that he doesn't know just why he was honored by receiving one of these documents, even tho he feels flattered to have been remembered, continues:

> The results of this analysis are interesting and to us appalling. Of the specimens examined, only 1 per cent. wore soft collars. Apparently the revolt against the tyranny of starch has hardly begun, or at any rate it has not yet touched the upper orders.
>
> However, we purpose to fight on until the cause is won. In our estimation, it is the sixth most important reform now before the American people. Unfortunately, complete anonymity surrounds the findings outlined in the chart. The three brave and emancipated individuals who wore soft collars at Palm Beach are not named. It is fair to assume that they are not altogether unhappy in their heresy. After all, in spite of their eccentricity, they have managed to be listed among the favored 300.
>
> Possibly this tolerance lies only on the surface. It may be that in its well-bred way Palm Beach pretends to accede to a liberty of conscience which it does not actually feel. Even tho the hand of fellowship is extended to the gallant three and they are invited about to some of the lesser parties, we have a suspicion that underneath this apparent calm, fires rage. The herd does not easily suffer departures from the customs which it has ordained, particularly if those customs impose pain and hardship. The man whose neck is worn ragged by a starched collar and who wriggles as much as politeness permits because the button in back is pressing upon a knob in his spine can hardly feel anything but loathing for his fellow guest whose throat is open to the breezes.
>
> The conformist gazes upon the rebel with jaundiced eye and observes that this one does not wriggle. Indeed, the fellow seems to be at peace with all the world as he lolls back and discusses the single tax with the most beautiful débutante of the season.
>
> "How very interesting," says the slave of starch, joining the conversation, but inwardly he curses and mutters: "The insufferable bounder!" Such suppressed animosity may hurt no one very much except the hater, but we rather venture to guess that the soft-collar men face hardships more tangible. Take the case of the one we have just mentioned. Before the Palm Beach season had ended he found that he must pay a bitter price for his freedom. Day after day the débutante hung upon his words while he discust Sherwood Anderson, the Moscow Art Theater, birth control and the Lucy Stone League. So intently and so silently did she listen that he thought her the most intelligent woman he had ever met. He knew that he loved her.
>
> And then, a week before she went back to Park Avenue, she told him of her engagement. She had plighted herself to the man who wriggled a little when nobody was looking. Possibly her imagination had wandered under the tropic moonlight. Our hero was thoroughgoing. He wore a soft collar with a dinner coat. She might even have loved him a little, but marriage was quite another thing. Such a step as that called into being deep-rooted tradition and allegiance. Marriage brought up the possibility of children and the succession in the bond house of her father, and so she engaged herself to a man who was true to starched collars.
>
> At night, in her gold and silver bedroom, she cries a little to herself and then bravely controls her emotions as she was taught to do at Miss Spence's. And if we could look deep into her consciousness, we might find her ruminating, "Only 1 per cent. of all the well-drest men at Palm Beach wore soft collars. And besides, Harold doesn't wriggle so very much."
>
> We will admit that her father had something to do with it. "Personally," he told her, "I'm broadminded. I don't care what a man wears within reason. Now, if it were a semi-soft collar I wouldn't have a word to say. I believe in liberty, but that doesn't mean license."
>
> From his standpoint, the girl's father was right. The whole issue of the soft collar is much broader than a mere matter of fashion and taste. It is an inevitable symbol. Just as a woman is apt to change her whole attitude toward life when she bobs her hair, so it is with the man who turns down his collar. Once he has found stimulation in one act of rebellion, he is likely to go further. It is a pity that the expert who framed the fashion chart did not question the soft-collar men on their political allegiance.
>
> We venture to predict that every one of the three regards Charles E. Hughes as a pompous political hypocrite and thinks that Warren G. Harding is in nowise fitted to control the destinies of the United States. Indeed, we will wager with all the confidence in the world that not one of the three is a 100 per cent. American. Take the pressure off a man's neck and he begins to hold his head up. And once he does that he can see right over the top of all the false fronts which are set up as solid bulwarks of liberty and virtue. He can see the lath and canvas with which they are backed.
>
> The discouraging condition which the reformer must face is the lack of imagination in the herd. Take another phase of the taste of the 300 best drest men at Palm Beach. Our chart offers them a wide



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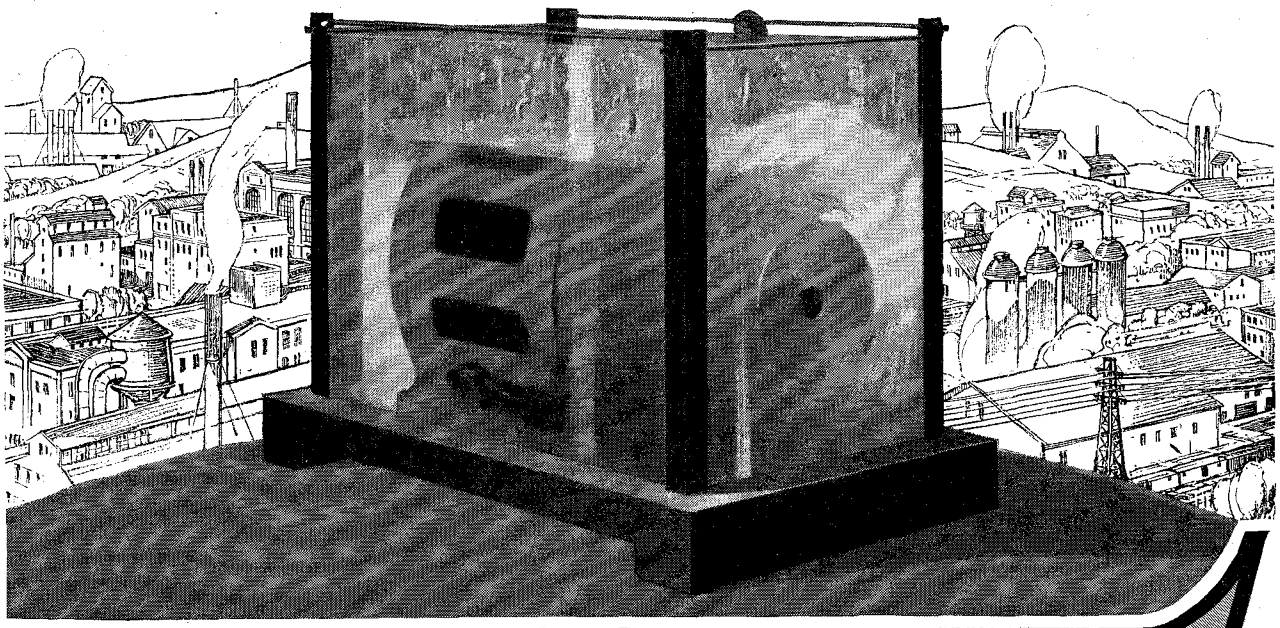

PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

selection in the matter of shirts. Here fashion seems to concede the vagaries of human nature. It admits that the fancy of the male must inevitably stray upon occasion. And so we find listed: "Gray, white with black figures, white, blue, blue and white stripe, avender, yellow, green, green and white stripe, fine-line check, pink and white stripe, brown stripe, soft pleat, stripe flannel, black and white stripe, red figure stripe, tan figure stripe, purple stripe."

Here lie before the well-drest man all the wealth of the rainbow. The sky is represented, the woods in spring, New England hillsides in autumn, even the suggestion of a dryad surprized at a pool. There is a shirt for every mood and temperament. Or, at any rate, almost any, Seemingly the pink shirt with purple stripes is not yet sufficiently accepted to be listed. However, we need not ask too much in the beginning. The more glorious combinations may come in time. Already there is presented the opportunity to seize upon an entering wedge and thrust it home. Do any great number of the 300 best-drest men at Palm Beach grasp this chance? You know they do not. Seventy-six per cent. of them wear white shirts.

TWO BRITISH KINGS AS "DIPLOMATS OF THE DINNER-TABLE"

QUEEN VICTORIA, and all the Kings and Queens of England that went before her, picked dinner guests on the basis of personal and political preferences. But her son, suave old King Edward VII, inaugurated a custom of neutrality and diplomacy, which his son, the reigning King George, is keeping up. It is part of the changed attitude of English royalty that may keep a King, or a Queen, as the figurehead of the British Government for centuries longer, in spite of the growing demand for a Republic. The Labor party of England is said to be especially vocal, just now, in making its wishes and feelings about all Kings known. It was particularly diplomatic for His Majesty, therefore, diplomats agree, to entertain J. Ramsay Macdonald, head of the Independent Labor party. Many of the Laborites violently objected to this display of Mr. Macdonald's lack of "class consciousness," but it was a wise move on the part of the King, writes Frederick Cunliffe-Owen, in the New York *Times*. The King's hospitality, continues Mr. Cunliffe-Owen, was made easier by the fact that:

> Ramsay, altho the son of an agricultural laborer, is a highly educated and traveled man, fluent in several languages, possessing a command of oratory. Having married a wife of some fortune, he has been able to afford disinterestedness and to endow his children with an education which he himself was obliged to acquire under arduous and disheartening circumstances; a man of strong convictions, yet of sentiment and of heart.
>
> Some of the members of the Independent Labor party, of which Macdonald is the sincere and enthusiastic leader, are extremely intransigent in their political views—men such as David Kirkwood, the representative of Glasgow in the House of Commons. Altho he accepts the leadership of Macdonald and Philip Snowden and J. H. Thomas, who have broken bread with the King and Queen at Buckingham Palace, he has declined the royal bidding on the ground that the monarch is the pinnacle of the system which he opposes, and it is not possible to fight against those whom he represents and at the same time to dine with them.
>
> It was always the late King Edward's endeavor to win men to his cause, to that of his dynasty and to that of Great Britain, instead of doing anything to antagonize them. He never missed a chance to make a friend. I remember a curious instance of his tact and diplomacy in this respect. The late Anthony Mundella, who was born in England as the son of an exiled Carbonari, held for many years the leadership of the extreme radical—I might almost say, Republican party—in the United Kingdom. He was a bitter foe of royalty, and as member of Parliament for Sheffield was always the first to protest against money being granted to members of the sovereign's family.
>
> One autumn day King Edward, then Prince of Wales, and his consort, happened to pass through Sheffield on their way to Highland Castle at Abergeldie. Their special train halted only for about ten minutes in the station—just long enough to change the engine. But the Prince made good use of the time. Hearing that Mundella was on the platform of the station awaiting friends, and that he was billed to deliver one of his usual inflammatory addresses in the afternoon, the Prince sent one of his gentlemen-in-waiting to summon him to the royal train. After shaking hands most heartily, the Prince presented him to the Princess, who, following her husband's cue, was especially gracious and winning to the radical leader.
>
> "I hear, my dear Mr. Mundella, that you are about to deliver one of your eloquent addresses to your constituents this afternoon," said the Prince. "I do wish that you would oblige both the Princess and me by availing yourself of that opportunity to inform the good people of Sheffield how sorry we are not to be able to stay here for a few days on our way north, and that you would tell them with what pleasure we look back to the loyal and enthusiastic demonstrations with which they welcomed us on the occasion of our last visit."
>
> At that moment the engine whistled, the bell clanged and the royal special moved out of the station, Mundella bowing low in response to the friendly smiles and waves of the hands from the Prince and Princess. That same afternoon he staggered his constituents by appearing before them in the rôle of an emissary from royalty instead of in that of its most bitter assailant.
>
> On rising to address the meeting, he began, "Gentlemen and ladies, I have been commissioned by their Royal Highnesses, the Prince and Princess of Wales, to communicate to you the following gracious message," which he then proceeded to deliver in his most unctuous and sententious manner.
>
> After such an opening it was obviously out of the question to expect him to deliver one of his customary diatribes against royalty, and, like Balaam of old, he blest those whom he had started out to

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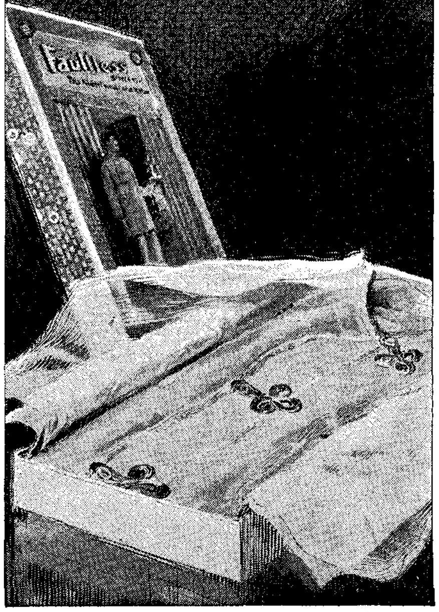

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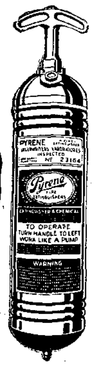


PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

curse. From that time forth Anthony Mundella's political sentiments underwent a considerable change. The ex-factory boy became a frequent visitor, and then a welcome guest at Marlborough House, and in a short time grew so much reconciled to the doctrines of monarchy that he abandoned his hopes of a future presidency of an eventual British republic to become a Privy Councillor to Queen Victoria. He subsequently held office as Cabinet Minister in one of the Gladstone administrations, and died at heart a bigoted Tory, after quarreling with most of his Liberal associates.

Hundreds of similar instances, says the writer, could be cited to illustrate King Edward's tact in making friends. In the late sixties and early seventies—

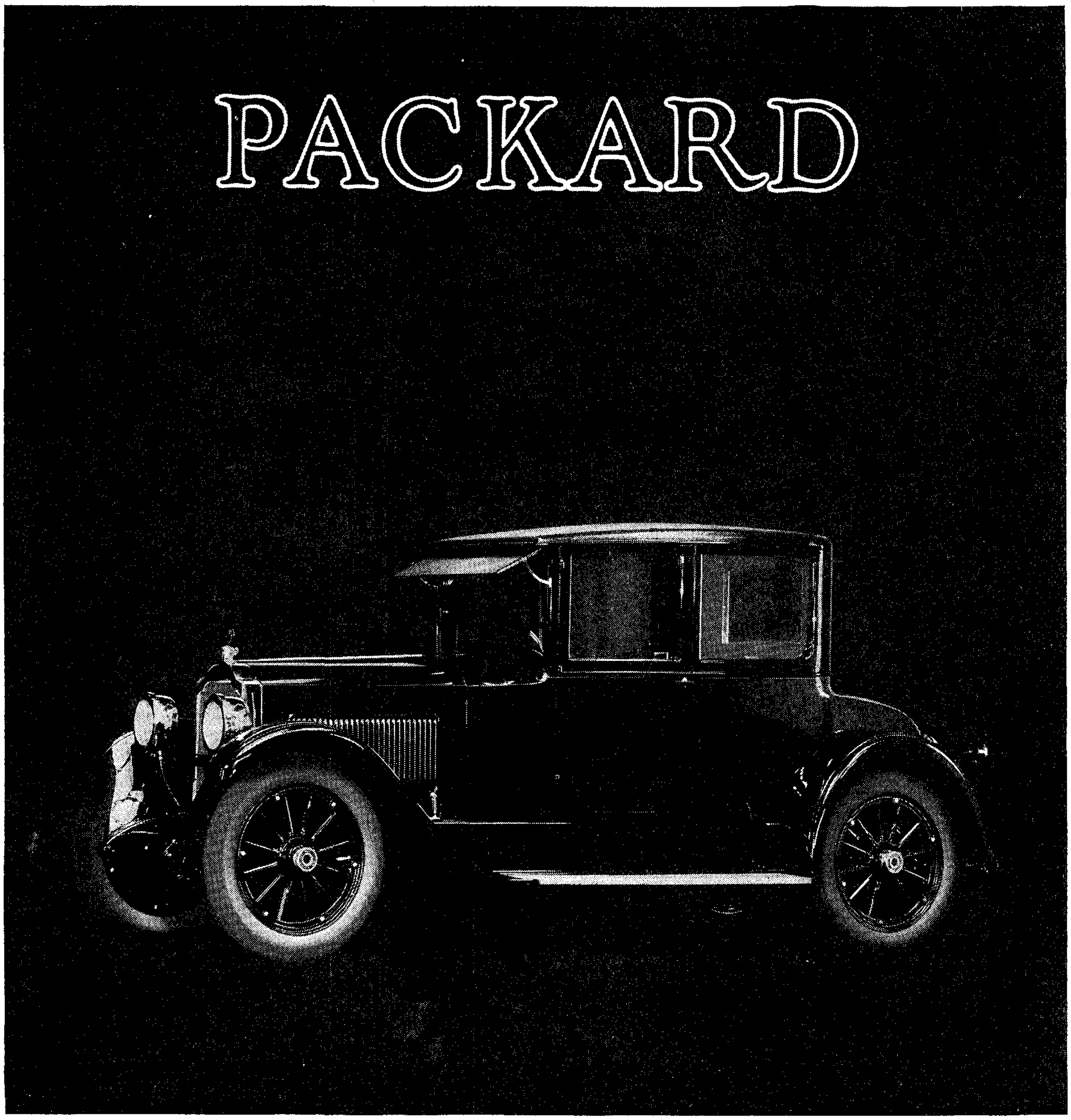
The late Sir Charles Dilke was one of the bitter adversaries of the reigning family in the House of Commons, where his utterances were of the most revolutionary description. He never lost an opportunity to assail the Crown and the royal house when any of its interests were at stake. The then Prince of Wales, without appearing to seek it, contrived to bring about a chance meeting, found Sir Charles was extremely interesting and shared his predilection for the French.

In course of time this acquaintance ripened into friendship, which naturally had the result of putting an end to all Sir Charles's attacks on the royal family. It was a friendship which proved very precious to Dilke in the latter part of the eighties, when overtaken by a disgrace, which was to a great extent unmerited, and overwhelmed by popular ostracism.

On the first day that Sir Charles Dilke appeared in Hyde Park for his morning ride, after attacks in the press, and his forced retirement from public life, when everybody, even his most intimate former associates, cut him dead or else turned their heads away, the Prince of Wales, on catching sight of him, cantered up alongside, shook hands warmly and then rode up and down the full length of Rotten Row in friendly conversation as a public demonstration that he, at any rate, still believed in the persecuted statesman.

Owing to the Prince's very active championship of Dilke, Queen Victoria's intention of removing his name from the roster of the Privy Council was abandoned, and one of the first things that King Edward did on succeeding to the throne was to reappoint Dilke to the Privy Council, and to place both his name and that of Lady Dilke once more on the list of people who had the highly prized prerogative of "entrée" at Buckingham Palace.

It was through the personal acquaintance of the Prince with Gambetta, "controller of the purse-strings of the French," says Mr. Cunliffe-Owen, that the real foundations of the Entente Cordiale were laid. Mr. Cunliffe-Owen himself made the introduction, during one of Prince Edward's numerous visits to Paris. Out of this incident grew the alinement of powers which brought England and France together against Germany in the Great War.



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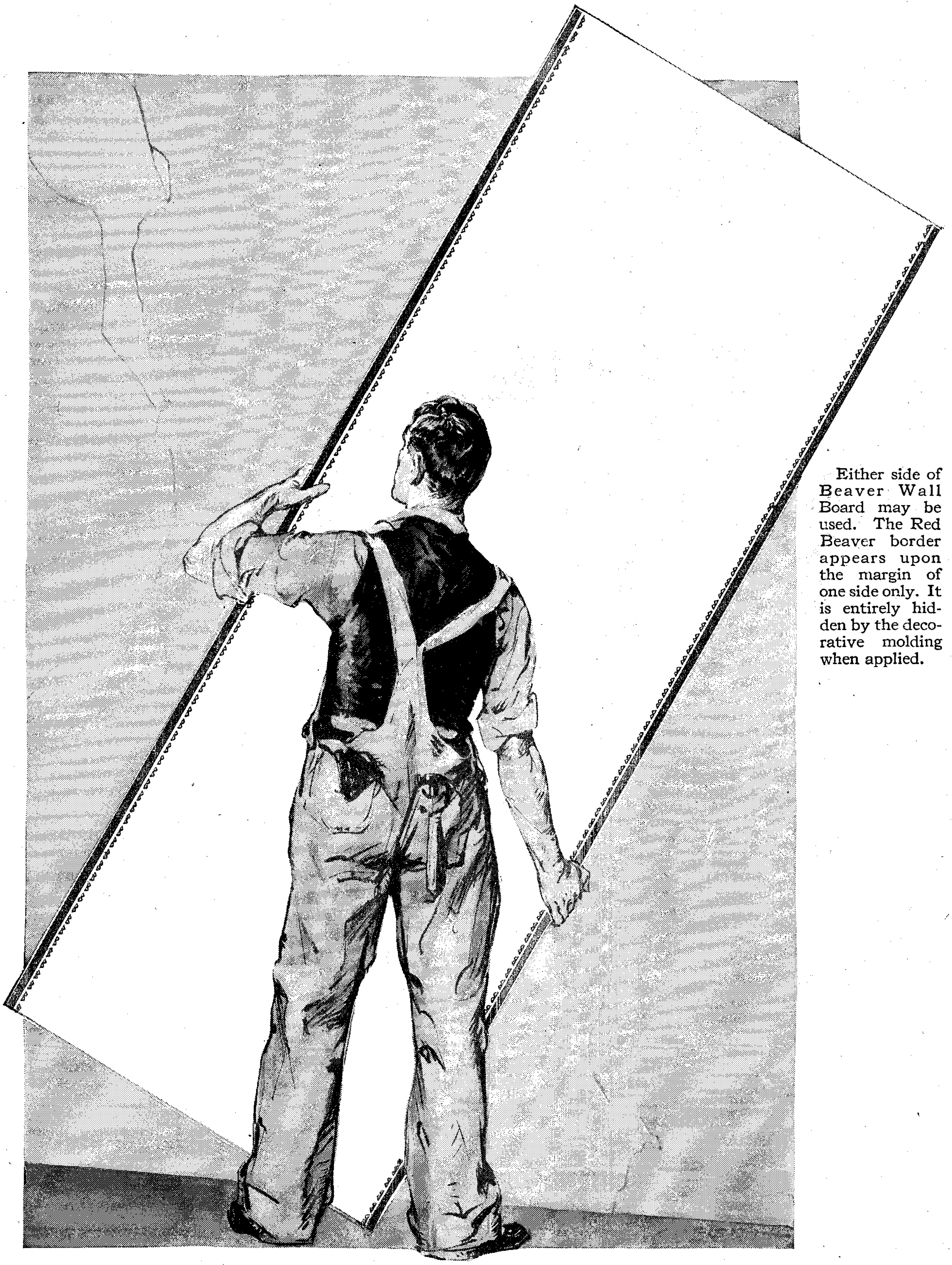

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From this date on, every panel of genuine Beaver Wall Board will bear a distinctive Red Border containing the Beaver Trade Mark. Note illustration to the left.

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1. Virgin Spruce Fibre. Has been proved the best for wall board construction because it combines lightness with great strength. Beaver Wall Board is made of All Virgin Spruce Fibre through and through. An expert can tell this by cutting a piece of Beaver Wall Board and noting that the creamy, spruce color *RUNS CLEAR THROUGH* from front to back.

2. Positive Insulation. Due to the use of long, *virgin* spruce fibre, Beaver Wall Board is filled with millions and millions of microscopic "voids" or dead air pockets. And building engineers will tell you that "dead air" is one of the most powerful non-conductors of heat, cold and sound.

Microscopic view, magnified 200 times, showing long, tough, sinewy
VIRGIN SPRUCE FIBRES

3. 26-Layer Construction. Laminating several layers of wood together is widely practiced as a means of overcoming warping and buckling. Beaver Wall Board is made up of 26 Layers of Virgin Spruce Fibre pressed and laminated into one perfect panel. This is another reason for its pronounced durability.

4. *Genuine* Beaver Wall Board is kiln dried and seasoned before leaving the factory.

5. Patented Sealtite Formula. *Genuine* Beaver Wall Board is rendered practically impervious to moisture or climatic changes by our exclusive, patented Sealtite Formula.

6. The Beautiful Art Mat Surface. *Genuine* Beaver Wall Board is especially calendered and primed to produce our Art Mat Surface. It offers an almost unlimited opportunity for beautiful decoration. No sizing is necessary. *Either side may be used.*

Beaver Wall Board comes in panels 32 and 48 inches wide and in lengths of six to sixteen feet. Saws like lumber. Nails directly to studding or over old plaster walls or ceilings. There is no waiting for damp walls to dry. There is no muss or dirt. Decorating may be done immediately.

Beaver Walls and ceilings are permanent—proof against shocks, vibrations, heat, cold and moisture, and are fire-resisting.

The cost of applying Beaver Wall Board is surprisingly low.

See Your Lumber or Building Material Dealer and Carpenter.

The best lumber and building material dealers in all localities sell genuine Beaver Wall Board or can easily get it for you. Your carpenter can figure costs and apply it for you.

Upon request we will gladly send you a sample of genuine Beaver Wall Board and also an illustrated booklet that tells all about it and its uses.

The Beaver Products Company, Inc.
Administration Offices Buffalo, N.Y., U. S. A.
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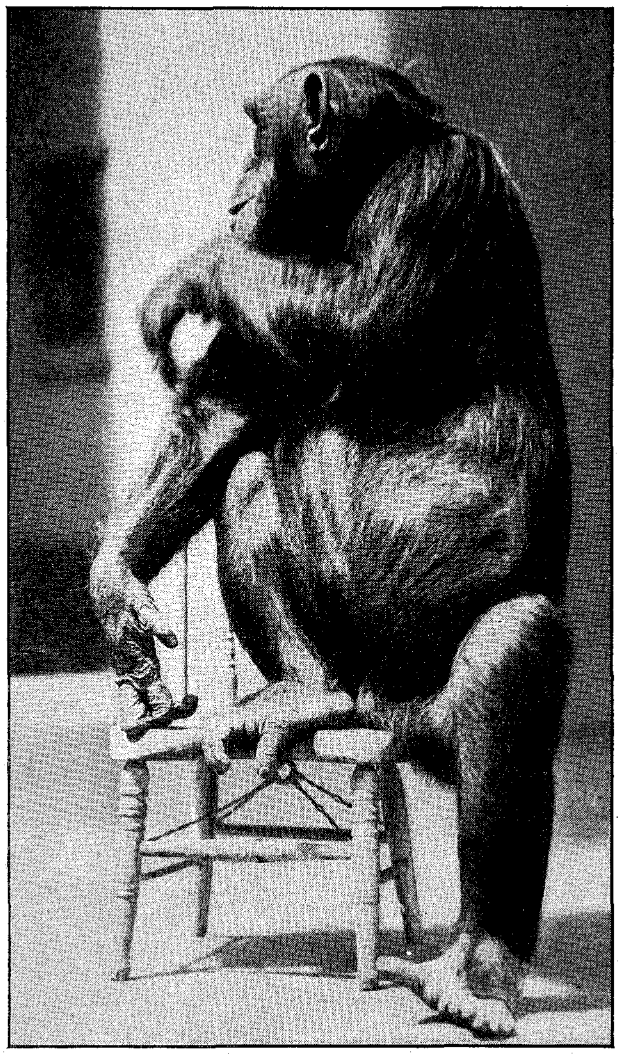
BEAVER
WALL BOARD

BIRDS - BEASTS - AND - TREES

THE STRENGTH OF THE GREAT APES

THE MUSCULAR POWER of the large anthropoid apes is stated by all authorities to be far superior to that of human beings, but no exact tests have hitherto been reported. John E. Bauman, of Allentown, Pennsylvania, describes in *The Scientific Monthly* (Utica, N. Y.) some attempts at exact measurement, successful enough to show that a chimpanzee is at least as strong as three men. It is difficult to get the apes to make the tests, which apparently will require for complete success special forms of apparatus and careful and patient work with the animals. Mr. Bauman made his attempt with a dynamometer used for testing the back and leg strengths of college students for anthropometric records. He writes:



Courtesy of The Zoological Society. Photograph by E. R. Sanborn.

AS STRONG AS THREE MEN.

Chimpanzee Suzette is not very large, but her muscles seem to be much more powerful than those developed by human beings.

> The difficulty in getting the apes to make a fair test of their strength was found to be great. In the first place, the apes showed fear of the glisten of the metal of the apparatus, which deterred them till they got used to the latter and found it harmless. In the second place, after the anthropoids had thus got used to the apparatus, they quickly lost interest in it.
>
> There thus proved to be but a few hours' interval in which tests of any value could be obtained. By attaching ropes to the apparatus, there was no difficulty in getting the apes to pull, but they would pull cautiously to see if the apparatus was loose, and when they found it firm they would stop pulling long before their maximum effort had been reached. The apes likewise had a tendency to try and jerk the rope instead of making a strong, smooth pull. These jerks looked vigorous, but the dial of the recording device showed records of only one hundred to two hundred pounds.
>
> Unexpected good fortune, however, attended the first trial with "Sister Suzie" Suzette, a highly trained adult female chimpanzee who formerly was a circus attraction, being a good bicycle rider and an adept at roller-skating. She has recently attracted some notice because of her being the only chimpanzee to have had two "children" born to her while in captivity, Boma being the father. Both of these infants died within a few weeks.
>
> Suzette's tricky and malicious disposition caused the first test with her to be a complete success. As the writer had just finished fastening the chain, Suzette, evidently fancying that she had the handlers of the apparatus at a disadvantage and could pull it to pieces, sprang at the rope and, bracing both feet against the bars, pulled back with both hands upon the rope, making a pull on the latter that recorded 1,260 pounds upon the dial of the recording device. Everything about the manner of the pull, as well as the set of the muscles of the ape's body and face, indicated a pull of maximum intensity.
>
> An average college student of Suzette's weight, 135 pounds, can pull in an approximately similar position and manner but 332 pounds, while one out of every hundred students can thus pull 500 pounds. Therefore Suzette's superiority on the basis of weight is in the ratio of more than three to one, while it would be an exceptional college student of any weight whose record she could not easily double.
>
> Judging from appearances, the strength of the arms and shoulders of Suzette must be still more superior to that of the human being than is that of back and legs. She made a few approximately one-hundred-pound pulls, or rather jerks, with her teeth on the rope, and the writer hoped to get some data on the strength of her massive neck, but she would not make a fair test; in fact, had she tried she would almost certainly have cut the rope to pieces with the grip of her teeth.
>
> Boma, said to be the largest chimpanzee at present in captivity and whose weight is estimated at 165 pounds, is such a splendid specimen of muscular development that it was disappointing not to be able to coax him into a two-handed pull by hook or crook.
>
> A good one-hand pull, which certainly closely approached his maximum, was secured. During this pull the ape braced both feet on the floor of the cage and held on to a door leading into the next cage with his left hand while he pulled back upon the rope with his right as hard as he could, all his bodily and facial muscles testifying to the effort being made.
>
> The recording device showed a pull of 847 pounds. After this tremendous pull, the ape made a 640-pound right-hand pull without showing a very noticeable effort, and later several pulls ranging from 450 pounds to 200 pounds, which seemed quite easy for him. (In connection with the above the question suggests itself, what could a 450-pound gorilla do?)
>
> It is worthy of note that in all his pulls except the lightest Boma used the right hand in preference to the left. Under ordinary circumstances the writer has observed that, altho to a certain extent ambidextrous, both the orangs and the chimpanzees when they wish to make an exceptional effort use the right hand in preference to the left.

It would be interesting, Mr. Bauman thinks, to learn whether an adult male chimpanzee or orang could tear the scalp by seizing a human being by the hair as depicted in Edgar Allan Poe's "Murders in the Rue Morgue." He says that he has always regarded this feat as a grotesquely impossible figment of Poe's imagination; but an eight-hundred-pound pull is certainly a pretty strong one and he considers it possible that under such a strain the scalp might tear. In this connection he notes that the strength of the orang and chimpanzee is far greater than their girth of muscle or its firmness would lead one to expect. We read further:

> Only one attempt at hand-grip tests was successful, and this

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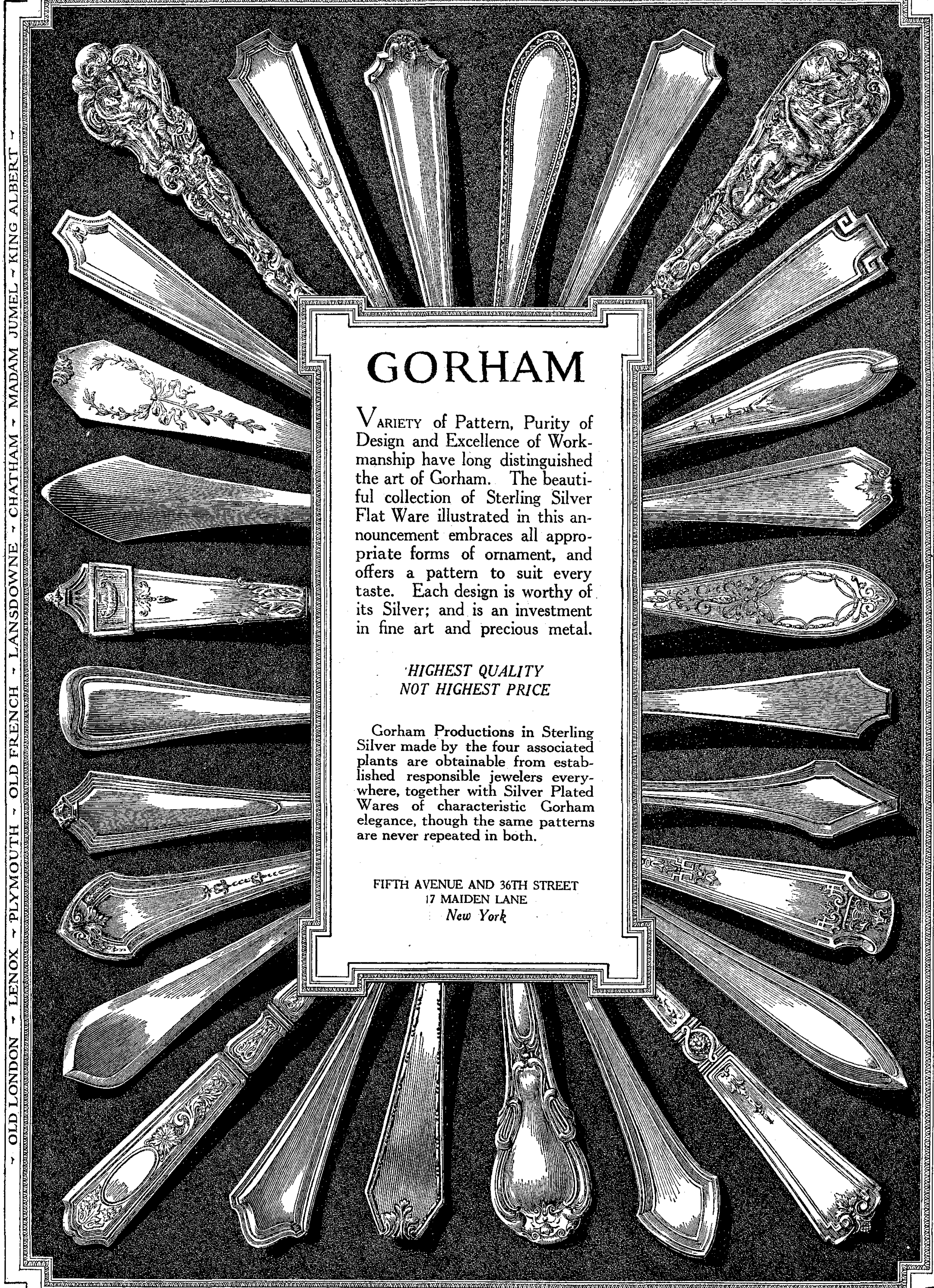
- OLD LONDON - LENOX - PLYMOUTH - OLD FRENCH - LANSDOWNE - CHATHAM - MADAM JUMEL - KING ALBERT -



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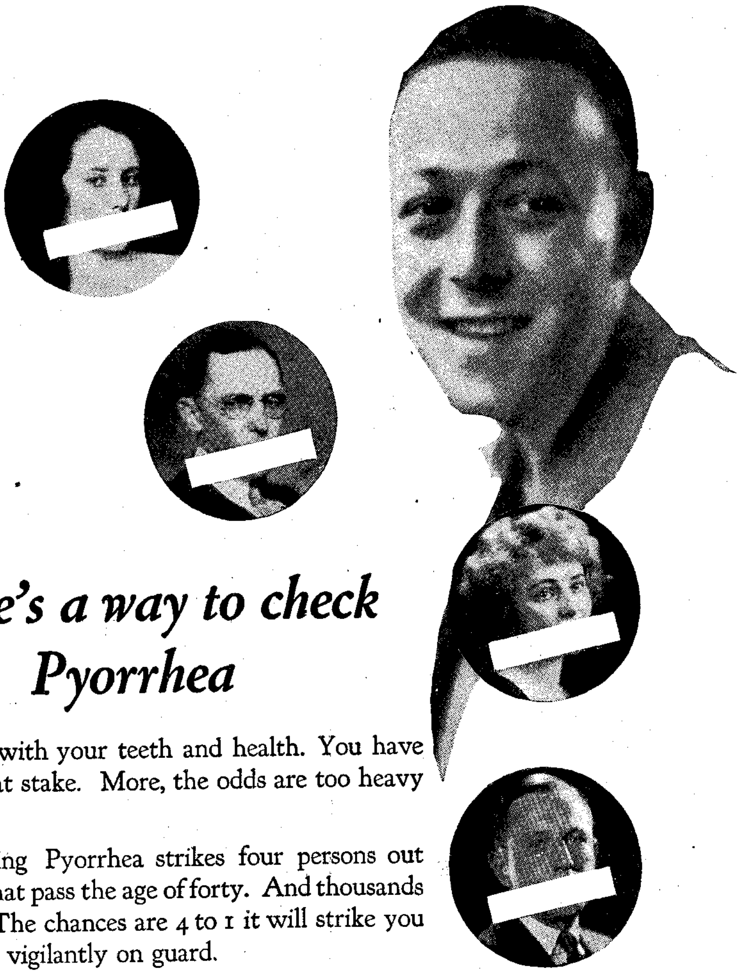
The Odds Are 4 to 1 Against You



There's a way to check Pyorrhea

Don't gamble with your teeth and health. You have far too much at stake. More, the odds are too heavy against you.

Teeth-destroying Pyorrhea strikes four persons out of every five that pass the age of forty. And thousands younger, too. The chances are 4 to 1 it will strike you unless you are vigilantly on guard.

Heed Nature's warning when she gives it. Bleeding gums are the danger signal. Act at once. Don't wait. For Pyorrhea works fast. The tender gums recede. The teeth loosen, drop out or are lost through extraction.

Go immediately to your dentist for teeth and mouth inspection. Brush your teeth, twice daily, with Forhan's For the Gums. This healing, time-tested dentifrice, when used in time and used consistently, will prevent Pyorrhea or check its progress.

Forhan's For the Gums is the formula of R. J. Forhan, D.D.S. It will keep your teeth clean and white, your gums firm and healthy. It is pleasant to the taste. Buy a tube today. At all druggists, 35c and 60c.

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Formula of R. J. Forhan, D. D. S.
Forhan Company, New York
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BIRDS, BEASTS AND TREES
Continued

recorded 64 kilos for a small ape's right hand and several following attempts of 55, 35 and 25 kilos, respectively. Sixty-five kilos would be equal to that of a fairly strong man and may approach the ape's maximum, altho the writer from his experience of the beast's clutch on his own wrist is inclined to believe this sinewy, lovable little orang could do better than 65 kilos on occasion.

The writer would like to suggest that if any one desires to make further investigations in strength tests, the best results will in his opinion be secured with specially constructed apparatus which will have a dull finish so as not to remind the apes of the glisten of a revolver, of which latter they are ludicrously afraid. Such apparatus, to secure the best results, should have a powerful steel spring which can hold the ape's greatest possible pull and yet give just enough to make the anthropoid think that something is yielding and that it is worth while for him to pull to the limit of his capacity, because it feels as tho something might tear if he only pulls hard enough.

Further, large-sized rings like the well-known "flying rings" of the gymnasium, or even larger, would be apt to prove a very much better means of securing a maximum two-hand pull than the wooden handle, which the writer was forced to discard because of its getting twisted up in the bars by the apes not holding it properly, or than the simple looped rope on which he later relied. The recording apparatus had better be concealed from the anthropoid's view, since it often seriously distracts his attention.

CARDINAL BIRDS WHO FOUND FRIENDS

THE cardinal was wild and nervous when he was first captured, and would beat the bars of his cage with his wings whenever any one came near him. But later on his cage was hung in a sunny kitchen window near the work-table of his mistress, who talked and whistled softly to him as she came and went about her tasks. Little by little he seemed to look for her, and gradually the bird who had shown so great fear of all other human beings began to evince a new interest in life. All the terror and misery of his captivity seemed forgotten; he had found a friend and he loved her with sincerest devotion. He sang for her, and her alone, and, says Nellie B. Hammond in *Bird Lore* (New York):

> Whenever he called for her it was irresistible, compelling. One day when she was very busy she said, "Bob, I can not come now, you must wait"; but Bob couldn't wait, so wiping the dough from her hands she went to his cage and putting her face close to the bars, took between her lips the dainty morsel he had saved for her, then placing it between her teeth, she offered and he took it and ate with satisfaction; this he did frequently.
>
> Whenever he heard her step he greeted her with joyous song. He would squeeze down in the corner of his cage nearest her, and with quivering wings and head thrown back he sang his song of love. Through his

confidence in her, he lost the terror of human beings that had so long obsessed him. To my brother he so far unbent as to allow him to scratch his head.

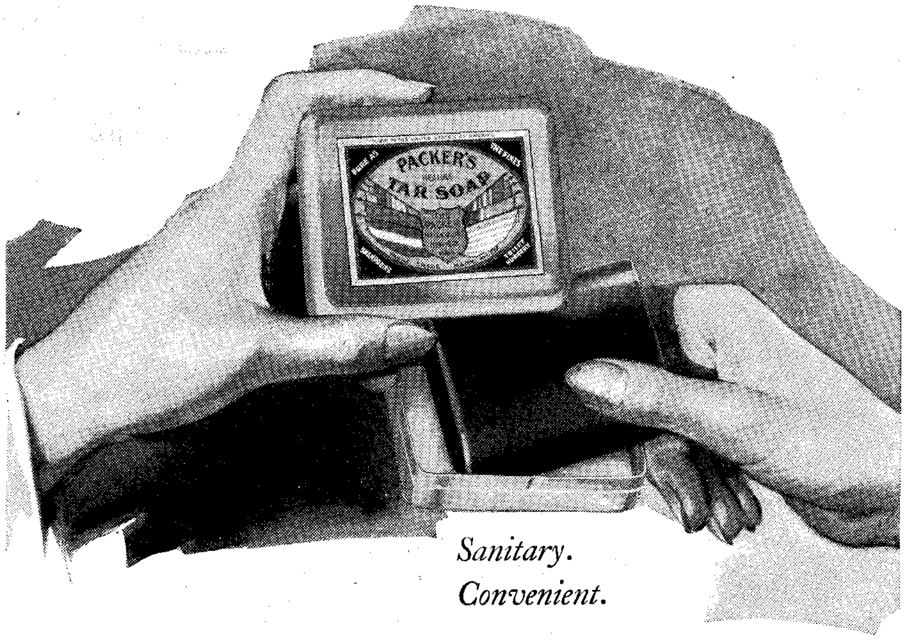
My sister went to New York for a visit, leaving Bob with a neighbor next door. She was gone six weeks, and in all that time the bird never sang a note. When she returned, early one morning, she went round to the side door. He must have recognized her footstep, for she was alone, and he immediately burst into a loud and rapturous song of welcome. Later she went to California and was away ten months. Again no song! Poor Bob, it's a wonder he did not die of grief during her absence, or of ecstasy on her return. Even when she happened to be out late at night, his joyous welcome greeted her the moment she entered the dark hall.

Another story of the devotion of a cardinal to its mistress is told by Grant Foreman in the same issue of *Bird Lore*. His oldest sister had a male cardinal which she had raised from the nest and which lived in their home for over twenty years. His attachment for this particular sister was touching, tho he was indifferent to the rest of the family. When she returned to the house after a few hours' absence he would become excited and act like one transported. He would come to the front of the cage and begin singing to her, with his crest erect, bowing from side to side, singing on and on without ever a pause for two or three minutes at a stretch, until one would think he would drop with exhaustion. Mr. Foreman continues:

> And when he was eating and found a morsel that he wanted her to have, he would set up a great chatter and calling until she would come to the cage and put up her lips, when he would deposit the morsel between them and return to his eating. This was a matter of almost daily occurrence. One day he found a big fat angleworm that had been put in his cage which he felt sure she would like, but to his disappointment she refused. In his later years he became too old to sing much, but when almost blind he retained the remarkable affection for his mistress and you may be sure it was a sad day when he passed away.

In response to an inquiry from the Editor of *Bird Lore* for more information about this cardinal, Mr. Foreman sent the following letter from his sister:

> You probably remember that I had two cardinals, the first Dicky, the second Ruby. Dicky I kept for about nine years, while I was going to school. He was even more devoted to me than Ruby was, and on the one and only occasion when he got out of his cage, and flew in a window of the Israels' home, he proved my ownership to Mrs. Israel, beyond a doubt, by the delight he showed when I went to see if he were not my lost bird. He got right down on the floor of the cage as near to me as he could get, and sang and bowed until we began to wonder how and when he managed to get in a breath. There was no need for argument; Dicky proved his own case, and I took him home. I used to give him grasshoppers, and he would carefully dissect them, laying the legs and hard parts to one side, and then taking the soft parts in his mouth he would pace back and forth in the cage calling for me to come and get some nice juicy grasshopper steak. Whenever he wanted to feed me something



Sanitary.
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Packer's New metal soap box makes shampooing easy

EACH cake of Packer's Tar Soap now comes to you in a metal soap box—delightful in its convenience. You may now take added pleasure in giving the safe and reliable care which develops the health and beauty of your hair.

Packer's gives you these two essential results of proper shampooing:

FIRST: By its thorough cleansing, Packer's fluffs up your hair prettily in charming, individual ways and makes it soft and lustrous.

SECOND: Packer's, by virtue of its distinctive ingredients, does more than merely cleanse—it *promotes your hair's future health.* It stimulates the scalp, and promotes proper nourishment of the hair roots.

While Packer's washes out any *excessive* oiliness, it leaves undisturbed the *normal* flow of oil which insures attractive hair; which guards against dry and brittle hair.

Physicians recommend pine tar as a healthful beneficial shampoo ingredient. The creamy Packer lather will bring out the natural glow and sheen of your hair—no matter what its color. We especially recommend Packer's to preserve the golden gleam of blond hair.

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For half a century now people have trusted this very excellent and dependable product.

And the longer you have it around the house the more uses you discover for it. Just glance through the following list of some of the purposes it serves:

Some of its many uses

A safe, unirritating antiseptic for cuts, wounds and scratches, affording protection against infection while Nature heals.

As a gargle for sore throat to ward off more serious ills.

As a spray in nasal catarrh.

A safe and fragrant deodorant in matters of personal hygiene.

Delightful after shaving.

Effective in combating dandruff.

Useful in many skin disorders. As a mouth-wash to correct unpleasant breath (halitosis).

Always have Listerine near at hand in your home. Then you will have the comfortable feeling of knowing the antiseptic you use is sure in its work—*and safe!*

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY
SAINT LOUIS, U. S. A.

BIRDS, BEASTS AND TREES
Continued

that I could take, I always let him feed me, so he would not get discouraged; but he thought the very choicest bite that he could offer me was a nice fat grasshopper.

Ruby was also very affectionate, but, if anything, he loved my husband, Henry, better than he did me. No matter at what time of the night (it might be two or three o'clock in the morning) he might come in, Ruby would sing and bow to him, in the greatest delight. And when Henry came home, after having been in New York for six months, Ruby knew him immediately and got down on the floor of the cage just as close to him as he could get, and sang of the love of his heart and how glad he was that Henry was back home again. Ruby was twenty-three years old when he died.

TALES OF OTHER TALKING DOGS

SOME of our friends were inclined to grow facetious over the article in our issue of March 17 about the thinking Airedale of Mannheim, and have written to recount their own adventures with talking dogs. Says Mr. Mark Wilmot:

> Your article, "The Mysterious Thinking Airedale a Medium," has interested me very much, as we have a young dog of that breed and it is our desire that he shall grow up with a good education, knowing that for a dog to go through life without it is nearly as great a calamity as for a human being to be in such a fix; therefore I am writing this in the hope that some of your readers may be able to put me on the right track.
>
> He already can say "aow," but as we purchased him 'way out in Illinois, the poor pup hasn't any relatives near to talk to, so I am at a loss to know just how to proceed with his education. I am quite sure he means the "aow" for how, because he always uses it when he starts a rabbit, perhaps meaning to say "Aow in the world am I ever going to catch him?" but as he has to run so fast he hasn't enough wind left to finish the sentence.
>
> As for his telepathic propensities, or his mediumistic wigwaggings, I can say that as some one was mean enough to saw off his tail when young, he can only give a small quiver with the stump, which he invariably does when he discovers a rabbit in a hole. This I have interpreted to mean, "Here he is," which is always correct.
>
> My father-in-law once had a dog named Shep who, when he had found a squirrel or anything in the stone wall, would get on top and look toward the house for help, crying, "A wolf! A wolf! Wolf, Wolf!" but no wolf ever came to destroy him for his deception. He has long since passed on and we hope that he is now in the happy hunting grounds.
>
> I have known of other animals that could speak a word or two, but this is as far as my experience goes in dogology.

The following lively and romantic dog tale comes from Mr. Gill Utter:

> As I am a constant reader of THE LITERARY DIGEST, I was very much interested in an article in your issue of March 17 in regard to that wonderful talking dog "Lola," which reminds me very much of a dog that showed up here a few years ago

in the beautiful little city of Aberdeen, Washington. It was in the days of "real beer." A small circus had come to Aberdeen and with it came a very clever ventriloquist by the name of Tom Turner. Turner had been flirting with quite a number of big beers, which made it impossible to go on with his act, so when the circus left the fair city of Aberdeen it also left the great ventriloquist. Turner, with but just ten cents to his name, was walking in from the show lot, after gathering together his gatherings of thirty years, and making his way to a German beer saloon, where in the meantime a big cur dog had followed. When Turner was standing at the bar and discovered that the dog was still with him, he pointed his finger at a chair and said in a gruff voice, "Get in that chair," which the dog promptly did. Turner then ordered a beer from a big, good-natured Dutchman who was behind the bar. "Make me a ham sandwich," came the order in a low voice from the chair that held the dog. The Dutchman looked at Turner and said, "Did you order a ham sandwich?"

"My dog ordered it," said Turner. "That dog and I have been traveling together for fifteen years and it is the greatest dog in all the world, and the only dog on earth that talks."

Turner got his beer and the dog got a big fat sandwich which he took very kindly to, and the Dutchman seemed to be very much enthused. Turner drank his beer and, laying his last nickel on the bar, ordered another beer, and from the dog came, "Make me another ham sandwich; that last one was mighty fine."

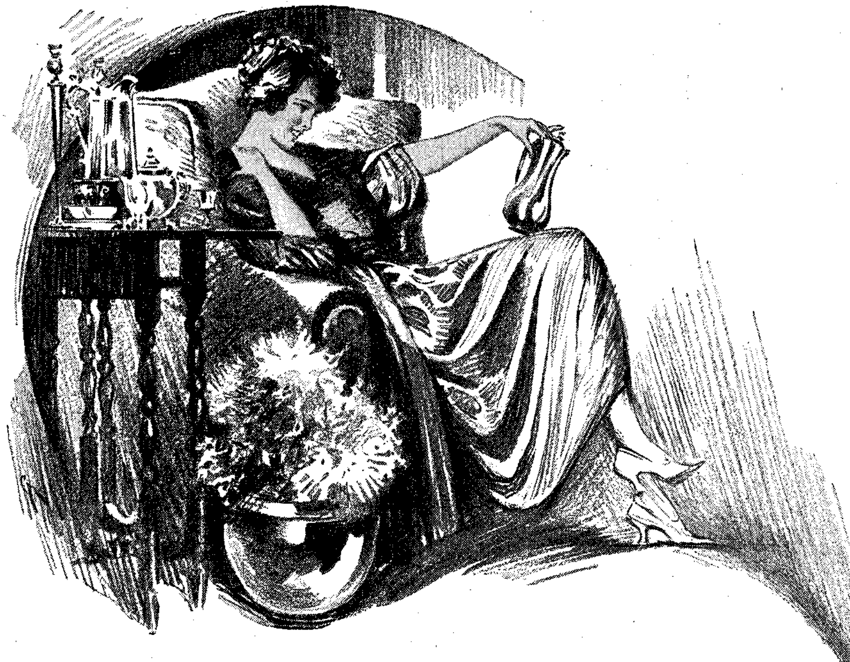
By this time the Dutchman was looking at both Turner and the dog in amazement. Turner after drinking his beer said to the Dutchman: "You have got a lot of competition here. I will make a proposition to you that will make it possible for you to get all the trade in this part of the country and make you rich in six months. You give me one thousand dollars and I will let you keep my dog here for six months and everybody will come from miles around to patronize you and hear that wonderful dog."

Then comes from the dog: "I don't like the idea of staying here with this Dutchman."

"Well," Turner says, "we are both broke, and I need the money; I will come back and get you in six months or I will send for you."

By this time the Dutchman is at a fever heat and accepts Turner's proposition and counts him out a thousand dollars. Turner picks up the long green and starts for the air. As he is going through the door he looks back and says to the dog: "Well, good-by, old pal." And from the dog came: "If you leave me here with this Dutchman I will never speak again as long as I live." And the Dutchman said he never did.

A third correspondent, who signs no name, tells of a Boston terrier who was accustomed to recognize the color red by two short barks, whereas a piece of green velvet held close to his eye always caused him to show dejection. This color-sensitive canine, says the writer, always insisted on sleeping on a dull yellow cushion, possibly sensing that the vibrations of this color were most conducive to repose. His appetite, even when he was not feeling well, could be tempted by dishes colored with paprika. He did not seem to be particularly interested in the taste of the pepper, but the bright red color seldom failed to increase the vigor of his appetite.



Treasures You Never Can Replace

A cherished silver heirloom—would you scour it with grit?

Any treasure you can not replace deserves careful cleaning—and precious thin enamel of your teeth is one of the greatest treasures you have. Once scratched or worn away by gritty dentifrices even Nature can never replace tooth enamel or restore its beauty. Choose a safe dental cream now—one that does not scratch or scour—and avoid years of regret later on.

Colgate's Cleans Teeth the Right Way

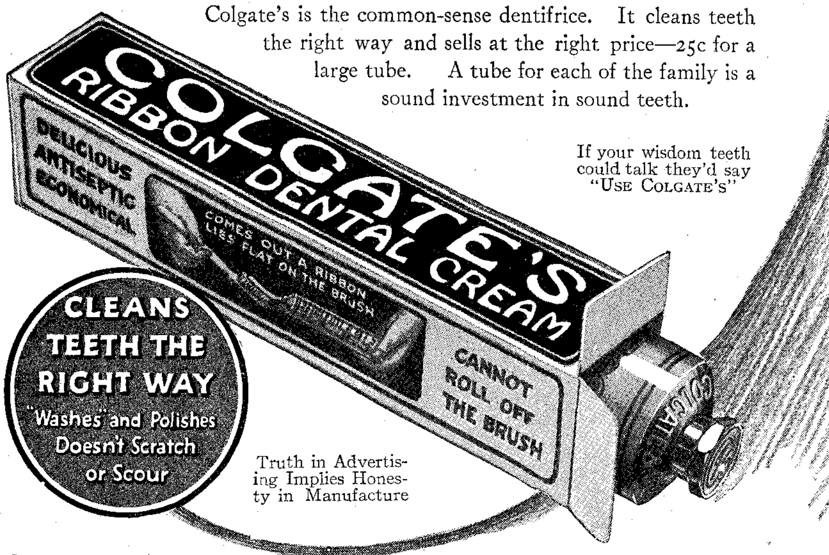
"Washes" and Polishes—Doesn't Scratch or Scour

Impartial investigation recently made shows Colgate's is recommended by more Dentists than any other dentifrice.

Its non-gritty precipitated chalk loosens clinging particles from the enamel. Pure and mild, its vegetable-oil soap gently washes them away. Children use it regularly and willingly because of its delicious flavor.

Colgate's is the common-sense dentifrice. It cleans teeth the right way and sells at the right price—25c for a large tube. A tube for each of the family is a sound investment in sound teeth.

If your wisdom teeth could talk they'd say "Use Colgate's"



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1—Buy a tube of Ribbon Dental Cream in its cardboard box.
2—Attach this coupon to the cardboard box. Slip both into an envelope and mail to Colgate & Co., Dept. 293, Box 645, City Hall Station, New York City.
3—We will then send you a generous sample of Colgate's Cashmere Bouquet Soap☐ or Rapid Shave Cream☐ (Check √ which)

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The swivel says it's a Simmons

The WATCH CHAIN for Vestless Days

SUMMER makes a vest unpopular. But it also complicates the wearing of a watch. The long chain is laid away till fall and your watch becomes a liability, if carried loose in trousers pocket.

How, then, will you wear it? With a Simmons Belt Chain, of course! This trim chain is just long enough to reach from belt to watch-pocket in a graceful curve. Its patent clasp locks securely around the belt. At your wish it slips off again—by the releasing of its strong but tiny clasp. Nothing could be neater, nothing safer for your watch.

This belt chain is as beautifully and as thoroughly made as all Simmons Chains. There is the same substantial shell of gold, Platinumgold or green gold drawn over a less expensive base metal. The same variety of link styles is at your disposal.

There are many popular designs—$2.50 to $5.

See the Simmons Belt Chain at your jeweler's.

R. F. SIMMONS COMPANY
Attleboro Massachusetts
R. F. SIMMONS CO. OF CANADA, Ltd.
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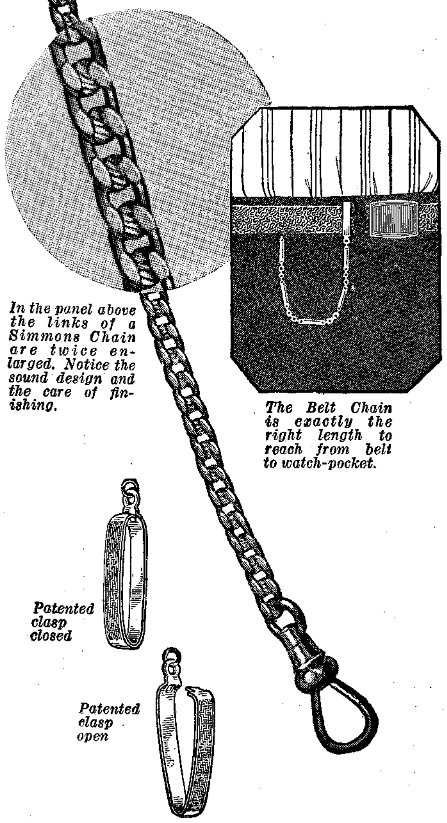
"For fifty years unsurpassed in watch chain value"


In the panel above the links of a Simmons Chain are twice enlarged. Notice the sound design and the care of finishing.
The Belt Chain is exactly the right length to reach from belt to watch-pocket.
Patented clasp closed
Patented clasp open

"THE SPRITE," A TAME FOX WITH TAKING WAYS

A FUSSY black hen flounced through a hole in the garden fence, clucking loudly, with hackles up, doing her best to face all points of the compass at once in order to keep track of a dozen little black velvet balls that rolled around her like marbles on a plate. The little fox, who was then a mere toddler, caught sight of them, and his blue eyes nearly popped out of his head. It was too good to be true. After a moment's pause, he was streaking it across the grass as fast as his legs could take him. It was a case of love at first sight. He had never seen chickens before, but, without waiting for an introduction, he rushed into the middle of the bunch. Something told him that chickens were good to eat. But sad experience came upon him like a pocket tornado in the form of an angry hen, who, with bill and claws, instantly carried into effect her ideas of compulsory education. The little fox ran as if the devil were after him and did not stop until he had reached the shelter of the house. He was a tame fox, and his history is recounted by Ernest Harold Baynes in *Nature Magazine* (Washington), who says:

Photographs by Ernest Harold Baynes in "Nature Magazine" (Wash.)

WITH HIS EYE ON SOME WILD DUCKS.

The fox was a keen and interested observer, and behaved like a friendly dog.

He was just a little ball of soft gray fur, and still blind, when we found him curled up on the sandy bottom of the burrow forty-five feet from the entrance and six feet under ground. Next day, when his eyes opened, they seemed the bluest eyes I had ever seen—just as blue as the hepaticas which bloomed in the woods around his old home. We brought him up on cow's milk administered with a medicine-dropper. He would suck contentedly until he could hold no more, after which he would curl up in the palm of my hand and go fast asleep with his little white-tipped—shall we call it a "brush"?—draped gracefully over his folded paws. But he would not sleep very long. Presently he would open his eyes, unfold his paws, and yawn until he seemed in danger of unhinging his lower jaw, and meanwhile thrusting out his little pink tongue, which curled at the tip like a rose-petal.

We named him "the Sprite," and he came and went as he chose. He was almost always in mischief, but no one loved him any the less for that. Sometimes when I was busy writing he would sweep from somewhere, land right in the middle of my desk, and, seizing a sheaf of manuscript in his mouth, scatter it all over the floor. The next minute, perhaps, he would dash upstairs, leap upon our bedroom window-sill and scratch big holes in the mosquito netting before we could get there to stop him. As he heard us coming, apparently he would decide to finish that job some other time, and we were apt to see him racing down past us dragging a blanket, a sheet or possibly a pillow in his wake. If the back door was open, out he would shoot, and, after a flying visit to a neighbor's hen-yard, in about two minutes he would be back with a chicken.

After his adventure with the old hen, however, he never again made the same mistake. Next time he saw the hen, she didn't see him. He was lying behind a tussock of grass, warily watching the movements of Biddy and her flock. Then, says Mr. Baynes:

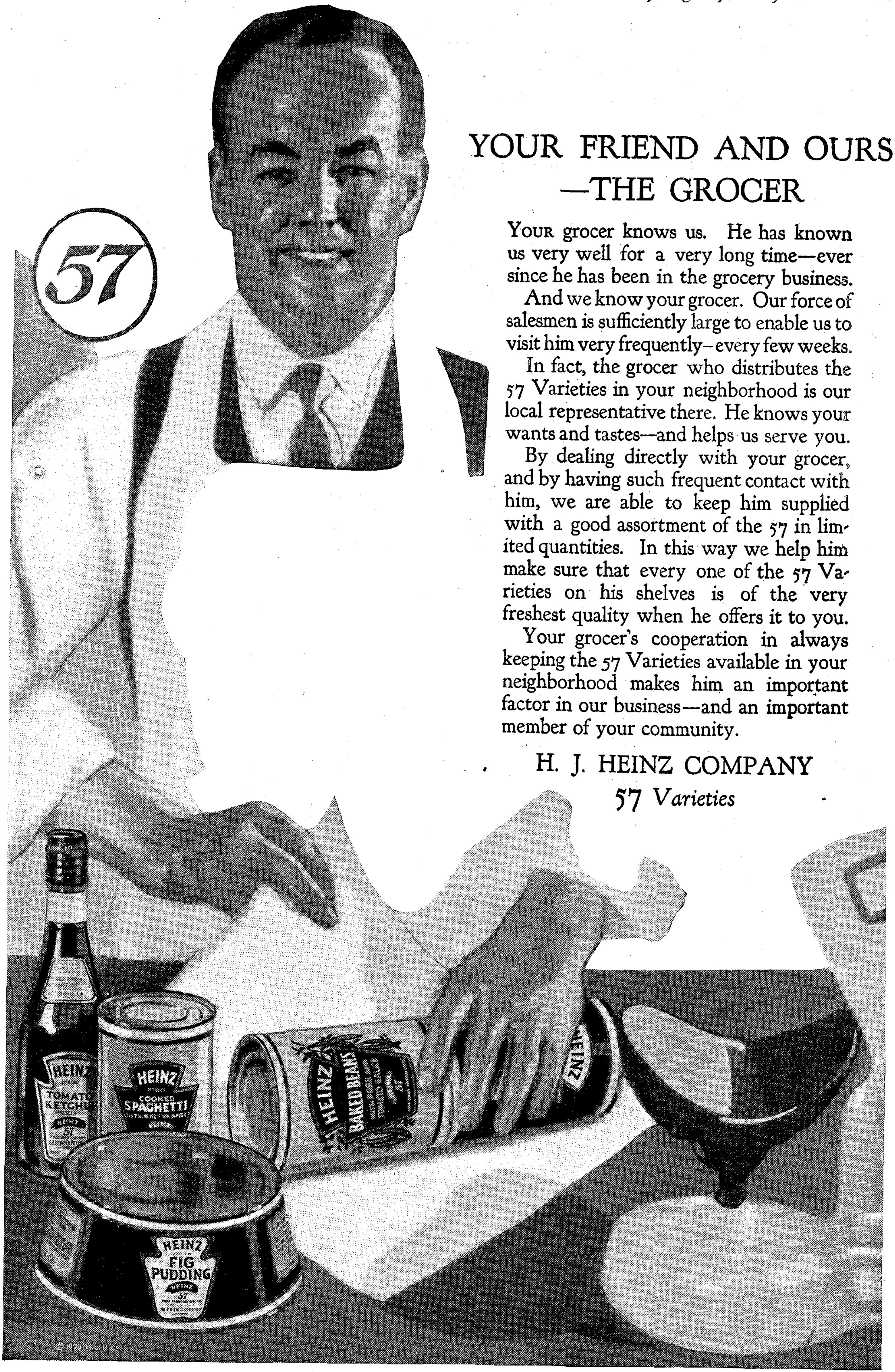
For some reason one of the chicks ran a little too far from its mother, and before the latter could interfere, the Sprite sprang upon it and bore it away in his jaws. The hen made a frantic rush at him, but she had eleven other babies to protect and the fox was soon outside the zone of even her wildest activities.

He never lost his interest in poultry; it stuck to him through life, and when he went after a chicken he almost invariably got it. Sometimes it took him a long time, but his patience and energy seemed limitless. I have seen a farmer's family form a cordon around the poultry-yard for hours, and take turns at going to their meals. But it was useless. The Sprite tired them all out and then finally broke through, got his hen and bore it away in triumph. On one occasion I came upon him just as he had stolen a very fine Rhode Island Red rooster belonging to a woman who was starting to raise pure-bred poultry. She was desperately anxious to save that particular bird, which was still alive.

"LAUGHING" AND FROLICKING.

"The Sprite" was always full of frolic, mischief, and desire for fresh chicken.

With laughable presence of mind she grabbed the first mongrel hen she could reach, and, running back with it, held it out toward the Sprite and fairly begged him to take the mongrel and spare the thoroughbred. If he could have understood, I believe he would have been glad to oblige her. But, of course, he could not. One hen was as good as another to him, and if it happened to be in his mouth, just a little better. So the Rhode Island Red passed in his checks and my bill was somewhat larger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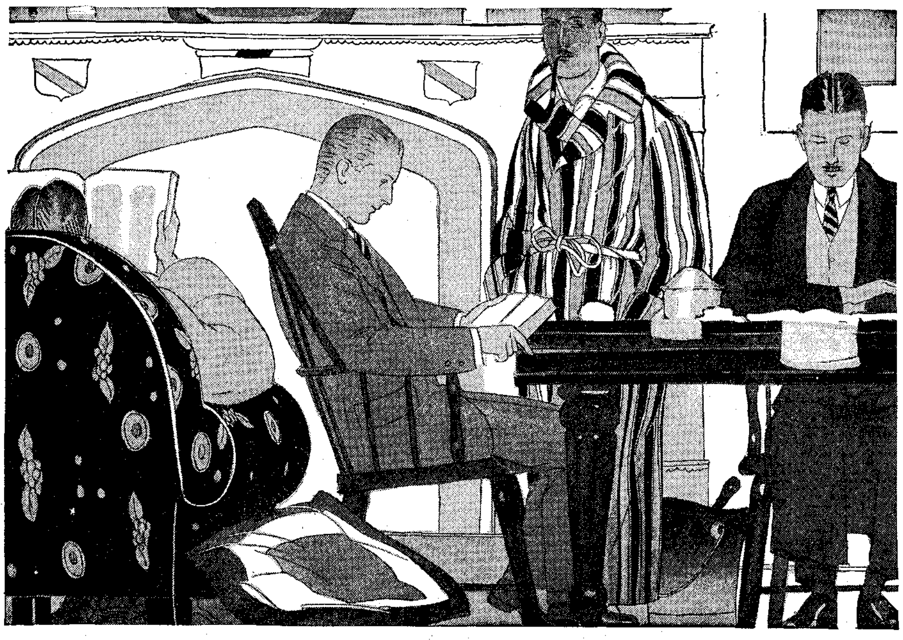

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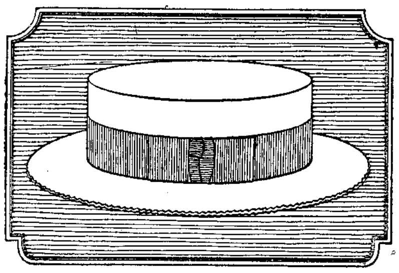

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BIRDS, BEASTS AND TREES

Continued

than if the fox had been more economical in his selection.

It would have been perfectly easy for the neighbors to shoot him, but they never did. Other foxes of mine were shot out of hand, in spite of the fact that I was always willing to pay well for their depredations. But the Sprite had a way with him. After he had caught his chickens he smiled and wagged his tail and looked so pleased about it that it was hard to refrain from laughing. One farmer's wife said: "When that fox went by, he winked at me." This woman lost many chickens, but she was so fond of the fox that she would never let me pay for them. The best I could do, when a hen had been filched, was to present her with a portrait of the offender, and the wall of her sitting-room looked like a Rogues' Gallery. When, one morning, she asked about the Sprite and I told her he had disappeared, the tears came into her eyes, and she said: "Bless his little heart, I'd give the best chicken I have just to have another look at him."

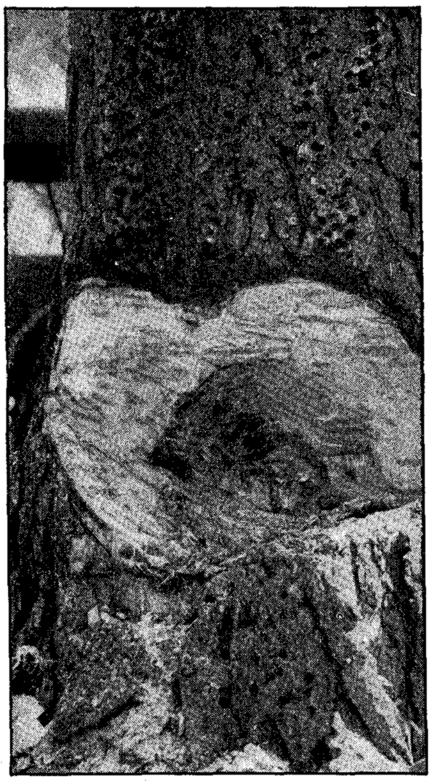
A PRAYER-BOOK IN A PINE-TREE

AN OLD prayer-book, buried in the trunk of a pine-tree about seventy-five years ago, was rescued recently from its tomb of solid wood by M. L. Blochman, a student in the University of California. Mr. Blochman was attracted by a small scar near the base of a large Digger Pine growing on his father's ranch in the Cathay Valley, Mariposa County, California. The tree has been a prominent landmark for years, as it is situated on the crest of a little knoll overlooking the valley. Two Indian skeletons and objects of Indian handiwork have been found in the vicinity. Local lore has it that the spot was once a meeting-place of the old tribes. White men have passed the knoll with its sentinel pine for many years without noting anything unusual about the tree. Says Prof. Woodbridge Metcalf, of the University of California, writing in *American Forestry* (Washington):

> Mr. Blochman, in a moment of idle curiosity, ran the blade of his knife into the narrow scar and felt it strike something soft. A few probes with the blade brought to light tiny bits of what was undoubtedly paper, and on one of these a figure could be traced. With visions of buried treasure, directions for finding which might be in this mysterious volume, he soon returned, and with the aid of a sharp ax cut carefully into the tree above and below the old scar.
>
> After cutting through several inches of new growth, old ax cuts came to light, indicating that V-shaped notch about four inches wide at the outer edge and the same depth had been cut into the tree.
>
> The book proved to be a small leather-covered Bible or prayer-book, probably of the Methodist denomination, as the index contains frequent references to the writings of Charles Wesley. In an illustration can clearly be made out the title, "Sufferings and Death of Jesus Christ," and the page number 67. In growing over the wound the tree had completely covered the volume with a coating of pitch, so that

the leather cover was still somewhat flexible. The paper is still in good condition and the print legible, but because of the pressure exerted on the top and bottom of the book in closing the wound, it is impossible to turn the pages. The book had been placed in a horizontal position in the old cut, with its back toward the center of the tree, and the gradual encroachment of new growth into the wound compress the pages from top and bottom of the book until they were forced into an almost vertical position along the outer edge, and show folding in wavy lines similar to rock strata which have been compress. This gives a splendid idea of the progress of tree growth in closing a wound.

In searching for a counterpart of the little volume, one with somewhat similar binding and type was found to have been printed in 1849. Ring counts have not as yet been made on the cut, but it seems altogether likely that the tree has had the little volume in its keeping since the early fifties.



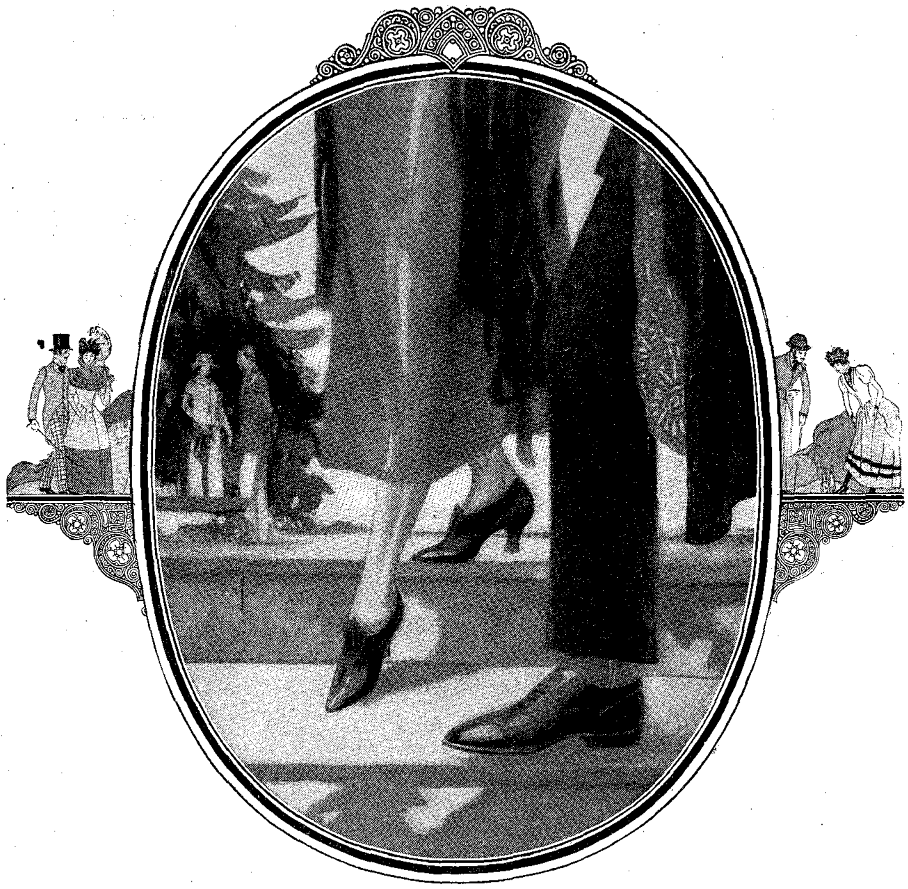
Courtesy "American Forestry Magazine" (Washington).

WHERE THE BOOK WAS HIDDEN.

A chance blow with an ax opened the pine-tree crypt, in which a prayer book had been concealed.

The Digger Pine (*Pinus sabiniana*) is one of California's most interesting tree species. Its gray-green foliage and branched trunk are a welcome sign to the traveler in the brush fields of the foothill country that he is approaching a forest belt. The tree seems better able to stand drought and competition of chaparral species than almost any other conifer. Its cones are large, chocolate brown in color, and the cone scales are more heavily armed than any except the Coulter Pine. The seeds are mottled black and reddish brown with a coat of almost flint-like hardness, and a long wing. They are larger even than Sugar Pine seed and quite as good eating as the latter species, when one finally is able to crack the coat.

The reader will notice the large number of holes in the bark of the Digger Pine in the picture, which illustrates the sagacity of woodpeckers in the Sierras. These birds take the acorns of California Black Oak which abound in certain parts of the region,



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and place these in the holes in pine bark such as seen in the picture. The birds are not interested in the acorns, but in the weevils which infest many of them. These little white grubs grow large and fat, each in his little house in the pine bark, and when each has reached the most toothsome stage the wise birds return to these bark storehouses, remove the acorns, and feast on the grubs. Surely this is an indication that the habit of storing for a rainy day is not confined entirely to the human race.

CATNIP FOR CATCHING COUGARS

"YOU KAIN'T TRAP a cougar. It ain't done," has been the verdict of the trappers, for the big cat is usually too cunning to fall a prey to man-made traps. In the districts where it is necessary to exterminate the beasts, shooting them has not been a satisfactory method, for that entails the use of dogs and means a great deal of wasted effort. The picturesque method of roping them must be reserved for a limited number of experts. But some one happened to remember that cougars are cats, and that cats like catnip, so out in Oregon they began experimenting. Stanley Jewett, predatory animal inspector of the United States Biological Survey, in an interview reported by Ben Hur Lampman in the Oakland *Tribune Magazine*, said that they thought if an ideal scent could be found, one so compelling that its fragrance would master fear, the trap would prove to be the best exterminator. He held up a bottle of clear fluid, filling the air with a familiar and herb-like odor, and said:

> "That's it. We have already trapt two cougars by using this scent, and are confident that it will work successfully. What sort of stuff is it? A pure extract of catnip in oil of petroleum. Catnip—the same sort of catnip that makes an old mouser stand on his head in a harmless jag. Cats are cats, apparently, whether you find them in the kitchen or the timber.
>
> "I took two or three saturated pellets of blotting paper, wet with this stuff, and tossed them into the bobcat cage at Washington Park. The most laughable scramble that I have ever seen was on in a moment. Those five cats were all in a heap, rolling and tumbling and cuffing over the paper wads. It seemed to work. So we tried it on the cougar traps and took two, and are out for more."
>
> Since the time of the saber-tooth, and that was quite a while ago, the forests of the Pacific slope have known but one feline overlord, this great tawny cat whose insatiate hunger requires not less than a full-grown deer each calendar week. Because of his fondness for deer, of his elemental yearning for food that will maintain his sleek muscles and his eight-foot length at explosive efficiency, men have sentenced him to die by poison and rifle and trap.
>
> You would not guess, to clamber up some craggy eminence and look across the tumbled hills and mountains of the coast, checkered with farm valleys and towns and mills, that within the scope of your vision this primitive of the land yet crept upon the hunt. He most indubitably does, and close upon his trail are the hunters and trappers of the federal biological survey, of the State game commission and those free lances of claim and cabin who are, first of all, given to the rifle. From such pursuit the cougar family, for all its cunning, can not hope to escape.
>
> "There will be cougar in Oregon a lifetime from now and longer," estimated Jewett, "but they are even now thinned and scattered. In 1914 alone sixty-nine cougars were killed in Curry County. Last season but nine were killed. These facts are indicative. Once they were so plentiful and unafraid that they raided the rancher's hogs and young cattle in the barnyard. Now they are so scarce and wary that they must be hunted with dogs if found at all. Frank Robsen, one of our hunters, killed seven this fall in the Sandy Creek country of Coos County. He has the record for the year.
>
> "They say that the cougar is not dangerous, that it will not attack man. I have never heard of an authenticated instance of attack in the Northwest, but of my own knowledge I can testify that at least one of the family was willing to attempt an unprovoked charge. It happened in South America. They call them pumas there, but the beast is the same.
>
> "I was in Venezuela, near Merida, with Wilfred H. Osgood, and we were collecting specimens for the Field Museum of Chicago. The country was arid and desolate, very much like Arizona or New Mexico desert. Osgood had taken a light shotgun to hunt for small birds, and was some distance from camp when a rustling noise beside the trail caused him to glance sharply at the withered grass. What he saw there brought the gun to his shoulder in a flash.
>
> "Not more than ten feet distant was a huge puma, or cougar, crouched to leap. His tail was swaying and twitching in the way that cats have of announcing attack. His eyes were fixt on Osgood. Nor was he mangy or thin, to indicate madness—but a full-grown, sleek and powerful animal. Osgood fired the light charge of fine shot straight into the snarl. The cougar sprang into the air, whirled and was gone. There could be no mistake about that cougar's intention. He meant to attack, and but for the shotgun Osgood would certainly have been mauled, possibly killed."

As for roping cougars, it is reported that John Hammersly, famed as a hunter of Western big game, thinks nothing of it. The roping is simplicity itself—all you need is a rope, some skill at throwing it, and a treed cat. According to Mr. Lampman:

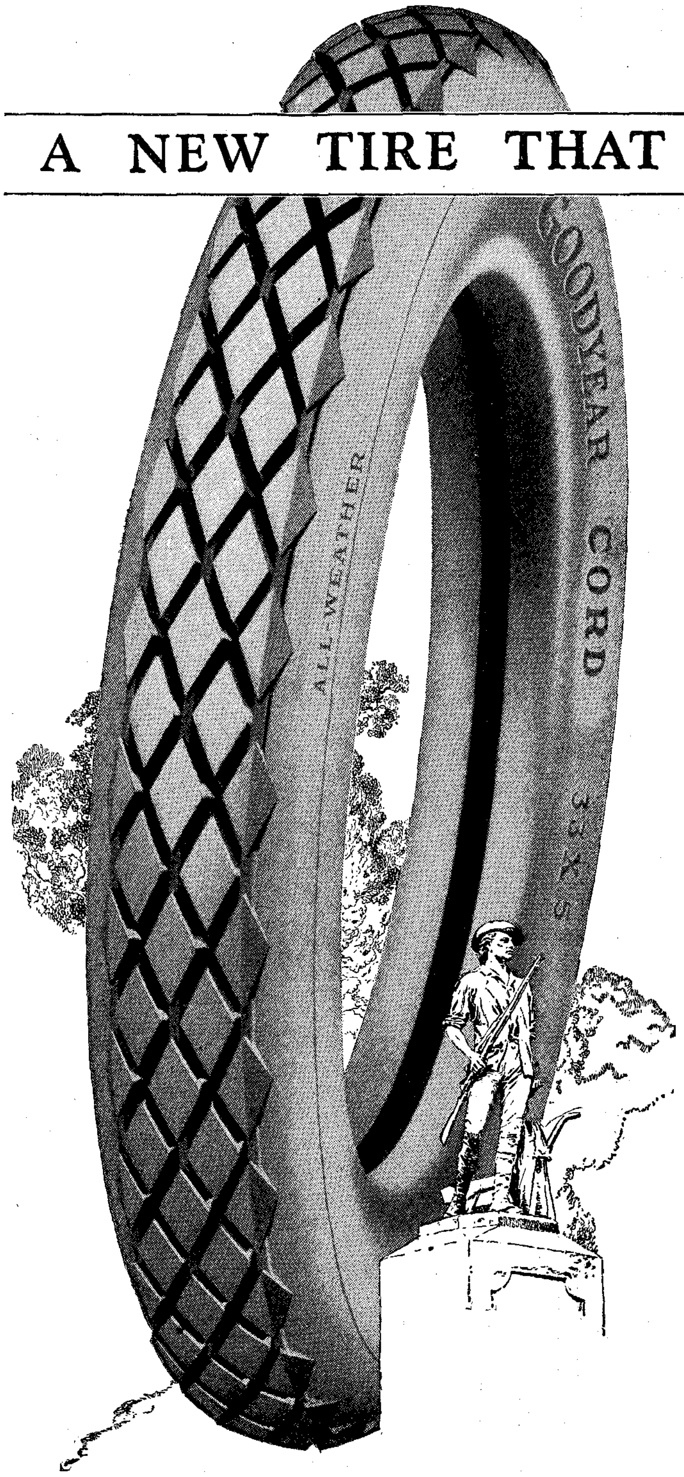
> Hammersly possest all three, and before a clicking camera he dragged the outraged cougar from its perch to make a picture for gasping cinema audiences. He freed the beast and watched it bound again into a convenient fir. He roped and dragged it down once more. Between performances, not a little bored by the routine, he rolled cigarets in wheat-straw papers and squatted on his haunches like any tribesman, inhaling deeply, and discoursing upon cougars of his acquaintance.
>
> There are other gay and debonair methods of subduing the cougar, each of which depends mainly on the sagacious noses of hounds. If you have skill with the longbow, an all but obsolete science, you may kill your cougar as a certain captain of aviation recently slew his first one in the ranges of Northern California. With the fellowship of Sherwood at his shoulder, unseen but eagerly anxious for the twang of string, he marked the nervously vibrant tail three-score feet aloft in the needles, and traced the flattened vicious body, limned in taut grace against the brown bark. The yesterdays, the years, the centuries, swept backward with a rush. Hunter and quarry were of the primitive. A steel-tipped arrow to the string, the slow bending of the great bow, the eyes of changing opal fixt hatefully upon him—
>
> "I drew twice, before I loosed the shaft," recounted the captain, "to be sure of my muscles. Then I let him have it in the chest. The old cus reared and whirled, to fall dead."

GETTING ACQUAINTED WITH A FAMILY OF CHIPMUNKS

THERE WAS A COMMOTION in the apple-tree. Two blurred streaks dashed up the trunk, out on a limb, down to the ground, up the trunk again, and so on, in a circle. When the pace of the animals slackened somewhat, the onlooker could make out that the first streak was a chipmunk and the second a weasel. Reaching for his gun, he waited until the chipmunk had jumped from the end of the limb, and aiming where the weasel ought to be the next second, he fired and killed it. The chipmunk lay exhausted and panting and he picked it up and placed it on the veranda, where after a time it recovered. It was quite easy to see what would have been the normal end of the chase. Mr. A. Brooker Klugh, of Queen's University, Kingston, Ontario, who tells the story in *The Journal of Mammalogy* (Baltimore), says that he knew previously that the chipmunk could climb trees with ease and agility, but he had never seen such an exhibition of climbing at high speed as he witnessed on this occasion. Among other chipmunk acquaintances of his was one with a very short tail that lived near his tent at Lake Missanag, Ontario. She was feeding on three things that he had not previously seen these creatures eat—the bunchberry, the fruits of the wild lily of the valley, and the seeds of the star-flower, tho she did not seem to be storing any of these. He experimented with her diet and gave her some psychological tests, which she passed with credit. He relates:

> I offered her various foods and she refused meat and sweet substances, but accepted seeds, fruits and tubers. By far her favorite item was corn—either raw or boiled. Of this she sometimes ate a kernel or two but carried most of it away in her cheek-pouches. In loading up her pouches she placed the kernels alternately first in one pouch then in the other, and when they were nearly full she shoved the last few kernels in with one of her forepaws. A full load, as tested several times, consisted of thirty-one large kernels—equal to two heaped-up tablespoonfuls. I saw her drink once, and upon this occasion I could not commend her choice, unless "internal bathing" was the result

A NEW TIRE THAT IS MAKING HISTORY



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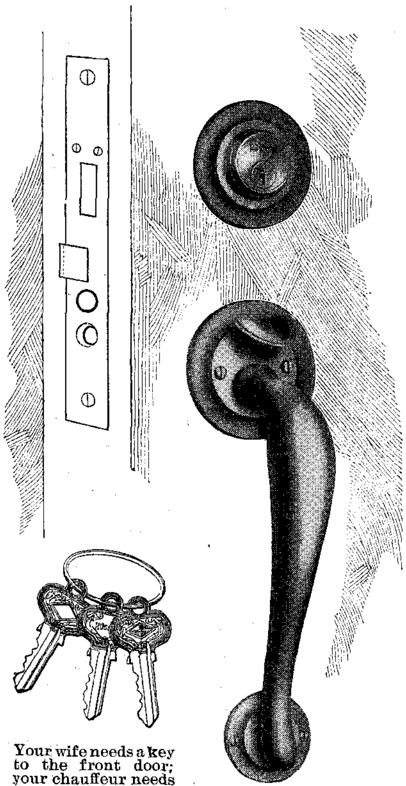

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BIRDS, BEASTS AND TREES

Continued

sought, as she lapped up some soapy water from the hand-basin.

With this individual I made some tests to learn something of her psychology, and secured some data upon one phase—the rapidity with which she formed associations. After I had placed kernels of corn for her in a certain spot a few times, I began to throw kernels to her. At the first trial the sudden motion of my arm naturally frightened her, as any sudden motion will do with any wild animal. At the second trial she started but slightly and came and picked up the kernels, and at the third trial she showed no alarm at the motion, but ran toward me and picked up each kernel as it fell. I next threw her half a dozen kernels, each one nearer to me than the last, and then held out the cob near the ground, when she came up and bit the corn from the cob. After this she associated the holding out of anything with the procuring of food and came at once. I next tried out her power of association of sounds. I held out a cob of corn and made a squeaking noise with my lips, and after five trials, two on one day and three on the subsequent day, she came running up on hearing this sound, even tho I held nothing extended toward her. That associations remained for some length of time was shown by an incident which was not planned as an experiment. My Indian friend, Sowatis Lachance, had given me a cob of the peculiar hybrid corn which he grows, in which the kernels are of various colors, and I had placed this on the top shelf of a set of shelves in the tent. Early the next morning the chipmunk came into the tent, climbed up to the shelf, and stript the cob. For five days subsequently she continued to investigate that shelf, visiting it regularly every morning, and several times during the day, tho no more corn was placed there, nor anything else edible.

After this chipmunk had learned to take corn from the cob held in my hand she would come after it no matter where I held the cob, running up my leg and sitting on my knee or shoulder while filling up her pouches, and would sit on the cob and strip off the kernels even when I lifted the cob up in the air.

"Nipper," Fuzzy-tail" and "Erythro" were three chipmunks that lived near the Biological Station, St. Andrews, New Brunswick, and Mr. Klugh says:

We began to give them peanuts, and at once the marked difference in their dispositions became apparent. Nipper was by far the boldest, and in a few days was taking food from our hands and climbing all over us. He seemed to have some difficulty in distinguishing between a peanut and the tip of one's finger, and the severe nips he administered because of this delusion earned him his name. If I held my hand eighteen inches from the ground he would jump up on it, and would jump up on my hand and take peanuts from between my teeth. Of the various chipmunks I have tamed Nipper was the only one which allowed himself to be stroked, as all the others have regarded the hand coming down to stroke them with suspicion and have jumped the second it touched them. Fuzzy-tail soon became tame and ran all over us, but was much more easily frightened than Nipper, and was also far gentler. Erythro, tho it would sometimes come and feed from the hand, was always "jumpy" and very uncertain, being comparatively tame one day and quite timid the next. The behavior of these chipmunks among themselves showed correlation with their relative boldness with us, as Nipper would chase Fuzzy-tail, and both chased Erythro. One day Nipper and Fuzzy-tail sat looking at one another like a couple of cats about to fight, then Nipper jumped clean over Fuzzy-tail and alighted facing her, and the latter ran.

Erythro gave me the only example of defective instinct which I have come across in my studies of chipmunks and red squirrels. At the place where we fed these chipmunks there was a patch of gravel from the beach, and we often put peanuts down on this. Nipper and Fuzzy-tail picked out the peanuts, by sight checked by smell as far as I could judge, with certainty, but Erythro would pick up a peanut, then a small round pebble, another peanut, more round pebbles, and load them all into its pouches. Instead of improving as time went on its discrimination grew worse, till it would come and fill its pouches with nothing but stones, taking even rather large flattened stones which it could hardly cram into its mouth, and go off with its pouches hanging down from the weight of the stones which rattled at every bound.

MAKING THE COTTONWOOD COTTONLESS

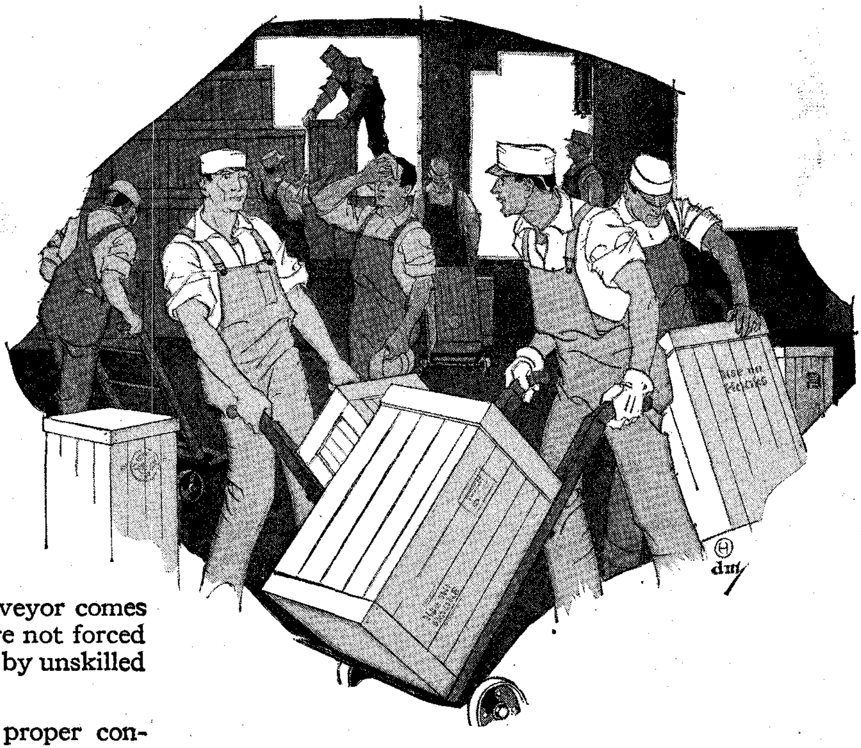
THE cotton of the cottonwood, the popular shade-tree of many American cities, need be no longer a drawback to the tree's utility, according to W. H. Long of the U. S. Bureau of Plant Industry, who has developed a spraying treatment that will prevent the growth of the cotton-bearing blossoms without injury to the tree. The same treatment may be given trees of allied species which blossom before the leaves come out. Says Science Service's *Daily Science News Bulletin* (Washington):

The treatment consists of spraying the blossoms, as soon as they open in the spring, with a very dilute solution of sulfuric acid, preferably of a strength of 2 per cent. This kills the blossoms which later in the season would otherwise produce the tufts of soft downy cotton that strew the streets and fill the air along streets planted with cottonwoods, to the annoyance of the property owners.

"It is hoped that this is a solution of the problem of what to do with the large cottonwoods, which are the only shade-trees in so many Western cities, but which, because of their "moulting" proclivities, are in some cases being cut down or trimmed back severely enough to prevent blossoming for several years. The cost of spraying is between twenty-two and thirty-two cents a tree. The treatment might also be of value in Eastern cities where streets are shaded either with the cottonwood or the related species of Carolina poplar.

Cottonwood trees are of two kinds. One bears the flowers which later produce the pods in which the cotton is formed. The cotton carries the tiny seeds of the tree and enables them to float for long distances through the air. These cotton-bearing trees are known as pistillate or "female" trees. The other kind of tree, called staminate or "male" trees, do not produce cotton. Both bloom before the leaves put

These men must be paid



IF your handling is done by human hands, it is time you began to look into mechanical conveying. For every unnecessary movement these men make is wasting their time and effort and costing you money.

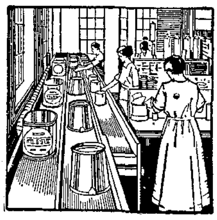
If you are short of labor the conveyor comes to your rescue. Skilled workmen are not forced to handle materials formerly moved by unskilled labor.

If your factory is crowded, the proper conveyor will clear your aisles. It will keep packages and materials moving automatically in a steady flow from operation to operation.

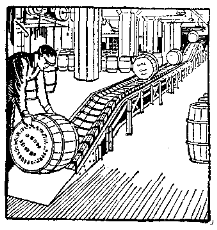
If the amount of partly finished work in the plant is too large, a conveying system enables you to reduce it below the danger point. Conveyors greatly shorten the time for turning raw materials into finished goods.

Mechanical conveying in some form is needed in practically every factory, warehouse or wholesale establishment. It sets the pace for assembling orders, for production in the shop, and keeps finished products moving regularly through the shipping room. Wherever used it cuts rehandling costs and releases hand-labor for productive work.

Which of these types of conveyors is needed in your factory?

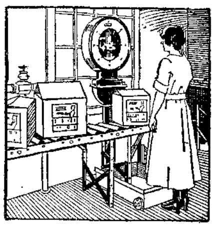


This is the Lamson Belt Conveyor, the simplest type of power conveyor. It surmounts heavy grades, links buildings and departments floors apart, and different parts of a work-room.



On the left is a Lamson Heavy Duty Power Conveyor. It carries barrels, crates, sacks, and will bring whole trainloads of bulky, heavy products to their destination without waste of time or effort

A Lamson Gravity Conveyor costs nothing to operate. When it is set at an inclination, packages placed upon the rollers move along by their own weight. The picture shows a product being weighed on a special scale section, as it passes along on a gravity conveyor.



Talk this over with a Lamson engineer

The work of the Lamson Company is to analyze handling problems, to know when conveyors are needed and keep them working properly after they are installed. Perhaps conveyors in *your* factory will reduce the number of men who must be paid, or enable them to work more efficiently.

It will cost you nothing to have a Lamson Engineer come from our nearest branch and study your handling problems. He can then tell you whether conveyors are indicated in your plant.

THE LAMSON COMPANY
SYRACUSE, NEW YORK
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WHEREVER you see a **lamp** marked MAZDA—in the socket of your reading light, in your automobile, on any electric circuit—wherever it may be or you may be, IF IT IS MARKED MAZDA, the symbol of MAZDA SERVICE, it represents the highest development of incandescent lamps yet attained.

MAZDA SERVICE is centered in the Research Laboratories of the General Electric Company, a scientific clearing house where new methods of producing light are discovered and tested. The manufacturers authorized to mark their lamps MAZDA conform to the high scientific standards set by the Research Laboratories and communicated to them by MAZDA SERVICE.

RESEARCH GLEAMS

Gleam 3

The country's lighting bill in 1922 was about $500,000,000. If the lamps in use less than twenty years ago had not been improved by organized and continuous research through MAZDA SERVICE, the country's lighting bill in 1922 would have been $2,000,000,000 instead of $500,000,000—*a saving of one and a half billion dollars annually.*

MAZDA
THE MARK OF A RESEARCH SERVICE

RESEARCH LABORATORIES *of the*
GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY
Schenectady, N. Y.

BIRDS, BEASTS AND TREES
Continued

out, the blooms being borne in short, finger-like bodies known as "catkins." The staminate blooms are purple while the pistillate, or cotton-bearing ones, are greenish, making it easy to distinguish one from the other, an important point, as only the cotton-bearing trees need to be controlled.

As the result of experiment it was found that the following sprays would kill all the blossoms on the trees: crude oil, kerosene, gasoline, and dilute sulfuric acid. Saturated common-salt solution killed most of the blossoms and is worthy of further trial because of its cheapness. The kerosene and gasoline sprays were considered efficient but expensive, while the crude-oil spray, altho effective, was disfiguring to the trees and adjacent property.

The acid spray may be used in a power spray-pump, but iron parts in contact with the solution must be replaced by more resistant metal. The solution does not injure paint and is rendered harmless to lawns by watering them immediately before and afterward. Men operating the pumps should wear old clothes or rubber coats. The solution does not injure the skin if washed off after the job is done.

The trees must in no case be sprayed after the leaves come out, as the acid solution would be fatal to them.

WHY YOU DON'T PHOTOGRAPH A MAD GRIZZLY

"WHEN the varmint saw me, he riz up on his hind legs and let out a beller that sounded like a dozen lions and bulls, all boiled into one," said old Hank, the ranger of Glacier Park. "I could 'a swore that he was seventeen feet tall and within reachin' distance. I slung that derned camera into the bush and began to burn into him so fast with the old Remington automatic that the bullets must 'a been steppin' on one another's heels. Which all goes to prove that when you meet up with them critters, you've got to think quick and act quicker."

"Which all goes to prove," replied Dr. H. H. Rogers, "that even you old-timers are subject to attacks of hysteria, and if, as you say, he was securely entangled, I would have taken his picture."

"Well, young feller," drawled Hank, "if you ever butt into an able-bodied grizzly under them circumstances, I want you to come back and tell me what *you* did."

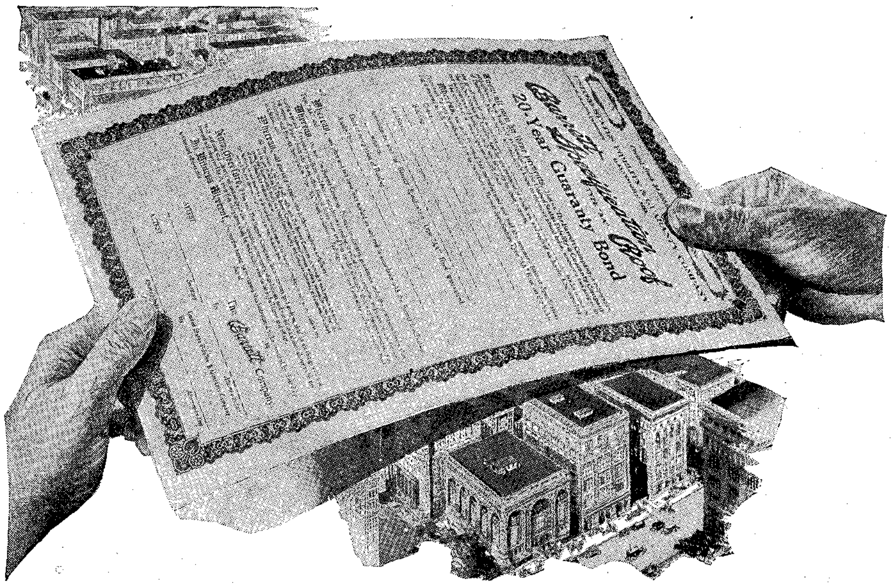
Dr. Rogers admits in the *Izaak Walton League Monthly* (Chicago) that he never had much respect for bears until the fall of 1920. He had met brown bears several times, but concluded that such experiences, while interesting, entailed little or no hazard to life or limb. A month after this conversation, the opportunity came to photograph not only a gigantic grizzly seven feet in length, but to photograph him in a state of extreme truculence, "seven hundred pounds of bristling, raging fury." What happened to Dr. Rogers, and more particularly what happened to the camera, is thus told in the Doctor's own words:

> With camera open in one hand and rifle in the other, I tiptoed forward. . . . With a roar, a bellow, or whatever you choose to call it, resembling in volume a whole menagerie working simultaneously, he bolted out from behind the trees and headed for us. I never realized until then that such a large and apparently clumsy mammal could travel so fast. As he emerged from cover, I put one of the eight m/m just back of his shoulder—a little too far back. He went down, but was up again in an instant, and before I could fire a second shot, he had rolled and scrambled, under cover, down the bank. Upon reaching the bottom, he rose to his hind legs with another terrific roar—then a second shot broke his back and put him down for good.
>
> All our weariness forgotten in the thrill of the achievement, we started campward. We had proceeded some distance before Joe asked, "Doc, did you get your camera?" I felt of the empty case at my belt—then for the first time I remembered my intention to take that bear's picture—I had probably laid the camera down before I began to shoot. Back to the firing-line we went, but no camera. After much searching, I found it, lens side down, in the snow. It had described an arc over my head, no telling how high, but it landed twenty feet back of where I stood.
>
> Old Hank was right—when a grizzly begins to talk to you, it's no time for taking pictures. Some day, in all humility, I am going back and make my confession.

THE MYSTERIOUS DANCE OF THE BUTTERFLIES

THE dancing-floors of animals and insects vary widely; sometimes they are merely cleared spaces, such as the open sandy beach where sandpipers and plovers tip and teeter, or clear spaces on the western plains where prairie-chickens dance and drum their challenges to rivals, or elaborate arenas of the argus pheasants with escape trails and carefully tended floors, or the highly decorated playgrounds of the bower birds, richly furnished with feathers and stones and flowers of bright colors. Far out on the Puruni Trail at Kartabo, an assistant at the Tropical Research Station, who signs himself John Tee-Van, found one of the dancing grounds of the Ithomiid butterflies. It was a small, circular amphitheater, barely two feet in diameter, in the midst of tall underbrush, and surrounded by high trees. He says in the *Zoological Society Bulletin* (New York):

> The twigs of the bushes surrounding the circle came down very low, some of them almost reaching the ground, and forming irregular perches upon which the butterflies were able to sit as they awaited their opportunity of descending to the arena.
>
> These butterflies are common about the Station, and their bizarre patterns of black, yellow and brown are one of the most familiar sights to be seen within the jungle. Some species of the group have strange sleeping habits, great numbers of them gathering upon the branches of a single bush, in response to some butterfly law which will not allow them to stay out alone



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It means that the roof was laid by a roofing contractor who has earned a reputation for skillful, dependable work. For only roofers with these qualifications can obtain the Surety Bond Guarantee.

It means that a Barrett Inspector was present on the job to see that the high grade pitch and felt called for by the Barrett Specification were properly applied to give maximum strength and durability—present to make the famous *cut test* which insures that all details of the Specification have been carried out—present to see that the heavy top coat of Specification Pitch was *poured* and the gravel or slag surface properly imbedded to insure as high a degree of fire protection as any roof can possibly provide.

When your roof is built by a reliable roofer, and is laid strictly according to The Barrett Specification, you are assured of freedom from roof troubles even far beyond the bonded period.

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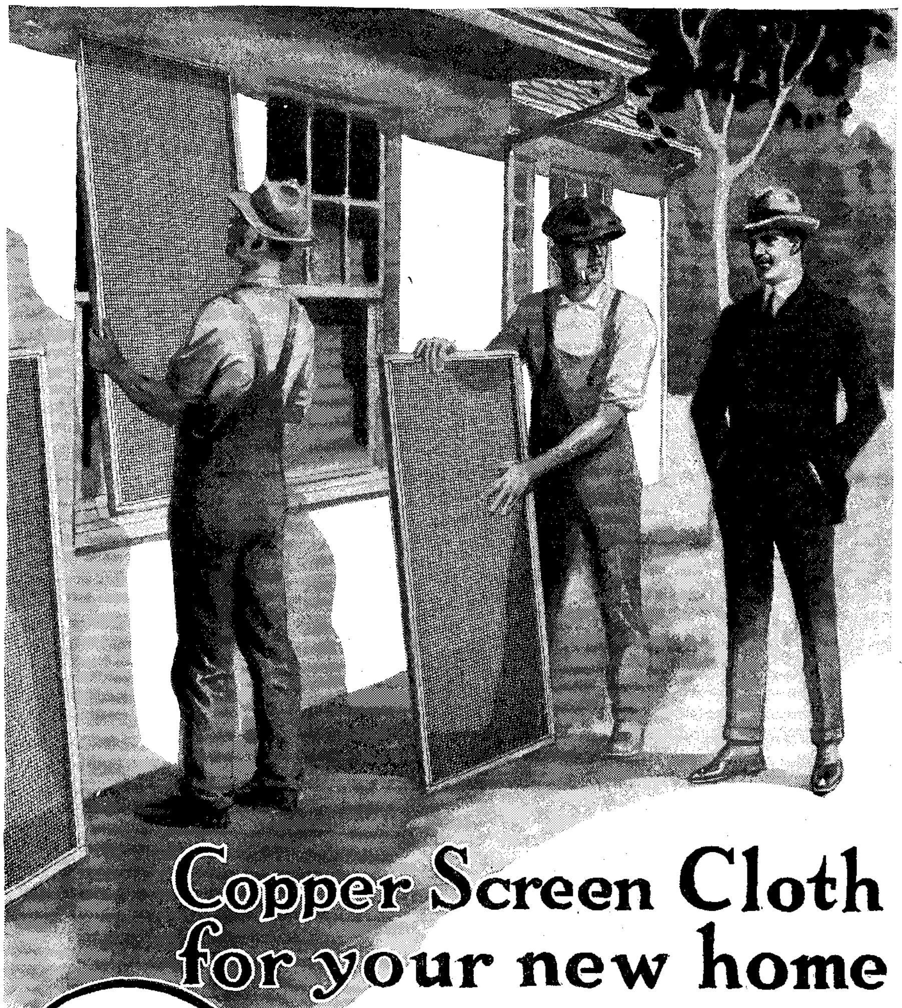

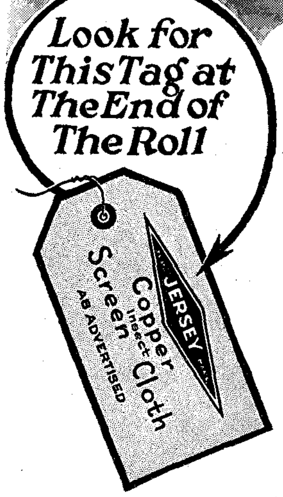
Look for This Tag at The End of The Roll
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Copper Insect Screen Cloth
AS ADVERTISED

THERE are some places about a house where materials of a low first cost may be used with economy in the long run. But screen cloth for windows, porches and doors is not one of them. Don't take chances with your protection against insects.

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While the first cost of Jersey Copper Screen Cloth is slightly higher, the difference is insignificant when compared with its durability, also the cost of paint, repairs and extra labor, which must be expended on some other kinds of screen cloth is avoided.

Use Jersey Copper Screen Cloth (16 mesh, dark finish) for your door, window and porch screens. Look for the red and black tag when you buy custom made screens or screen cloth from the roll.

If you can not readily obtain Jersey Copper Screen Cloth in your locality, write us. We will send you on request a booklet "A Matter of Health and Comfort," regarding screen cloth which you will find worth reading.

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BIRDS, BEASTS AND TREES
Continued

at night. Finding them with one strange habit, their possession of a dancing-ground is not to be found unreasonable.

There was nothing to distinguish this chosen portion of the forest which they were using as a dancing-ground; no apparent physical reason as to why it should have been selected. The same type of vegetation grew within its borders as grew everywhere else within the forest. Lianas dropt their graceful lengths from the high branches of the jungle trees in the same manner as they did elsewhere; the floor of this favored spot was composed of the ever-present black mold beneath a heavy coat of dead leaves.

Yet this tiny portion of the forest was different. For some strange reason it was able to attract these beautifully colored and soft-winged butterflies. To this spot from all the glades of the forest they flew. The paler colored ones flitted in as ghosts might come to a gathering, softly and silently—drifting in as wisps of smoke floating in still air, while the brilliant ones came to the group almost afire as the brilliant tips of sunlight scintillated on their colorful wings. All flew slowly, with the gentle waving flight so typical of their group, weaving their way in and out of dark corners, between twigs and around leaves, with their long, narrow wings unsoiled by contact with anything which might damage them. They rarely ascended to the level of one's eyes, preferring the more lowly parts of the jungle to the higher and more brilliantly illuminated portions. Often as five or six approached they would join together in a small, flying circle, about three feet in diameter, changing their position all the time, weaving in and out among themselves, making figure eights and almost impossible geometrical figures. After a short while the circle would fall apart as its component parts took their places about the arena.

A brilliant yellow, brown and black species was the most conspicuous and most common type, followed closely by a semi-transparent cousin. Fewer in number and more difficult to observe was a pale purplish-blue species which almost disappeared against the dull colors of the jungle floor. On the twigs and branches near the ground about the dancing-ground the butterflies grouped themselves, brought to this spot by some factor utterly unknown. The naturalist continues:

Possibly the lure was the odor disseminated by a female, not yet emerged from the cocoon, an odor far too frail to be grasped by the organs of man, but acting upon these male butterflies, for so they proved to be, as some giant magnet drawing to itself all the particles of iron within the field it influences. But careful search failed to reveal anything which might give the faintest clue to the cause of the gathering, altho the ground for many yards around was sifted and the twigs and branches searched for many feet.

Near the center of the arena a single butterfly would take its stand. Its wings waved slowly up and down two or three times, accompanied by a rapid raising and lowering of the antennæ, each antenna often acting independently, and in unusual positions. At the same time the insect hopped sideways in such a manner that the hind feet were used as pivots, and changing its position from an eighth to a sixth of the distance around a circle from the position it originally occupied. The butterfly never left the one spot, but circled on one tiny point, standing high on the tips of its legs, and with abdomen raised almost straight into the air, wholly unlike the usual horizontal position occupied by this portion of their body. This performance in all its details was repeated over and over, the insect at times making a complete circle, at other times flying up to a twig before it had completed the entire round.

Sometimes the next performer would be ready, or the stage deserted for a few minutes. Then another would slowly drift down from the twigs surrounding the dancing ground, and the dance go on, to be continued by others after the performer had finished.

The fifty or sixty individuals of this apparently friendly gathering were not entirely congenial. Many times a flying butterfly trying to alight near another was rebuffed by a waving of wings and antennæ coupled with a short jump, plainly indicating to the intruder that his company was not desired.

Hour after hour the dance continued, one individual after another impelled by some strange butterfly instinct. Late in the afternoon their numbers gradually lessened. A few leaves on the topmost branches of a near-by tree rustled with the first breath of an approaching breeze. Two minutes later a clap of thunder announced the arrival of a great electric storm, and with the first cool breath every insect had disappeared, leaving the mystery of the dance as completely hidden as it was in the beginning.

THE TURKEY THAT MOTHERED A RABBIT—A "prize natural history story" is reported from Ramona, California, says the San Diego *Union*, which gives as its authority, "Charles F. Wilken, turkey raiser, realtor, and deputy county assessor." He says that one of his hen turkeys "mothered" a young cottontail rabbit. According to the report:

> The hen turkey, wandering into a eucalyptus grove of the farm, went through the usual process of "hiding her nest," and after a few days Wilken investigated with a view to getting the eggs and the benefit of her services in the regular way. The investigation was resisted with vigor. Wilken, persisting, ran his hand under the bird to ascertain the number of eggs reposing in the nest, felt something soft, causing him to withdraw his arm, thinking that it might be a snake. He then pushed the turkey off the nest and found that she was hovering and giving the best possible care to a tiny cottontail rabbit. He removed the rabbit to an abiding-place of a litter which had recently been ushered into the world on another part of the ranch.
>
> It is not an unusual thing to hear of female dogs caring for kittens or of cats caring for young birds, altho so far as known by persons of this section interested in natural history, this is the first account of a hen turkey "mothering" a rabbit.

Dangerous Gesture.—Times don't change much. Even in the old days, reaching for the hip indicated that somebody was going to suffer.—*The Medical Quip.*

IS *the* WATER HOT YET ?

TWENTY minutes ago you fussed with the old-fashioned water heater. You are tired—and even now the stream that flows into the bathtub is only lukewarm.

Oh, for the joy of perfect hot water service! Just to turn the faucet and get sparkling, clean water—plenty of it and so hot that you must mix it with cold to get just the right temperature.

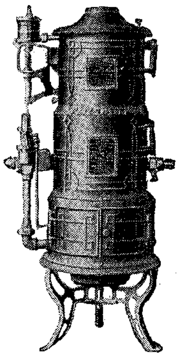
Open any faucet in the house. Hot water is the instantaneous result. That's the hot water service of the Pittsburg.

And this water is heated *at a cheaper rate per gallon than it can be done in any other way.*

One of the eighteen different types and sizes of Pittsburg Water Heaters will exactly fit your requirements—will give your household all the water that it needs for every purpose.

Near you is a Pittsburg dealer (the gas company or one of the prominent plumbers) who will gladly advise you. He will tell you about the easy-payment plan that allows you practically to make your own terms.

If you prefer, write to us, mentioning the number of hot water faucets in your home and the number of people in your family. We will recommend the proper size Pittsburg for you and at the same time send you an interesting little book, "The Well-managed Home," which tells the whole story of better hot water service.



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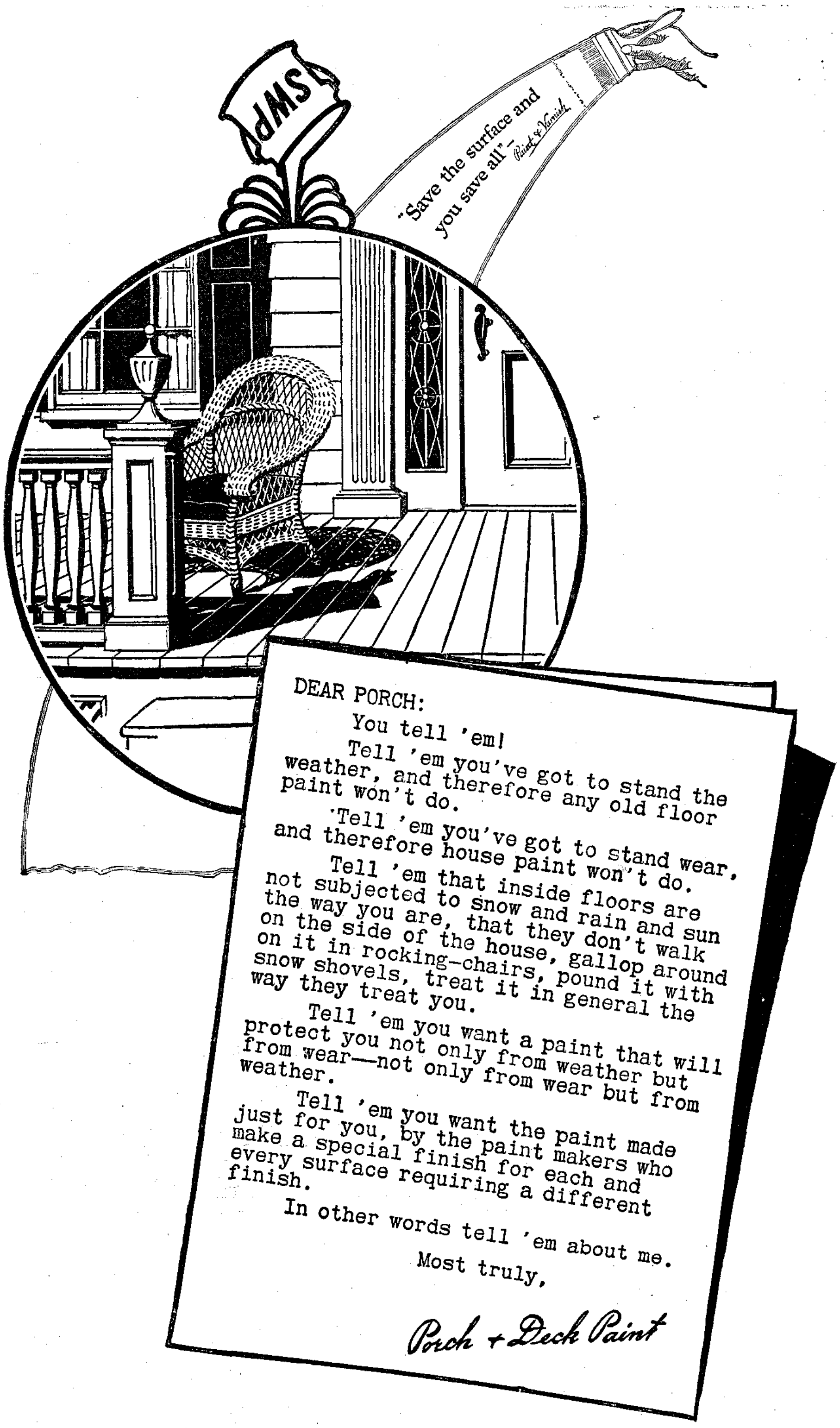
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Tell 'em you've got to stand the weather, and therefore any old floor paint won't do.

Tell 'em you've got to stand wear, and therefore house paint won't do.

Tell 'em that inside floors are not subjected to snow and rain and sun the way you are, that they don't walk on the side of the house, gallop around on it in rocking-chairs, pound it with snow shovels, treat it in general the way they treat you.

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SCIENCE AND INVENTION

Continued

SHALL WE EAT MORE CHEESE?

THE answer is decidedly "yes"; provided we value and follow the advice of S. K. Robinson, a physiological chemist of New York, who writes on "The Value of Cheese in the Diet," in *The American Food Journal* (New York). Cheese has the dietetic value of milk, Mr. Robinson says, and is a solid food beside. The popular idea that it is indigestible, he regards as largely a fallacy. In the past, he says, cheese was considered as merely a substitute or alternative for meaty foods, not an indispensable article in the diet. With the advent of the newer ideas of nutrition, bringing to light important accessory food substances such as vitamines, mineral salts, certain amino acids, etc., this view has been changed to a great extent. In the future, he says, cheese will be considered an essential food product. He continues:

> Professor Mendel of Yale University is credited with the statement that within the next few years the consumption of cheese will jump 100 per cent. It is the aim of this paper to bring out the importance of the foregoing remarks, and it is, of course, essential that cheese manufacturers become acquainted with the importance of cheese from the newer standpoint, so that this information may be properly disseminated among the American public.
>
> In the making of cheese, the greatest part of the casein and fat is brought down in the curdling process, leaving behind in the whey the milk, sugar and albumen. Most of the mineral substances go into the cheese. Since the cheese is rich in fat, the growth-vitamine is almost completely retained. The vitamines B and C are also retained but to a smaller extent, which has never been exactly determined. It is therefore clear that whatever is said about the nutritive value of milk is to a great extent also true of cheese.
>
> Until recently the science of nutrition busied itself chiefly with the study of fats, proteins and carbohydrates. The importance of mineral matter has been overlooked. Here is an interesting experiment that shows the importance of minerals. Rats fed upon a well-balanced diet, composed of carbohydrates, protein and fat, but devoid of minerals, died sooner than another litter of rats placed on a starvation diet.
>
> Of the calcium content of the body 99 per cent. is found in the bone. Phosphorus, however, is found all over the body. Both of these minerals are of the greatest importance in growing animals.
>
> Rickets and soft bone in children, poor teeth and similar troubles can be directly traced to insufficient calcium in the diet. Phosphorus is always found where growth is taking place, where it plays a leading part.
>
> The American diet is apt to be made up chiefly of the grains and meat products. Both of these foods are known to be deficient in calcium. Indeed, it may well be said that the deficiency in calcium is the big gap in the American diet to-day and it is primarily in this connection that

cheese becomes an essential factor—because cheese contains a combination of calcium and phosphorus in greater proportion than in any other food, organically combined with the casein in such a way as to make it readily available.

In the last twelve years the interest of the scientific world has been focused on accessory food substances existing in small amounts in various foods without which normal growth and health can not be maintained for any great length of time. These substances are known as vitamines.

As a result of this discovery, foods hitherto unknown to any great extent have become a prominent part of the diet. One of the foods that combines the three vitamines in greatest abundance is whole milk. Cheese is very rich in the growth vitamine. It also contains the other vitamines but to a lesser extent than does milk.

It is important, in order to make a complete story, to mention the importance of tryptophane, a substance in which casein is very rich. The famous Abderhalden has shown that proteins are not complete unless they contain tryptophane.

Concerning the digestibility of cheese, there has been a wrong conception prevalent. This was rather conclusively shown in experiments conducted by the Office of Experiment Stations. Young men in good health were fed a mixed diet containing large amounts of American factory cheese at different stages of ripening. The result showed that over 90 per cent. of the cheese was available as energy, and furthermore it caused no constipation or physiological disturbances. Experiments on cooked cheese also indicate the same result. Cheese, being a food in which the protein is closely intermingled with fat, remains a little longer in the stomach than is the case with other foods and gives a sensation of fulness and heartiness. In the intestines cheese is very quickly digested.

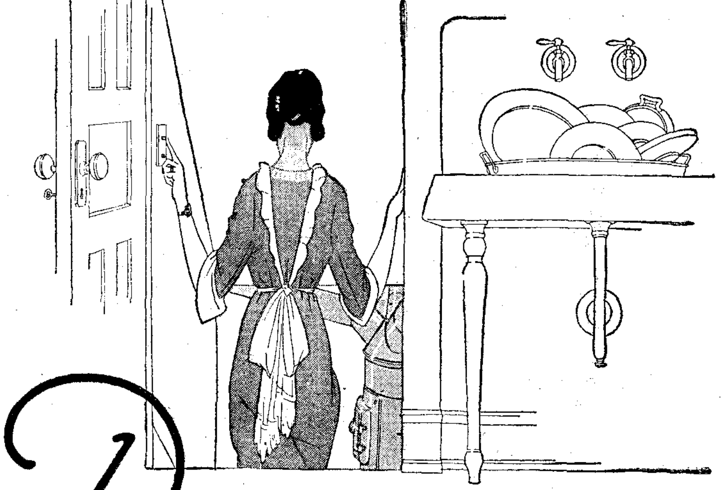
Konig, of the University of Minnesota, states that cheese, ingested together with other foods, had a marked influence in increasing the digestibility of the entire meal. We need not worry about the digestibility of cheese.

There are certain foods that cause the acid to predominate after a meal and others are not so acid-forming or are entirely basic. The acid-forming foods tend to decrease the alkali reserve in the blood, a condition which is undesirable if not harmful. Cheese and milk are both important as basic foods.

As can be seen, cheese must necessarily be considered an important food from any one of the factors considered. It would, however, be of greater value in special cases, for instance in growing children who are in great need of calcium, phosphorus and the growth-promoting vitamine A.

Regarding the food functions of meat, of which we consume over three times as much as of all milk products together, Mr. Robinson expresses his opinion that it is a nutritious food, very appetizing and not spoiled easily in cooking. Its consumption is to be encouraged up to a certain extent, but whether it is worth while to consume the enormous amounts that we do, he considers entirely another matter. He continues his argument:

> With these facts in mind, let us see what the American public is paying for the different classes of foods.
>
> They are spending close to $2,500,000,000 on meat products alone—on a percentage basis, approximately 33. We spend



Do you go down Cellar for your Hot Water

Most people do. It's a habit that goes back to the days when your grandmother went down to the well with a bucket. Today you draw cold water from a tap. It is only when you want ***hot*** water that you return to primitive methods —everything from heating a kettleful on the gas range to stoking a coal-fired heater down cellar.

And yet you *can have* a hot water supply so convenient that the only thing you have to do is turn a faucet. And instead of being limited to the meager contents of a tank—a bath for one or no more than enough for a single laundry tub—you can have an endless supply of hot water from

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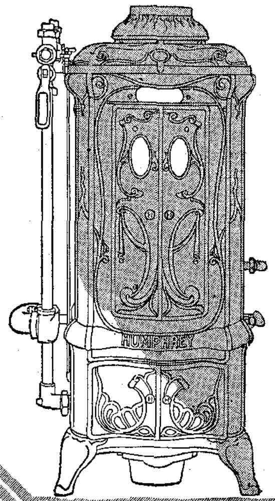
Any Gas Company, Gas Appliance or Plumbing Dealer will gladly explain how you can buy a Humphrey Heater on convenient monthly payments.



Why not add another modern convenience to the many you already enjoy? Humphrey Automatic hot water service will set you free from the annoyance of one more irritating task—from dirt and drudgery, delay and disappointment and the humiliation of "doing without."

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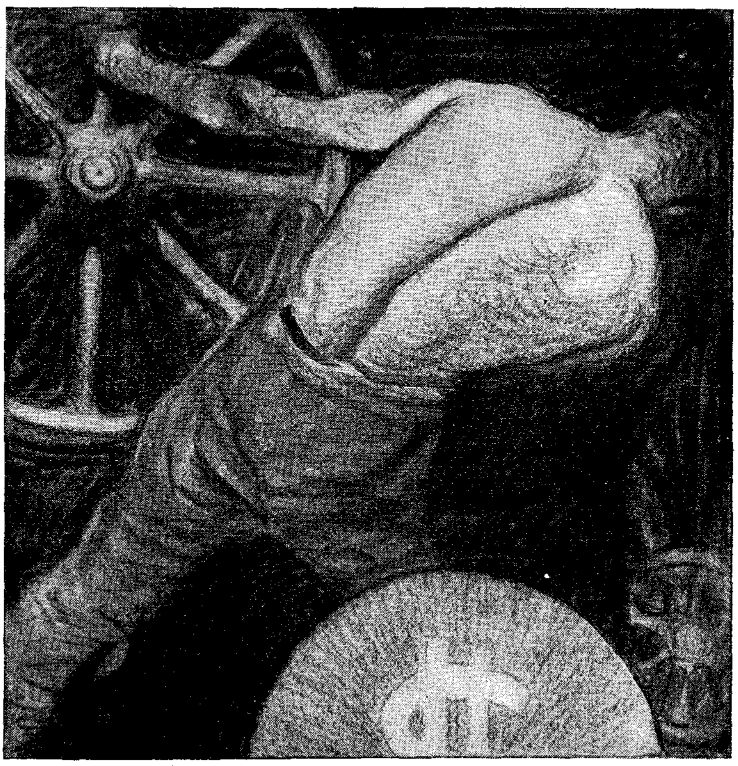

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SCIENCE AND INVENTION
Continued

only 9 per cent. for milk and less than 1 per cent. for cheese. Dr. E. V. McCollum of Johns Hopkins University claims that the nation would be better fed if the percentage of expenditures on meat and dairy products were entirely reversed. A famous Western scientist, with a family of three growing children, consumes between three and four times the amount of cheese and milk used by the average American family.

Not only would an increase in the amount of dairy products consumed be advantageous from the standpoint of nutrition, but it would also be much more economical. Altho we spend approximately 33 per cent. for meat products, we receive only about 20 per cent. of the total caloric value from it. This condition is almost entirely reversed if the grains and dairy products are considered. In other words, we spend the big bulk of our money for meat products and the grain and dairy products are actually feeding the body. An engineer would never consider firing his boilers in this way, but still we go on with this wasteful method of nourishing the body without giving very much thought to it.

A peculiar inconsistency among men who are interested in increasing the consumption of dairy products is that they overlook to a great extent the value of cheese—they talk milk only.

In carrying on the campaign to increase the use of dairy products, the person who uses milk only in the argument is walking on one leg.

GOLD MINES THAT DON'T PAY

TELL the miner how to work low-grade gold deposits and you have solved the problem of the gold-mining industry. So, at any rate, thinks A. W. Allen, assistant editor of *The Engineering and Mining Journal-Press* (New York), who writes in that journal on "The Future of the Low-Grade Gold Mine." He takes as his illustration the old "Yellow Aster" mine, near Randsburg, California, now practically abandoned, altho the ore left in it is estimated to contain over ten million dollars' worth of gold. Presumably the owners have concluded that the methods by which it was worked at the outset, when the ore was rich, do not suffice to show a profit with the residue of low-grade ore. No one wants to spend even $1.01 in getting out a dollar's worth of metal. Mr. Allen thinks that the operators at mines of this kind are in too much of a hurry. Slow leaching out with cyanide solution, percolating through ore heaps by gravity, without expensive machinery, would do the business, he thinks. We read:

> Over the technical reasons for the failure the veil has been drawn. The company, maintaining that the property was badly handled during the latter part of its existence as a producer, refrains from the publication of details. The mine is there, with an estimated reserve of over 6,000,000 tons of ore averaging $1.77. Electric

power at reasonable rates, water, and an ideal plant site are available. The average grade of the ore is low—that much has to be admitted; but is it too much to hope that modern mining methods and improved metallurgical knowledge, particularly in regard to the economical handling of material, may together point a way to the reopening and profitable exploitation of this great mine? A statement of lowness in grade should not act as a deterrent to further interest in the proposition. Metallurgical advance during recent years has centered around the low-grade mine, not around the bonanza that can afford a high operating expense.

The mining problems at the Yellow Aster are no greater than those that have been solved at many other low-grade mines. Large-scale operation is essential to low cost and economic success. Sorting can be performed without expensive re-elevation of rock.

Amalgamation of low-grade ore involves comparatively fine crushing, which is expensive and justified only when the recovery is almost complete or when a part of the cost can be offset by subsequent recovery by wet-chemical methods. The scope for amalgamation in the treatment of a gold ore lies almost entirely in its value as a simple method of impoverishing the pulp before cyanidation is begun.

With an exceedingly low-grade ore, it is obvious that there is no economic possibility of successfully adopting cyanidation after standard amalgamation treatment. What, then, can be done with the residue?

One of the cheapest of commodities is time. Altho, on account of first cost and relative complication of apparatus, prompt treatment is essential when an ore is ground so fine that it must be kept in suspension until discharged as residue, gravity-leaching operators are not so circumscribed. Estimates show that a six-year heap leach at Bisbee will result in the recovery of about 70 per cent. of the copper, which is mostly in large pieces of exceedingly low-grade ore. Has sufficient attention been paid to the time element in the cyanidation of gold ores? Is it not reasonable to assume that the period of contact might be extended far beyond the usual limits? The first cost of plant and the expense of percolation are so low that an almost inappreciable daily extraction would justify the change. The extension of the time of leaching would not necessarily mean the handling of a larger amount per ton treated.

It does not seem to me that amalgamation is the ideal process for so low grade a material; the cost of milling would prove too high. There remains only the consideration of mass leaching with cyanide solution, in large unitary charges, of a product reduced to such a size that a profitable extraction of gold is practicable by gravity percolation.

The future of the gold-mining industry in the United States depends to a large extent on the economical exploitation of low-grade deposits. Bulk leaching of dry-crusted ore was practised successfully in many parts of the world. The profit ranged from 50 to 75 cents per ton, in spite of small-scale operations, the absence of suitable crushing machines and labor-saving appliances, and the lack of development in technique.

It may be suggested that a visiting engineer is unwise to make a tentative recommendation in regard to the economic extraction of gold from an ore without even an elementary first-hand knowledge of its general characteristics or of its probable

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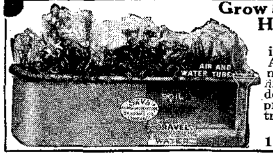

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SCIENCE AND INVENTION

Continued

behavior when treated by wet-chemical methods. However, in consequence of inquiries, I have come to the conclusion that such a method has not been considered by those in control of the technical work at the Yellow Aster, and the suggestion is therefore made in the hope that further discussion might lead to experimentation and research, the cost of which would be small.

POSSIBLE DANGERS IN THE MISUSE OF AUTOSUGGESTION

A DISTINGUISHED French physician, Dr. J. Frumusan, vouched for as an authority by the well-known French magazine, *La Revue Mondiale* (formerly *Revue des Revues*), of Paris, contributes to its pages a valuable article dealing with autosuggestion and kindred topics. He makes use of the striking title "Imponderables in Medicine," a term which stimulates the imagination, and speaking of the imagination, by the way; he adds a postscript dealing particularly with the amiable little druggist of Nancy, whose fame has lately been blown abroad to the four corners of the earth.

Dr. Frumusan opens his article by a vivid depiction of two types of physicians—the first with entirely adequate knowledge and skill, but lacking in what is known as a "good bedside manner," while the other adds to his professional ability those powers of sympathy, of understanding, and of hypnotic suggestion which, through their effect upon the mind of the patient, often turn the balance. It is these things which our author happily terms "imponderable" medicaments, and he makes the penetrating remark that it is the increasing tendency of the physician to consider only the nature of the lesion and to neglect entirely the psychological element in maladies, which has given birth to a vast variety of empirical methods, ranging from magnetism to psychotherapy. The practitioners of these methods are constantly extending the domain of their operations and are undoubtedly successful in relieving pain or curing certain kinds of illness in spite of the errors into which they are frequently led by their lack of medical knowledge and training. We read:

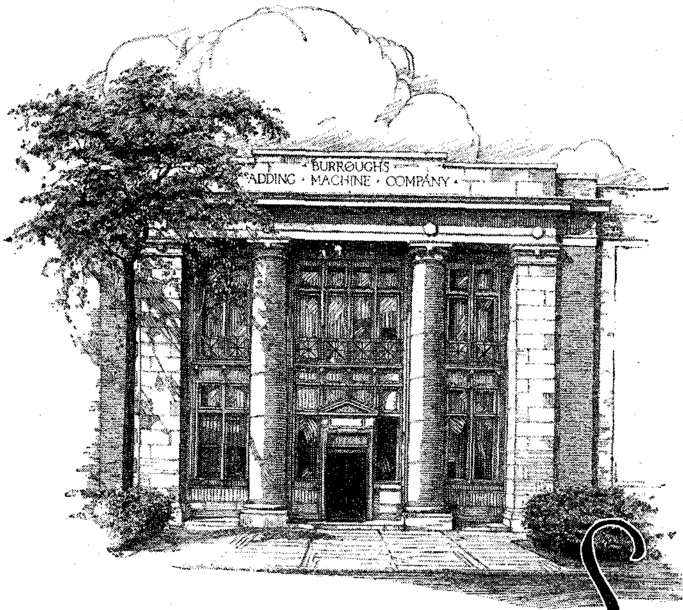
> The great mass of medical men still scorn to apply the irresistible power of the imponderables in therapeutics, in spite of all the victories achieved by modern psychiatrists, including the Saltpêtrière with Charcot, the Nancy School with Liébault and Bernheim, and the remarkable work done by Dr. Paul-Emile Lévy, who was the first to determine clearly the power of autosuggestion upon the imagination and the will.
>
> A veritable crusade has been required to occasion the rediscovery of this mental medication which is really as old as mankind. Save for a few exceptional personalities in the medical profession, who have known how to ally all the resources of their souls with all the arsenal of their knowledge, the physician has disdained to make use of the imponderable.

It is this contempt of authentic physicians for intangible methods of healing, their reliance on the scalpel, the balance, and the microscope alone, which has made it possible for all sorts of charlatans and empiricists to grasp this delicate instrument of mental healing and to misapply it because of their ignorance of the facts and laws of pathology. And yet in spite of such misapplications, this new sort of therapeutics has been making conquest of the world in a most remarkable degree. Dr. Frumusan continues:

> However, psychotherapy is only one of the faces of therapeutics. Every invalid exhibits two series of pathological phenomena, superimposed one upon the other: organic troubles represented by lesions or functional disturbances, and troubles of inhibition, or of mental disequilibrium which aggravate the first by exaggerating and complicating the symptoms. . . . The psychological element grafted upon the pathological element forms an inextricable network which paralyzes the organic defense, sustains and encourages the evil, and increases ten-fold the difficulties of the struggle. It is therefore necessary to make ready, besides the ordinary therapeutic weapons employed to conquer organic disturbances, other arms of a psychological character directed against disorders of the nerve centers. . . .
>
> These are the imponderables, the invisible and all-powerful battalions of the idea, which, penetrating the delicate realms of the conscious mind or the shadowy profundities of the subconscious, operate in one way or another upon the will and the imagination. They disembarrass the organism of that heavy burden which mental disturbances add to functional troubles, and which often renders the cure of chronic maladies so lengthy and deceptive an affair. The power of the imponderables is infinite, not only mastering pain, modifying the dynamics of the cell, controlling the life of the tissues, and intensifying the strength of the elements of defense, but contributing potently to the reestablishment of the physiological equilibrium.
>
> But we must not fall into the contrary sort of exaggeration and believe, as do the empiricists, that that penetrative force of the idea which we term suggestion is all-sufficient to take the place of therapeutic measures. This is the great error of those who accept autosuggestion as a panacea, and who forget that while the mind is capable of contributing much to the progress of a cure in process of operation, it is powerless if the therapeutic measures taken are not suitable to the pathological nature of the case.

In short, the doctor holds that while these two weapons, medical and mental, complement each other admirably in the fight against disease, yet when used separately each is more or less incomplete and fails to exert its fullest favorable effect:

> The physician who is not likewise a psychotherapist is crippled, and his powers are diminished, but far worse is the psychotherapist who is not likewise a physician—a blind man knowing but one path in the immense world of pathology and denying the existence of that vast network of roads



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SCIENCE AND INVENTION
Continued

> which he neither sees nor is able to traverse. A physician who is enthusiastic about his profession has but little trouble in acquiring the elements of mental therapeutics, whereas it is impossible, on the contrary, for the empiricist to complete his equipment with equal ease. The vast science of the human body and its functions is closed to the latter and without the aid of clinical knowledge, of a precise diagnosis, and of efficacious therapeutic treatment, psychotherapy, while often capable of alleviating, rarely cures, and never finds the correct solution of the medical problem.

But Dr. Frumusan then calls attention to an even graver peril involved in the use of psychotherapy by a person ignorant of medical laws and practise. This resides in the fact that the pain it seeks to banish is nearly always, if not invariably, merely a danger signal, flying its flag of warning that something is wrong with the eternal economy. To banish the pain without removing its cause is like extinguishing the red lights that mark the brink of a break in the road:

> To make use of the subconscious powers in all cases, even in those where there is organic lesion, without a knowledge of such lesion and without treating it by suitable therapeutic measures, is often equivalent to stabbing in the back the very patient whom the operator is trying to save

Dr. Frumusan observes that such practitioners could scarcely be easy of conscience if they knew that only too often their efforts to induce autosuggestion anesthetize the nervous system, stifle the warnings of the organism, and paralyze instead of intensifying the means of defense, so that afterward the unprotected organism suffers worse ravages than before:

> For autosuggestion is a miraculous lever which has caused curvature to disappear, has vanquished insomnia, has subjugated pain and has spread over advancing ruins the brilliant cloak of an optimistic imagination. Then, after the lapse of a certain time, the anesthesia of suggestion ceases to act and there is a sudden and cruel awakening. The hidden ravages have silently and rapidly progressed under the shelter of this organic disarmament, until the physician is helpless to stay them. This is why psychotherapy is a dangerous weapon which can be handled advantageously only by the physician.

The essential principles of autosuggestion, which has made such a tremendous stir on both sides of the Atlantic during the past few months, were discovered according to this author half a century ago, by the psychiatrists of Paris and Nancy, while they were admirably formulated and discust as to their psychological, philosophical and therapeutic values, in two works published about twenty-five years ago by Dr. P. E. Lévy, a pupil of Dr. Bernheim of Nancy: "Neurasthenia and Neurosis" and "The Rational Education of the Will and Its Employment in Therapeutics."

In spite of his warning of the perils of the misuse of mental healing, Dr. Frumusan is strongly of the opinion that all medical students should be trained in its applications and taught to consider it as a valuable professional adjunct. He considers that the recent popular clamor concerning it may serve a useful purpose by forcing would-be physicians to be thus equipped. In a postscript he makes answer to the many inquiries which have reached him with regard to the Coué method, saying:

> The pharmacist of Nancy has presented autosuggestion to the crowd in a simple all-embracing formula and with an exaggeration of its power. Regarding him simply as the apostle of an idea, quite ignorant of the subtleties of clinical and pathological studies, he has none the less been of service in awakening this idea which has so long been dormant, save among the mystics of Christian Science, and in attracting the attention of laymen as well as of physicians to the indisputable benefits of psychotherapy. That which physicians, restrained by scientific and professional prudence, have not been able to accomplish, namely, that movement of public opinion which orients the masses and breaks down routine resistances, he has been able to achieve by his limitless confidence in that psychological *credo* which he has printed throughout the world with the conviction of an apostle.

GUIDES TO AMERICAN DESERTS

GUIDE-BOOKS for travelers through desert regions in the Southwest are being prepared and issued by the U. S. Geological Survey. A reviewer in *School Science and Mathematics* (Chicago) notes that to those who have never been on a desert the word conveys the impression of a barren waste incapable of supporting life, a perilous stretch of waterless, lifeless land that separates areas of fertile land on either side of it. The word "desert," however, may have diverse meanings, for some deserts are much more inhospitable than others. He goes on:

> Travel through any wide area of desert is fraught with danger, for in such areas springs, wells and water-holes are few and far between, and our American deserts have, year after year, taken their toll of human life. The recent work of the U. S. Geological Survey in mapping certain desert areas in the Southwest and in erecting at suitable places sign-posts giving directions and distances to springs and water-holes is therefore of special interest. In 1917 the Geological Survey, under authority contained in an act of Congress making a small special appropriation, erected sign-posts in the most dangerous parts of our southwestern deserts, giving directions and distances from watering-place to watering-place. The results of this life-saving work of the Geological Survey are being published in a series of guide-books.
>
> One of these guide-books, the third of the series, by C. P. Ross, has just been published. It describes desert watering-places in the lower Gila region, Arizona,

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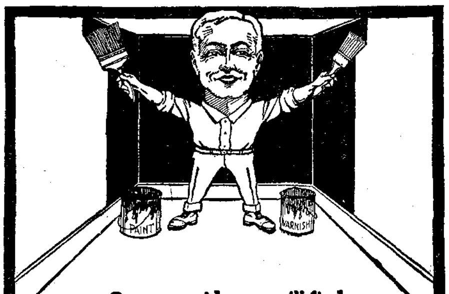

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SCIENCE AND INVENTION

Continued

including approximately the triangular area between Phœnix, Yuma and Parker. It contains three large maps of the region, shaded to indicate the relief and showing the location of the roads, the wells, springs, and other watering-places, and the sign-posts erected by the Geological Survey.

The paper contains detailed logs of the roads in the region, including not only those of the principal automobile routes, but those of branch roads that lead to remote parts of the desert, which are seldom visited and little known. These logs show in heavy type the points at which water can be obtained. There is also a list of watering-places, with brief information as to their location and availability.

The introductory part of the guide-book contains detailed information regarding difficulties encountered in traveling through the desert and suggestions for surmounting them. Any one who intends to travel in this region should consult one of these guide-books. Copies of this publication, which is numbered Water-Supply Paper 490-C, and entitled, "Routes to Desert Watering Places in the Lower Gila Region, Arizona," have been sent to the post-offices, the chambers of commerce, and the principal hotels and garages in the region, and can be consulted at many of these places.

WHAT HAPPENS WHEN YOUR "FOOT'S ASLEEP"

"PARESTHESIA" is what the doctors call it—that extremely disagreeable prickly or tingling sensation that some call "pins and needles"—a feeling as if one were taking a shock from an electric battery. Tho apparently simple, it is really quite a complicated affair, we are told by an editorial writer in the *Lancet* (London). It is similar to pain; and yet it is not pain, but something more diffuse, often with a background of numbness. In the simplest instances, we are told, the phenomenon is caused by a milder stimulus than that occasioning pain; when the "crazy bone" is prest tingling results, whereas a knock on it will produce pain. Again, when one leg is crossed over the other, if the edge of a chair exerts pressure on the back of the thigh, tingling ensues in the sciatic nerve, and the segment of the limb is often said to have "gone to sleep." We read further:

> In such commonplace examples of the symptom we can not be sure that the pressure exerted on the nerve trunk is not simultaneously interfering with the circulation. For the interpretation we believe this question of disturbance of nerve-trunk circulation to be of the first importance. One of the ordinary types of minor complaint, as seen in the out-patient department of a large hospital, is recognizable by its appearance in elderly hard-working people whose hands are often lined and cracked by scrubbing and cleaning and frequent immersion in water. During the working hours little is noticed, but as the hours of rest and sleep come on intolerable "pins and needles" develop in the upper limbs, forcing the sufferer to seek relief in constant movement and change of position. Such patients nearly always show early signs of arterial degeneration. Once circulation is established by the ordinary activities of the day the paresthesia disappears. Other instances of paresthesia derived from the circulatory element will readily occur. Again, paresthesia is the usual accompaniment of any variety of neural infection
>
> *Study of the subject, then, indicates complexity in so banal a complaint as "pins and needles"; we are to suppose that pressure, or circulatory disorder, or infection in some fashion impairs neural conductivity; the result in consciousness is a state of numbness or of paresthesia, or of both simultaneously. For the unraveling of any unusual case, therefore, due attention must be given to a variety of considerations, and detailed information obtained as to the behavior of the symptoms under a variety of conditions.*

DEAD SPOTS IN THE ETHER

THE U. S. Bureau of Standards is trying to determine the cause of "dead spots" in the ether which seem to form an almost impenetrable barrier between a number of cities in the United States. So far as radio transmission is concerned, the New York *Times* says that Montreal hears Philadelphia concerts clearly, but that sections of New York State which lie between can not hear the Quaker City music with any intensity. Philadelphians have trouble in hearing Newark and New York and stations as loud as KDKA at Pittsburgh. A pronounced "dead spot" is reported to exist in the ether tract between Baltimore and Washington, D. C "Dead spots" are thought to be caused by partial absorption of the Hertzian waves. We read:

> Ship stations in Long Island Sound find it difficult to establish satisfactory communication with shore stations on the Atlantic side of the island, altho the widest point across the island is only forty miles. When ships are close to the Jersey coast much difficulty is experienced in establishing radio contact with New York if the distance is over sixty miles. Listeners in Atlantic City report trouble in picking up loud signals from Philadelphia and New York. It is thought that this may be due to the sandy nature of the soil, which contains metallic particles which have a tendency to absorb the electro-magnetic waves. It is known that sand dunes produce a shielding effect.
>
> Signals from Pittsburgh are said to be feeble when they reach Cleveland, and a similar condition exists between Boston and the western section of Massachusetts. It is the opinion of some who have studied the situation that iron deposits in the Monson district serve as a shield and decrease the Boston signal strength in western Massachusetts. Since the early days of wireless it has been thought that the hills and mountains absorb and deflect the Hertzian waves. The Naval radio station at Otter Cliffs, Bar Harbor, Maine, is located in a sort of pocket formed by two mountains. This station is noted for reliable reception from European stations and from ships at sea. Distress calls originating 900 miles east of Bermuda have been picked up at Otter Cliffs when no other station along the Atlantic Coast seemed to hear the S O S. Experts advanced the theory that ore deposits in the mountains acted as a "back-stop" for the

Queen Anne or Mary Ann

A Queen Anne front and a Mary Ann back—that's the way a house built all for show is described. To the street it puts up a handsome front—fresh, white paint and smooth green lawns.

Go around to the back, and you get another story.

There are many Queen Anne Towns—

the main business and residence streets are clean and shining. Well-kept parks and squares are show places. But go around to the back streets—to the alleys, to the vacant lots—and you get another story. Rubbish heaps, tin cans, refuse, dirty stables and stagnant water are breeding places for disease carriers.

The Three FFF's

"The three F's in the transfer of disease are *Flies, Food* and *Fingers*," says a leading sanitarian. He considers a knowledge of the three F's more important than the old curriculum of three R's.

Flies—The common house fly—bred in filth—carries on its legs thousands of germs. The fly lights on your baby—leaving its deadly germs. It gets into milk—poisoning it.

Food—Food handled by unclean hands; food exposed to dirt and flies, becomes contaminated, and may plant the germs of disease directly in the human system.

Fingers—The fingers collect germs and dirt from stair rails, from car straps, from shoes, rubbers, from ordinary objects in every day use. And the fingers are constantly making trips to the mouth.

A town can be clean—

only as its back streets are clean. The disease bred in dirty places is ever a menace to the big house on the hill. So however clean the street and however good *your* neighborhood, you cannot protect your family from malaria, typhoid fever, tuberculosis, spinal meningitis, hook worm, and other germ diseases except by making the back of your town as clean and sanitary as its front.

As a City Father—

don't stop with having dirt and danger removed from one spot to another. That is not *cleaning-up*. That is only *stirring*-up. You should see that rubbish and germ-breeding material are not only collected from every spot in the town but that they are burned—destroyed forever.

For germs travel—

some in water; some in milk; some by air; thousands use the common house fly as an airship. Others hop with the flea. Some of the most dangerous come with the sting of a mosquito, while your ten fingers are the favorite transport of many, many thousands from anywhere and everywhere direct to your mouth.

Stamp out disease—

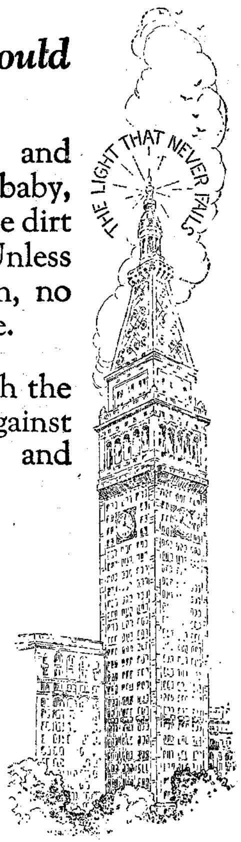
by cleaning-up dirt and filth where disease germs breed.

Be one in your town to start a great town-cleaning drive this Spring. Get your neighbors interested in making your town a safe place in which to live. Help to teach those in the careless house the value of sanitation.

Every City Mother should remember—

that the snow-white house and nursery she provides for her baby, may be made dangerous by the dirt from the unclean places. Unless all of a community is clean, no part of it *can* be entirely safe.

Start the war on dirt today with the world's greatest weapons against disease—*Fire, Soap, Water* and *Vigor*.


THE LIGHT THAT NEVER FAILS

Figures show that wherever the Sanitarian holds sway, disease has been lessened, the death rate cut down, and the average life lengthened.

In the interests of its policyholders the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company wages perpetual warfare upon the carriers and breeding places of disease germs. In 1922 it conducted 440 Community Clean-Up Campaigns.

The 17,000 Agents of the Metropolitan are 17,000 Champions of Community Cleanliness and Sanitation. Health Boards and civic bodies everywhere are calling on them for help in carrying on Clean-Up Days and Clean-Up Weeks.

Have a great Spring Cleaning in Your Town, too! Let the Metropolitan Agents in their daily round of visits to the homes of policyholders, help you to enlist your householders in the Campaign.

Don't wait to swat the fly—stamp out her breeding places. Keep highways and byways clean. Build a big Spring bonfire. Let it spread until the dirt from every corner is burned—not just moved from your premises to somewhere else.

Ask the Metropolitan Agent how to do your part. He will be glad to help you. The Company will be glad to send "Clean-Up" literature to public agencies, to town authorities and to householders.

HALEY FISKE, *President*

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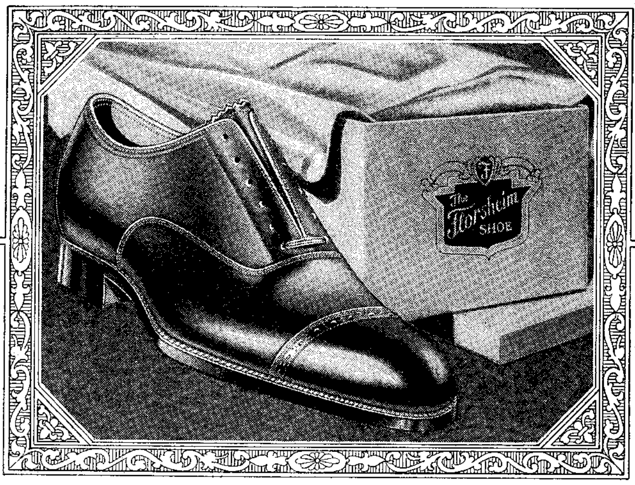
The FLORSHEIM SHOE

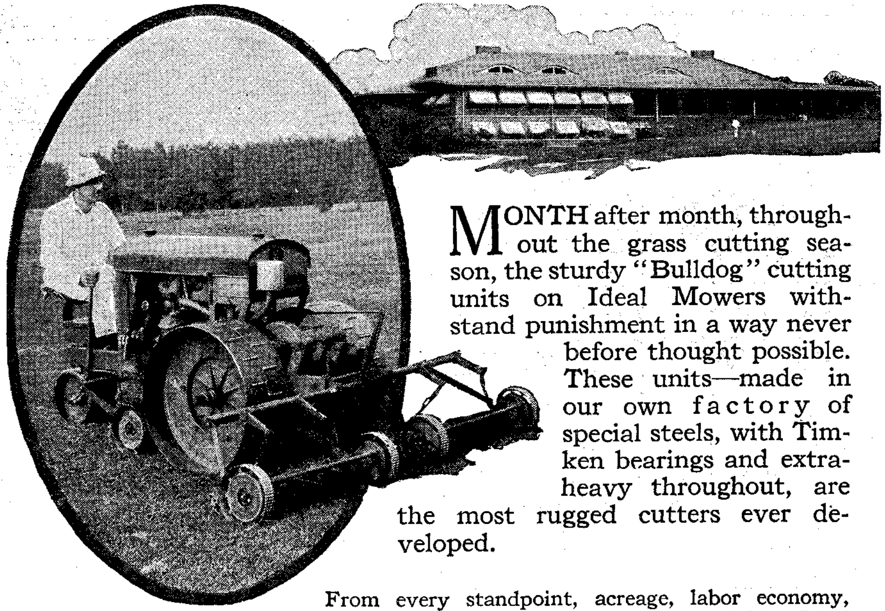


To wear FLORSHEIM SHOES is to enjoy the best there is in shoemaking—comfort—good looks—long service. No shoe can give you greater satisfaction.

Most Styles $10
Look for Name in Shoe
BOOKLET "STYLES OF THE TIMES" ON REQUEST

THE FLORSHEIM SHOE COMPANY
Manufacturers · CHICAGO

The Beverly — FOR THE MAN WHO CARES — The Florsheim SHOE — *Style M-113*



MONTH after month, throughout the grass cutting season, the sturdy "Bulldog" cutting units on Ideal Mowers withstand punishment in a way never before thought possible. These units—made in our own factory of special steels, with Timken bearings and extra-heavy throughout, are the most rugged cutters ever developed.

From every standpoint, acreage, labor economy, freedom from repairs and service available, Ideal Triplex Mowers are supreme in their field. That's why they are replacing others on leading American golf courses, estates and parks.

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Dealers in all Principal Cities (38)

Ideal Junior and 30-inch mowers for the care of greens and for mowing club-house lawns.

IDEAL
Power Lawn Mowers

SCIENCE AND INVENTION
Continued

waves, deflecting them to the antennæ in the valley.

When a wave-length is eight to fourteen miles long "dead spots" seem to cause little interference. Such a wave is comparatively long compared to steel structures, and for this reason it is thought they do not obstruct the wave's path to such a great extent.

One theory given to account for "dead spots," chiefly the one supposed to exist between Washington and Baltimore, is that numerous high-tension cables and conduits absorb the radio impulses. Yet, despite the great network of high-tension lines radiating from Niagara Falls, listeners in that locality find it ideal for reception of radio concerts from all directions.

The most plausible theory to explain "dead spots" seems to be the presence of mineral deposits in the hills and mountains. However, the direction in which the transmitting aerial and the receiving antenna points has a great deal to do with the strength of signals from different stations. Ships have been known to receive strong signals from distant stations when suddenly a shift in the course would point the antenna in a different direction and the signals would become faint. If the antenna extends east and west with the lead-in taken off the western end, it will be most suitable for reception from the west. Imagination coupled with the directional effect of the antenna has helped many radio listeners to have a vision of "dead spots" in the ether.

TREATMENT FOR ELECTRIC SHOCK

DOES a powerful electric shock put an end to life by stopping the heart, by interfering with the blood-flow or by paralyzing the respiratory organs? All these theories have been maintained, we are told by a contributor to *The Scientific American* (New York), and methods of treatment based on each have been advised and practised with more or less success. Whichever is true, it appears probable that lives may be saved in all cases by prompt and appropriate action, including the proper administration of therapeutic currents, direct massage of the heart or diaphragm, and artificial respiration. The writer says:

> There are two general opinions regarding the mechanism of electrical death. Up to very recently it has been held quite commonly that death is produced by that part of the current that flows through the heart and stops its regular functioning. What appears much more likely is that the heart ventricle is vibrated or dilated, stopping the flow of blood through the body, so that the important organs are actually suffocated for want of blood.
>
> A new theory of the mechanism of death by electricity has, however, been gaining considerable popularity during the past few years, and this theory holds that death by electricity is but one of the forms of the so-called "apparent" death, in all or in the majority of cases. The strong electric current paralyzes only the respiratory organs, and if the victim is not given immediate first-aid treatment the condition of

apparent death changes to one of actual death.

The important feature of the new theory is that when the proper means of resuscitation are taken, relief can be secured in all cases. This leads to the conclusion that hope should never be given up in any case of electric shock.

Recently a very exhaustive investigation was made of the mechanism of death by electricity by Professor Borrutau of the University of Berlin. He found undoubted proof of the fact that the electric current, in coursing through the body, produced vibration effects in the heart and resulted in death thereby. However, while in the case of smaller animals it was possible to remove the effects of the vibration again—this was accomplished by repeated passage of the electric current through the body—in the case of the larger animals and man, this could not be accomplished; there was consequently no means available for preventing death.

Similarly an investigation of numerous accidental electrocutions led to the conclusion that death occurred in such cases through paralysis of the heart.

As far as resuscitation of victims of electrical shock is concerned, Professor Borrutau holds that artificial respiration has no effect on the heart, which has been subjected to violent vibration. On the other hand, the chest cavity must be opened and the heart may be caused to beat once again by massaging it between the hands. The process may be simplified by opening the abdominal cavity, so as to be able to massage and knead both the heart and the diaphragm at one and the same time.

This method requires the entire equipment of aseptic surgery to carry it out, and in most cases the method can not be applied until too late.

However, experimentation and investigation have revealed that there are more practical means of resuscitation available. The electric current, which produced the apparent death in the first place, is, strange to say, used again to bring the victim back to life again. The vibrated heart is made to beat once more in normal fashion Of course, the resuscitation current is not of the same kind as the current which caused the electric shock. Resuscitation takes place through the medium of a high-voltage alternating current, which itself does not possess the property of causing vibration in the heart. Likewise, the single discharge of condensers may be used for this purpose.

Similarly, the conclusion is reached that apparent death, produced through electric shock, may be remedied through other means. Artificial respiration is recommended for this purpose. If the victim has not been left long after the electric shock has occurred, such a procedure may result in success. There are cases reported where life was brought back after five-hour-long artificial respiration. It is to be hoped that further experimentation will be made along these lines to develop a method of resuscitation, which may be applied with success in the great majority of cases of electric shock. It is of prime importance that the method be simple and easily applied, involving no great amount of apparatus or equipment, and that some aid be rendered the victim on the spot where the accident occurred. The comparatively large number of cases of electric shock makes such a development of great importance, and it is to be hoped that more attention will be paid to this matter.

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Fifty jumps without stopping! Can she do it? Has she the endurance?

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One important cause of the malnutrition is deficient foods—foods that lack the vital element which is found in such great abundance in Yeast Foam Tablets.

Have your children start eating these tablets today. They're unexcelled for poor appetite, indigestion, and for helping change food into robust strength and vigorous health.

Yeast Foam Tablets are not a medicine; they are a pure, wholesome, palatable, tonic food made of selected yeast. For this reason and because our yeast doesn't cause gas, it is *safe* for children as well as adults.

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YOU cannot always have clusters of luscious ripe grapes to lend their goodness to your meals.

But there is Welch's. Appetite is whetted by its tart-sweet taste. There is health, too, in its refreshing goodness. For Welch's is just the pure juice of choicest grapes, ripened by the sun and stored by Nature with food and appetizing qualities. It may be served at any meal. Children like it at the hungry in-between times.

Serve Welch's as a table beverage all the year round. Many delicious desserts can be made with Welch's, too.

Get Welch's from your grocer, druggist or confectioner. Sold in quart, pint and individual bottles.

The Welch Grape Juice Company, Westfield, N.Y.

Makers of Grapelade, Welch's Tomato
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"THE NATIONAL DRINK"

SCIENCE AND INVENTION
Continued

DIFFICULTIES OF ARCTIC MINING

THE failure of a promising attempt to exploit the ample coal resources of an Arctic island—Spitzbergen—is described in the book, "America in Spitzbergen," by Nathan Haskell Dole. We quote below from a review by T. A. Rickard, printed in *The Engineering and Mining Journal-Press* (New York). The book tells of "the courageous and intelligent attempt" made by John M. Longyear, of Marquette, Michigan, to work the coal deposits; quoting freely from his diaries. Advent Bay, where the coal-mine is situated, is 550 miles from Tronsö, the chief port of northern Norway. To quote Mr. Rickard's summary:

> In 1901 Mr. Longyear, with his family, traveled on an excursion steamer to the North Cape and Spitzbergen. His diary records the fact that he heard of men that were prospecting for coal. In 1903 he went to Spitzbergen and obtained samples of the coal, which proved to be a high-grade semi-bituminous product. In 1906 the Arctic Coal Company was registered in West Virginia by Mr. Longyear and his partner, Frederick Ayer, of Boston. One-seventh of the stock was held by the Norwegian syndicate from which the property had been acquired. A good start was made, but already many of the troubles that hampered operations during ensuing years were in evidence: the drink curse, which made the workmen inefficient and disorderly, the difficulty of getting things done promptly and properly, the exasperating stupidity of officials, the Norwegian unfriendliness to American enterprise, and the uncertainty of title, due to the political status of Spitzbergen. In 1910 the company was threatened by trespassers, and began to realize that it had aroused antagonism by locating too large an area. During that season 121 men were employed, of whom only six were miners. This suggests one of the obstacles to success, the scale of the operations being too small in proportion to the overhead expenditure.
>
> In 1911 Scott Turner, formerly on the editorial staff of *The Mining and Scientific Press*, became manager. He took hold in characteristic fashion. By that time $430,853 had been spent in the purchase, equipment, and development of the mine. The expectation was to develop an enterprise capable of making sales of 200,000 tons of coal per annum. In 1913 the production was 37,678 tons. Writing in his diary in 1914, Mr. Longyear said: "The industrial conditions are very peculiar. . . . We get enough of the scum of the earth to keep things stirred up all the time. Its inaccessibility for nine months every year is one mighty important one that calls for great strength of character and poise on the part of the men on whom the responsibility falls. Every resource of mind and strength is called upon during the long winter. More or less insanity crops up in the long, dark night, and gruesome things happen. . . . An industrial enterprise in the Arctic is no joke." The war, of course, upset everything. The force at the mine was reduced by half, and the staff was cut down in proportion. All development work was stopt. Supplies were scarce,

mails were seized, machinery was unprocurable, and conditions generally made operations almost impossible. Nevertheless an output of 44,000 tons of coal was made during the winter and up to July of 1914. Only 17,692 tons, however, was shipped. It was decided to close down the mine and not to attempt any work during the coming winter. Negotiations for a sale were started with several parties, and on September 1, 1916, the property was sold to a Norwegian syndicate. The cash proceeds of the sale amounted to $404,000, as against a total expenditure of a little more than a million dollars. The stock in the new company had a par value of $522,000, but what its real value was, or is, we are not told. Mr. Ayer died in 1918 and Mr. Longyear only a year ago. Their coal enterprise in Spitzbergen did not succeed because the lack of a government and the obstructive tactics of the Norwegians imposed many difficulties; other obstacles were the shortness of the season, the difficulties of transport, and the small output of coal in proportion to the general expense. Those in control set 200,000 tons as the scale of production that would be profitable. That point was never reached. Nevertheless, Mr. Longyear's friends, and more particularly his devoted wife, are right in looking upon this Arctic adventure as worthy of honorable remembrance. It exhibited Mr. Longyear's ability as a leader of men, his power to win the cordial cooperation of a series of energetic and resourceful young American engineers, his humane treatment of employees, his sagacity in business affairs, and his courage as a pioneer in one of the waste places of the earth.

HOW WE GET HURT

THINKING "safety-first" is the only remedy for industrial accidents. We can guard against only a very few by mechanical devices. Protection must be by education so thorough that it gets into the subconsciousness of all of us. So says Frank E. Morris, safety engineer for the Liberty Mutual Insurance Co. in a recent address under the auspices of the Massachusetts Safety Council. Our quotations are from a report in *The National Safety News* (Chicago). Mr. Morris tells us that out of an average group of 25,000 people we can predict that 21 will be accidentally killed during the next twelve months. We can go even further, he says, and foretell the ways in which they will probably meet death. Here we have it:

> Four will be killed by automobiles, three by falls, two by burns, one by firearms, one by machinery and the rest by other causes. One of the four killed by automobiles will probably be a child under nine years old, and one of the three killed by falls is likely to be a person over seventy-five years old. The number of innocent children sacrificed on the altar of fire every year is so great that we can predict with almost absolute certainty that one of the two to die of burns will be a child under five years old.
>
> In order to reduce the number of accidents it is evident that teaching safe practises is the big remedy. These men injured by machines were practically the only ones who could have been saved by the installation of guards. We can also assume that out of the twenty-three men injured by machinery, sixteen received

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Every ScotTissue Towel contains millions of soft Thirsty Fibres, which absorb four times their weight in water. They make ScotTissue the quickest-drying, most satisfactory towels made.

ScotTissue Towels are *preferred* by those who realize that physically clean hands are a factor in commercial good will—that clean hands are one of those unmistakably noticeable details that typify a house in order.

These gratefully soft, white ScotTissue Towels, with their millions of minute, thread-like filaments of thirsty fibres are delightfully clean, dry and sanitary—never touched by human hands until they touch yours. Each towel is used but once, then thrown away. Its soothing, quick-drying touch removes moisture from dripping hands instantly, thoroughly, safely.

Don't deny yourself, any longer, the comfort and convenience of these modern office towels. Buy a carton to-day from your stationer, druggist or department store, 40c a carton of 150 towels (50c in Canada). Less by the case of 3750 towels. Or, we will send you (prepaid) the towels or $5 outfit, upon receipt of price. Try the Handy Pack of 25 Towels for 10c.

Don't confuse ScotTissue Towels with harsh, non-absorbent paper towels. Remember, it isn't Thirsty-Fibre unless it bears the name ScotTissue.

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PERMANENT ENAMEL BAKED ON STEEL

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In a vast series of electric ovens, especially designed and built by Dodge Brothers' engineers for this process, three distinct coats of black enamel are successively baked on the steel at an intensely high temperature.

The result is a finish so hardy and durable that it seldom requires more than a good cleaning and polishing to restore the original brightness.

Even in sections of the Southwest where alkali in the soil is especially destructive to body finishes, Dodge Brothers enamel retains its beautiful lustre after years of wear.

DODGE BROTHERS

their injuries at the point of operation, and on many machines these points can not be guarded efficiently. I am convinced that eighty-five out of "the last hundred men who went to the plant hospital" could have been saved only by safety education.

This shows only the frequency of accidents, not the severity. We have not compared the length of time lost by each of these men who were hurt by falling objects with the time lost by those who were injured by vehicles. The records show that a vehicle accident lays a man up about three times as long as does an accident where a man is injured by a falling object. The vehicle accident might be a foot crusht by a motor truck and the other might be a scalp wound caused by a wrench falling from a stepladder.

Men do not get hurt voluntarily, yet each one of the 118,000 men who incurred the injuries listed in this report did something to make the accident possible. There are certain trade risks that can hardly be entirely eliminated. A mysterious explosion, a hidden flaw in a steel casting, or the breaking of a chain may cause accidents that perhaps could not have been foreseen.

We can be very liberal with excuses for these hundred men who have been injured, but there will still be eighty-five of them who are at least partly to blame for their injuries.

Why did these eighty-five men get hurt? Mr. Morris asks. Simply because they hadn't been trained to think "Safety First." We hear this slogan constantly, but do we really understand its meaning? If safety is first, what is second? "Safety First" means just this: think first about your safety, second about your job. Your coal supply and other matters are of less importance. He goes on:

If you were to visit the hospital where these men are confined, each man would probably confess to you that he was thinking of something else besides his safety and his job at the moment when the accident occurred.

This weakness is not confined to those who work with their hands, nor to any particular territory or nationality. Carelessness is one of the most contagious diseases in America to-day, and at the present rate of increase it will soon be one of the most fatal diseases.

We can't put guards on the minds of these eighty-five men, and how can we train them to think of their safety first? Some one must train these workers in careful habits, and that is no task for a kindergarten teacher. To guide men whose habits are more or less firmly fixt requires patience, tact and resourcefulness. The only man in your plant who can do it is the foreman. To eliminate chance-taking in an organization, the safety engineers and the foremen must get together and see to it that they all do their part in eliminating this waste.

The scrap-pile in a mill yard is an indicator of the efficiency of the plant. But picture, if you can, the human scrap-pile of an industry that is not interested in safety.

RADIO IN THE LIGHTHOUSE

KEEPERS of lighthouses and lightships have now something to sustain them in their lonely lives besides an "undying sense of duty," we are told by Albert J. Fieldson, writing in *The Radio World* (New York). Radio has brought them into communication with the great world without. It is fairly well agreed, writes Mr. Fieldson, that where men are called upon to perform rigorous and exacting service there should be some means provided for healthy and needed reaction. The Lighthouse Service solved one problem by giving the light-tenders along the coast liberal shore leave. Until the radiophone came along, however, it could not solve the problem of occasional diversion while the lonely sentinels of the deep were on duty. Now that the radiophone is here with its myriad attractions, the Lighthouse Service has lost no time in bringing it into play, not only for intercommunication between lighthouses and lightships, but also for the entertainment of the man or men on duty. We read:

> With this latest addition to their already powerful apparatus, the big lighthouses and lightvessels will have as comprehensive an array of instruments as any station ashore. The Fire Island lightship outside of New York, for example, has a complete telegraph and telephone transmitter, and an up-to-date regenerative receiver with amplifying unit complete. It has also a radio beacon device, with which it can throw radio waves in one direction much in the same manner as the lamp on its foremast throws out rays of light.
>
> All lightships, however, are not so well equipped as the one guarding the approach to the busiest harbor in the world. To some lightships, the radiophone will come as a boon, and will be the first radio apparatus of any kind to come on board. Think of those lonely old ex-mariners sitting in wonderment before a radio outfit, and you have one of the most interesting pictures the science can give. The almost continuous concerts coming from broadcasting stations in New York or its vicinity have made life something more than the undying sense of duty so marked in these men.

Not only the lighthouses and lightvessels offshore need the radiophone. It often happens that stations within sight of land are cut off from the shore for months at a time. Even the government tenders are unable to reach the station with provisions and supplies. During these long periods the keeper needs a cheering word now and then, and there is no better way to give it to him than by way of the radiophone. We read further:

> Rather early in the history of radio communication, the value of wireless on board lightvessels was demonstrated by two trial outfits placed on board two lightships in the English Channel. At that time, radio was good for short distances only, thirty-six miles then standing as the record distance. This was in 1898, while Marconi was carrying on his now famous experiments before the post-office officials in Great Britain.
>
> The set at East Goodwin lightship had not been installed more than sixty days when a heavy sea struck the lightship and tore part of her bulwarks away. The mishap, the first ever to be reported by wireless,

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SCIENCE AND INVENTION
Continued

was repaired in record time. This was in January, 1899, and as if the incident were not enough fully to demonstrate the value of the radio equipment, the *East Goodwin* had the misfortune to be run down by the S. S. *R. F. Matthews* on March 3 of the same year. This accident, seriously endangering the lives of the crew, was reported by wireless to the South Foreland Lightship, and lifeboats were promptly dispatched to the rescue.

In the interval, the other radio set, which had been placed on South Foreland, had not been idle. She had sustained no accidents, but the first message to go across the Straits of Dover was sent from that station, and received in France at Chalet d'Artois, Wimereaux, near Boulogne. It sounds insignificant in the light of present-day progress, but at that time the spanning of the channel was considered a feat. Altho the distance was not greater than the thirty-six mile record, yet it was the connecting of France and England without visible wires, and the wonder of the day.

EARLY SOUTH AMERICAN IN MISSOURI

A PREHISTORIC female from Missouri has created a stir in science circles, according to Science Service's *Daily Science News Bulletin* (Washington). Dr. Ales Hrdlicka, anthropologist of the U. S. National Museum, has just received a deformed skull, discovered in a small cave near Noel, Missouri, which suggests a people earlier than any known Indians of that section and connected with tribes found in South America. The shape and markings on the skull, Dr. Hrdlicka says, indicate that the deformation was produced by tying a circular band about the head of the new-born infant. Thousands of skulls treated in this way have been found in Peru and Bolivia, but this is the third so far discovered on this continent. The Aymara people, contemporaries of the Incas of Peru and still found in that country, made this head-tying a custom. We read:

The treatment of the head in this way, Dr. Hrdlicka pointed out, was to produce a low-browed effect, which these people evidently considered superior to the normal head. The pressure caused the head to be low-browed but the growing brain made the skull bulge out toward the back. This desire for a low brow probably originated in some religious belief. These people were probably trying to imitate in their young the head-form of some animal which they regarded as superior or sacred. Later the binding may have become merely a custom associated with the belief in the superiority of the low, long skull. None of the historic or late prehistoric Indians of Missouri had this head-binding custom as far as is known. The fact that one of the two deformed skulls previously found in North America was from Vancouver Island and the other from near Lexington, Missouri, is taken to indicate the wide distribution of these people, whom Dr. Hrdlicka estimates were here more than a thousand years ago. Dr. Hrdlicka will not speculate yet on the connection of these skulls with Aymara people of South America, which may prove highly important.

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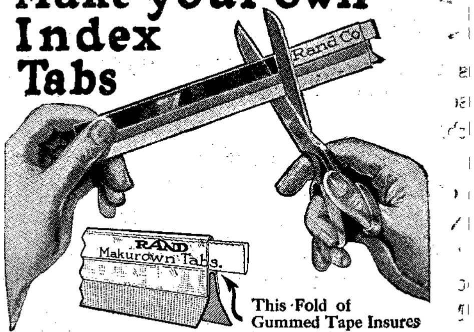

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THE AGE OF THE AIRSHIP

REAT dirigible balloons, like the German Zeppelins, and not the wifter and more sensational airplanes, will olve the general problem of aerial transport, inks C. B. Burgess, one of the world's remost airship engineers, now attached o the Bureau of Aeronautics of the U. S. Navy. In an article on "The Dawn of a New Era in Passenger Transportation," contributed to *The Aerial Age* (New York), Mr. Burgess tells us in what respects the dirigible is superior to the plane, and why its advantages favor the construction of ery large "ships," and their use where it is desired to carry a considerable number of passengers with safety. The airplane, like the bird, he says, is swift, but limited n size, while to the airship there appears o be almost no limit of dimensions except nancial considerations. He goes on:

> With the airplane, increasing size offers no gain in economy of power, for at a iven speed, the engine power required is irectly proportional to the weight of the irplane and its load. Moreover, the useful oad which an airplane can sustain is found o be less in proportion to the gross weight very large machines than in smaller ones. nally, the difficulties of landing and the ecessary size of the landing-field are found o increase with the dimensions of the airlane, so that the dangers entailed in a orced landing increase also.
>
> For the airship, on the other hand, he advantages of increasing dimensions re manifold. The buoyancy derived from air is directly proportional to the ume of the airship, and the volume in rn proportional to the product of three dimensions, length, breadth and depth. Thus, if we double the dimensions of an irship we get eight times as much buoyncy or lift. The lift derived from a wing proportional to the area, and this is proortional to only two dimensions, so that to ouble the dimensions of an airplane gives nly four times the lift. The resistance of ither an airship or an airplane is also proportional to the area, so that to double he dimensions of either type of aircraft is to multiply the resistance and the power aborbed by four. It follows that with inreasing size the airship becomes more conomical in power and fuel consumption, and also less bulky in proportion to its weight, compared with the airplane. Fially, increasing size has for the airship the dvantage of reducing the proportion of he structural and machinery weight to he gross weight. It is clear, therefore, hat merely by the expedient of increasing he dimensions, it is possible to increase indefinitely the useful load, the speed, and he range of flight without refueling an airship, while in the airplane increase in ize presents no such advantages.
>
> All history teaches that facility of communication is one of the most potent physical aids to the progress of civilization. The development of aircraft gives to the world not only the most rapid of all means of transportation, but also, for the first ime, it is possible to voyage in all direcions almost regardless of terrain, and independently of permanent ways. By analogy of history, aircraft should minister o new strides of civilization.
>
> The new era will fail, however, to fulfil ts bright promises unless safety can be assured. It appears impossible that the danger of forced landings in airplanes can

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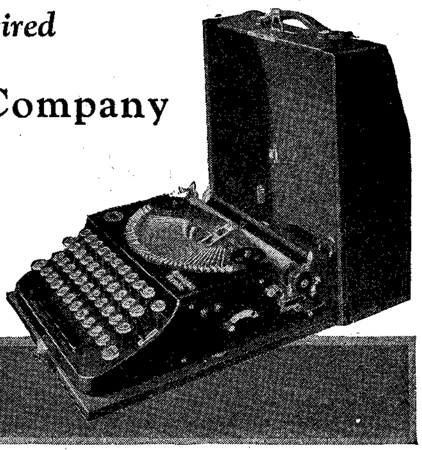

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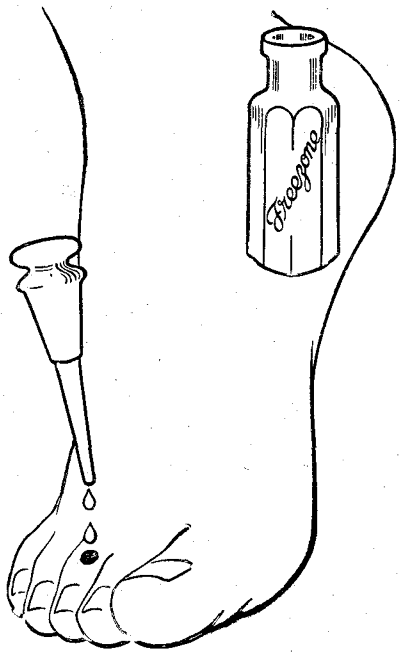

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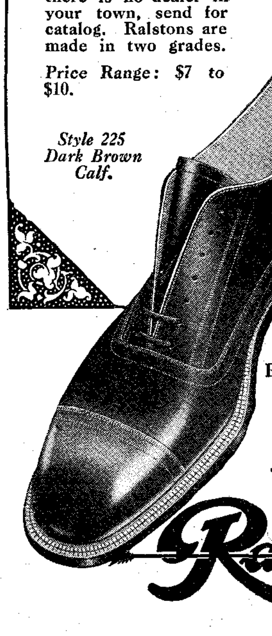

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SCIENCE AND INVENTION

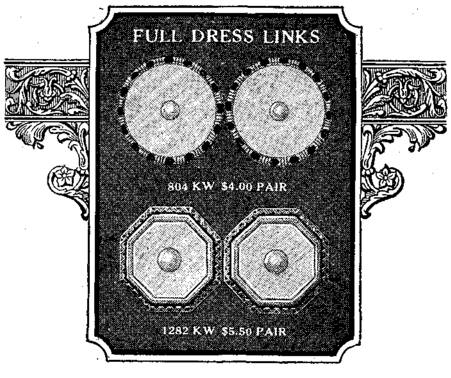
Continued

ever be wholly eliminated, and the forced landing of a large passenger-carrying plane in darkness or fog on anything but on a favorable terrain is unpleasant to contemplate. The large airship, on the other hand, may have a dozen or more engines and be capable of good speed with only a third of them in operation, so that the danger of a forced landing due to engine trouble is eliminated.

It is sometimes thought that the airship resembles a toy balloon and collapses when punctured. This is only true of the small non-rigid airship consisting of an envelop of fabric maintained in shape by gas pressure. The large rigid airships developed in Germany, and later in England, have structures of aluminum alloy and steel wire, which maintain the form independently of the gas pressure. Within this structure there is a multiplicity of gas-bags like the water-tight compartments of a ship, so that the complete loss of gas in one, or even in several bags, may be compensated for by discharge of ballast or fuel, and by no means entails a forced landing. Moreover, the gas pressure in these bags is so low and the volume of the gas so great that the rate of loss of gas through a fairly large vent is small, and affords ample time to effect emergency repairs while in flight by application of an adhesive patch to the wound. Even if a forced landing should occur with an airship, the fact that it can be made at no speed, instead of from 45 to 60 miles an hour, necessary with an airplane, means that injury to the passengers is unlikely, altho the airship herself may subsequently break up if the wind is strong and a large number of men to hold her are not available.

The recent loss of the British rigid airship *R-34* bears eloquent testimony to the safety of travel in such airships. By an error in navigation the *R-34* collided violently with a mountain in the darkness of the night. For an airplane this disaster would probably have involved the death or serious injury of all on board. In the *R-34* the crew were unhurt, but the airship suffered structural damage and three of the five engines were placed out of action. Crippled as she was, and against strong adverse winds, the *R-34* made her way back to her base, which she reached about twelve hours after the accident. A successful landing was made, but owing to the violence of the wind, the landing party was unable to get the airship into her shed. She was then moored to the ground by three wires in exactly the same manner that she was secured at Mineola, Long Island, upon the occasion of her famous round-trip voyage across the Atlantic in the summer of 1919. This is admittedly a temporary expedient and no more desirable in a high wind than anchoring a disabled steamship off a lee shore in a gale. The *R-34* jerked at her mooring lines until large holes were torn in her, and from loss of gas she began to strike against the ground, gradually demolishing the whole forward half of the vessel. The important point is that in none of the links of disaster was any one injured, and recent developments have made each link avoidable.

The primary cause of the loss of the *R-34* was an error in navigation by which the airship went 60 miles off her course. The radio direction finder enables an airship pilot to obtain the bearing of two or more land stations at any time, so that he



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can find his position on the map with exactitude, and errors of navigation are, therefore, now avoidable.

By far the most important recent development, we are told, has been the mooring-mast. A great drawback to the use hitherto has been that at the beginning of every voyage the vessel must be taken out of a shed, and at the end of a voyage it must be put in again. Attempts were made to solve the problem by securing the bow of an airship to a steel lattice mast or tower. These were disappointing at first because it was found that the airship was subject to severe jerks and strains while being hauled to the mast. Now the difficulty has been overcome, and, in England, the *R-33*, sister to the *R-34*, has for months been riding to a mast in all weathers. To quote further:

> The primary danger of fire in all types of aircraft is from gasoline vapors around the engine. Airships require less power in proportion to weight than airplanes, and it seems probable that in the near future as safe and sturdy heavy oil-engines will be developed for airship use, eliminating the dangers of gasoline vapors.
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> Finally with heavy oil-engines and the use of helium, the last serious dangers to airships will be removed, and travel by air will be safer as well as swifter.

TO KILL NOISE NUISANCES

A DEVICE to eliminate undesirable noises has been invented by Dr. G. W. Stewart, professor of physics of the University of Iowa. This invention makes use of an entirely new method of sound suppression which will probably prove applicable to telephones, phonographs, and musical instruments so that these machines will give us only notes that we want to hear. Says Science Service's *Daily Science News Bulletin* (Washington):

> Dr. Stewart does not obtain his results by putting obstructions in the path of the unwanted sound waves, but by causing successive waves to interfere with each other's transmission. Illustrating how this was done, he took a brass cylindrical tube one-half inch in diameter and six inches long, containing nothing but air and open at both ends, and caused it to transmit all tones of a piano, up to a certain note, and above this to transmit no audible sound. With another similar tube, the tones below this same or any other note were refused transmission, but all higher tones passed freely. The tubes, while entirely open and free from obstruction, have, at regular intervals, branching tubes and chambers. At each branching point waves are reflected backward through the tube. The design of the branches can be made in such a manner as to produce a backward reflection and an interference of almost any group of tones, Dr. Stewart explained. This new basic method of sound-wave manipulation may find application in many acoustic devices in use to-day. In fact, there is opened to the imagination the possibility of the elimination of undesirable noises and the enjoyment of sounds adjusted to an individual's esthetic taste. Dr. Stewart calls his device an "acoustic wave filter."

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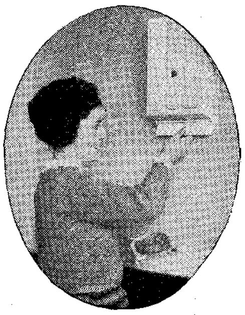

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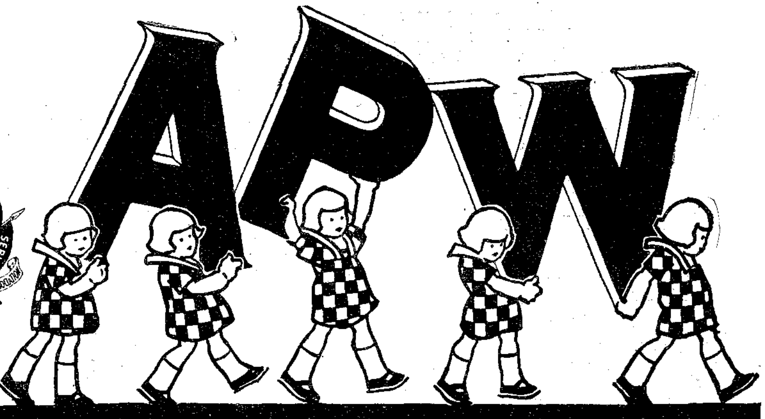

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THE GOVERNMENT AS SHIP OPERATOR

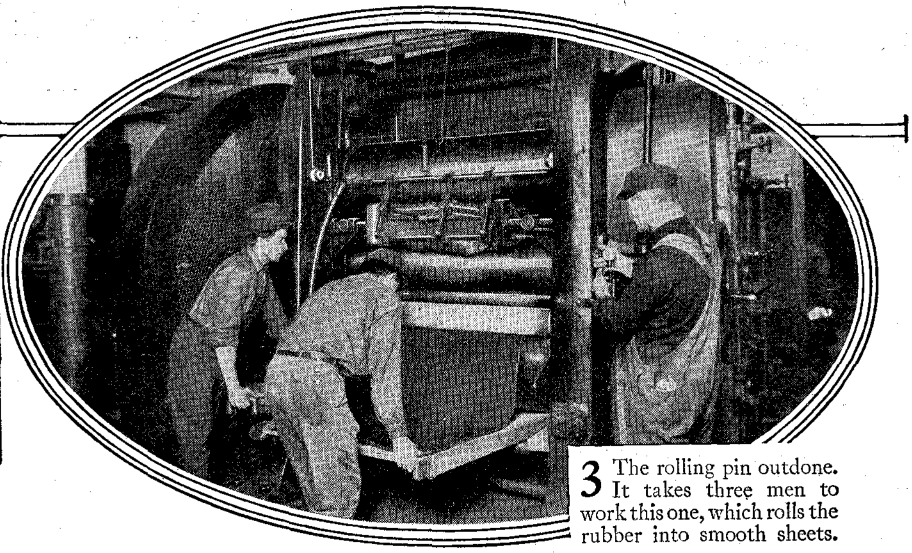
IT is not surprizing to find private shipowners predicting failure for the Shipping Board's plan to operate its fleet—if unsold—aggressively in competition with private interests. Mr. R. H. M. Robinson speaks for many men in the shipping business when he declares that government operation "is not sound; it is contrary to American principles, and I predict that it will not be a success." Mr. Robinson, who is president of the United American Lines, is quoted by the New York *Journal of Commerce* as making this remark, and adding that government operation along the lines promised is bound to bring to pass one, or all, of three things: "First, drive American privately owned ships into the intercoastal trade, which is already well tonnaged; second, drive American ships to a transfer to foreign flags; or, third, to the scrap-yards." On the same occasion President A. G. Smith of the American Steamship Owners Association said that "government operation would simply be the working again of the political machine," that it would result in "a menace to existing established enterprise and eventually a dismal failure from the standpoint of stability and service." This authority adds tersely: "Our shipping can not survive if it is half publicly operated, and half privately operated." As he explains: "The functions of a Government should be to foster, not to father, business. If shipping is to be highly developed and successfully maintained along economic lines, it must be in the hands of experienced, reliable managers, free from political control." But *The Journal of Commerce* finds it most interesting that the Shipping Board itself is on record against the probable success of government operation. It seems that before the present plan was adopted there was published an official booklet called "America's Merchant Marine Problem." In this booklet the Shipping Board states as follows why the Government is handicapped as a ship operator:

> It naturally occurs to those who lack information on shipping that if the Government can maintain and operate a Navy it should be able to maintain and operate a merchant marine. But they forget that the Navy is purely a military organization, maintained for the sake of protection, a sort of an insurance for our national safety. We do not expect it to be self-supporting. The postal system is another example cited by the advocates of government operation. But the postal system is a monopoly. Nobody is allowed to compete with it. A merchant marine, on the other hand, meets the strongest kind of competition.
>
> To meet this competition the operators of ships must be allowed flexibility of action. They must be able to decide promptly and put through big trading and shipping deals on the moment. They must conclude important transactions almost on the spur of the moment. A private concern can do this while the Government is thinking about it; can meet a dozen and one contingencies that arise in the shipping business every day.
>
> Then there is the basic matter of individual rewards. What a man earns in private enterprise is his. It makes no personal difference to the Government employee whether the Government makes money or not. He receives no bonus for extra thought and energy, no loss for the lack of it. Private concerns pay bigger salaries. Everybody involved is better off. In private business every man has an opportunity to build for himself. In the Government he has no such opportunity. In many Government departments it is considered somewhat of an honor to hold office. To be connected with the Shipping Board is looked upon, according to views that have been exprest in both branches of Congress, as a sort of semi-disgrace. There are few corporations doing a fraction of the business of the Emergency Fleet Corporation that do not have more high salaried men than it has. Again, Congress is apt at any time to reduce salaries. A private company can give commissions and furnish incentives for cooperation on the part of other agencies, which is not permissible in government operation. Add to these features politics and red tape and it is easy to see the handicaps under which government-operated ships labor.

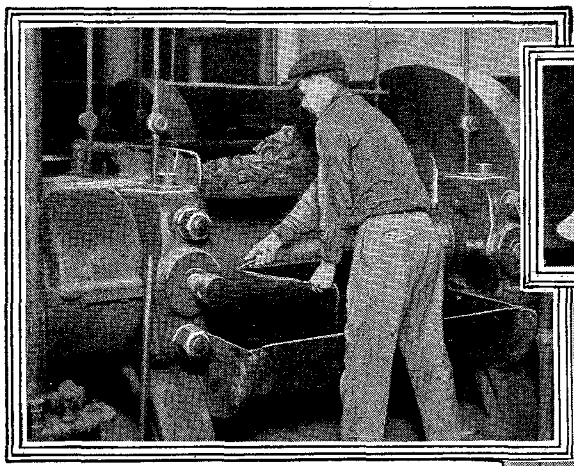
And yet in planning to operate "aggressively" the Shipping Board is not without encouragement, and the same New York paper from which we have just been quoting prints the following optimistic statement on government operation from Senator Kenneth D. McKellar (Dem., Tenn.):

> In the first place, it should be self-evident to all intelligent people that the Government, with its vast resources and powers, can build up a merchant marine better than individuals can. It must be evident that if the Government can not make money out of running ships, individuals can not make money out of it. However, it is said that the Government is now losing $50,000,000 a year. In my opinion, the reason the Government is losing that amount of money is because of the policy of the Shipping Board. Its policy is not to make government operation a success, but to turn the ships over as quickly as possible to private interests, so that the Government may go out of the shipping business. It is just the difference that exists between an attempt to run private business for profit and the attempt to foreclose in bankruptcy proceedings that same private business. As long as the Government is endeavoring to foreclose its shipping business, it can not make money. But let it once change its policy to that of running the business for profit, and I believe it will show a profit. In addition to that, the last two or three years have been exceedingly trying on all shipping interests. They probably have been the worst years that ever happened in the

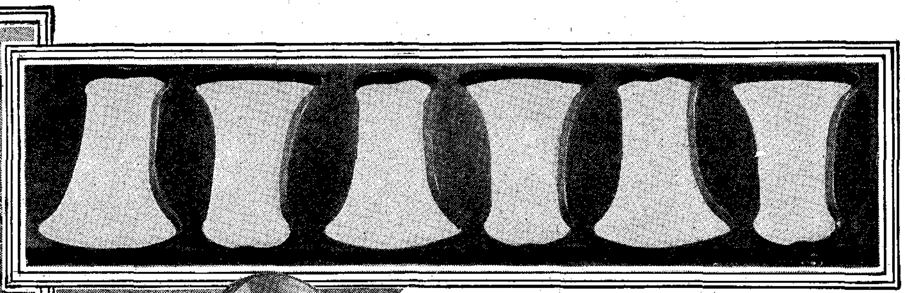
1 Crude rubber. Looks like dough, doesn't it? Several kinds of rubber are used, and to get the right results these varieties must be put together according to a recipe.



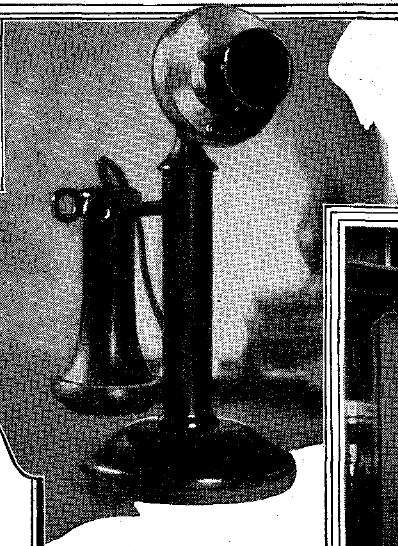
3 The rolling pin outdone. It takes three men to work this one, which rolls the rubber into smooth sheets.



2 This machine combines the different kinds of rubber. The principle is the same as with biscuit dough—to mix the ingredients thoroughly.



4 Strips in the shape of a telephone receiver are punched out of the rubber. These strips, in pairs, with a mold between them, are then put into a closed baking pan.



Made to a recipe, baked like a biscuit

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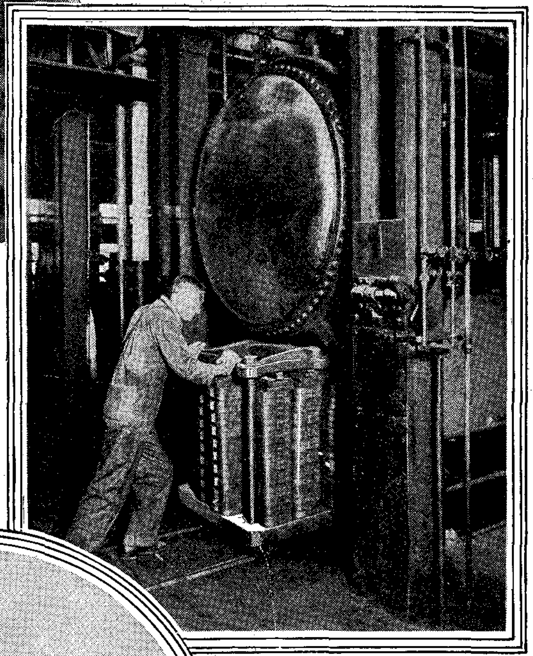
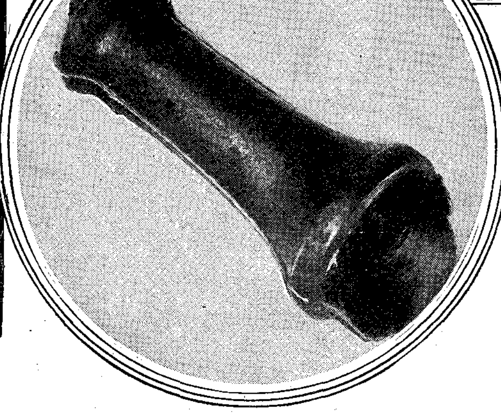
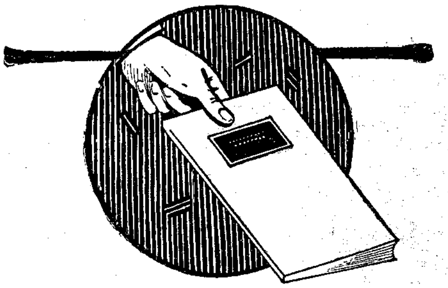


5 Baking on a grand scale. The chef who puts the receiver forms into an oven. The heat there would scorch a batch of home-made biscuit, but it's needed to vulcanize the rubber.



6 The receiver case, baked hard to well protect the delicate mechanism it is to cover. It next goes through a finishing and polishing process to prepare it for your telephone.



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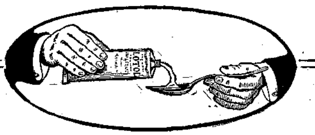

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INVESTMENTS AND FINANCE

Continued

business. Those years will not continue, but, in my judgment, will improve, and I believe that the next fiscal year will show an enormous decrease in the losses of the Government. It ought to show it under any kind of management.

BANKING PRAISE OF MELLON'S TAX PROPOSALS

While Secretary Mellon's statement in favor of cutting down the surtaxes on large incomes has aroused active political opposition, it seems to be widely favored by the banking interests, whose representatives are not loath to render their reasons. That a reduction of surtaxes would help business is, in *The Wall Street Journal's* opinion, the "united opinion of thoughtful men who have studied the income-tax situation seriously as an economic problem." Mr. Mellon sees a gain in revenues from this year's reduction of the minimum surtax down to 50 per cent. plus 8 per cent. normal tax. He would have it brought down to 25 plus 8. This total levy of 33 per cent., it seems to the approving editor, is the saturation point beyond which the Government's net income from these taxes drops off. In the financial district this paper has not been able to get interviews except in accordance with Secretary Mellon's views, it says. Industrial progress would be automatically promoted by reductions allowing investors to shift from tax exempt 4½ per cent. issues to corporate issues yielding around 6 per cent. President Cornish of the National Lead Company says that "to the excessive surtaxes can be traced the destruction of landlords satisfied with from 3 per cent. to 5 per cent. on their investments and the substitution, therefore, of rent profiteers. As tax-free bonds yield from 3½ per cent. to 5 per cent. the class of people satisfied with that return must obtain 7 per cent. to 10 per cent. to induce them to loan money on mortgages or other similar instruments. So the inference is that lower surtaxes might mean lower rents." In general, concludes *The Wall Street Journal*, the bankers are agreed "that surtaxes have been a body-blow to production for some time." How this comes to be finds explanation from George W. Davison, president of the Central Union Trust Company of New York, who is quoted by the New Haven *Journal-Courier* as saying:

> When up to more than half the income that a man can make through his own exercise of intelligence, energy and business capacity is to be paid over to the Government, he tends to become heedless in expenditures. Money seems in a way to be worth less to him for safeguarding the future than for the satisfaction of the present. If the reward of thrifty investment in productive enterprise is only to render him more liable to the pains, penalties, and impositions of the tax-gatherer,

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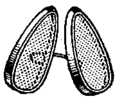

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he is not prompted to practise economies. He is prompted to incur expenses. He is apt to content himself with endeavoring to derive enough income for his work to satisfy his current requirements, and he ceases to be so much concerned with building for the future. The capital which has built up industry in the United States, employed labor, and furnished the means of prosperity has come very largely from the very class of earners and receivers of income whose savings the income-tax law is designed to curtail.

"The evil of extreme surtaxes and the country-wide damage flowing from it," is discust in a special editorial article written by Otto Kahn, the banker, for the Philadelphia *Public Ledger*. Mr. Kahn presents the following seven-fold indictment of "our present schedule and system of supertaxes":

First. It bears the imprint of class and sectional discrimination.

Second. It is unscientific, inequitable, vexatious and uncertain in its operation, and getting steadily less effective in producing revenue.

Third. It encourages and facilitates governmental extravagance, and at the same time diminishes the incentive to the careful husbanding of private resources, thus discouraging saving and self-denial and promoting private extravagance.

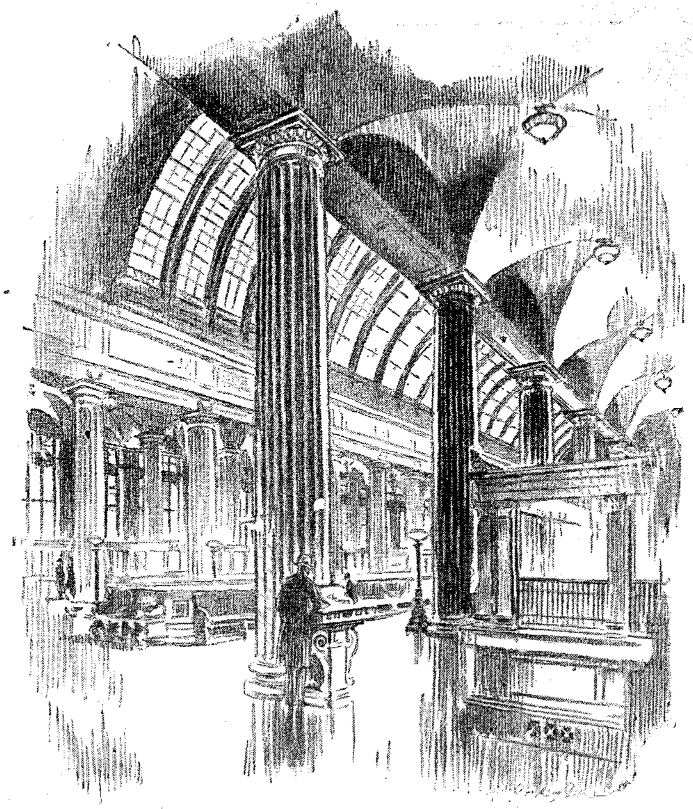
Fourth. By appropriating and draining into the coffers of the Government a preponderant share of the liquid capital which ought to be available for business and investment, it hampers enterprise, leflects the natural and fructifying flow of capital, and prevents that degree of accunulation of funds which is needed for the normal conduct and due expansion of the Nation's business and for the country's levelopment.

Fifth. It causes economic dislocation nd maladjustment, diminishes the country's purchasing and consuming power, ends to curtail production, and makes or higher costs.

Sixth. In that it penalizes the working apitalist, the man engaged in active business and in productive enterprise, as against he idle capitalist, who simply puts his unds into tax-exempt securities, it prevents many business transactions altoether, and causes others to be done in a oundabout and artificial manner.

Seventh. By curtailing excessively that incentive to effort and venturing, which elates to the expectation of material reward, it strikes at the very basis of the ystem of individual enterprise and initiative, upon which our social, economic and olitical system rests.

"A Democratic President, a Republican President, three Democratic and one Reublican Secretaries of the Treasury have dvocated an adequate reduction of our urtaxes and have given reason for that ecommendation"; yet, says Mr. Kahn in he Philadelphia newspaper, "the evil of xtreme surtaxes and the country-wide amage flowing from it remain uncorrected, r the slight modification effected last ear is no correction." The New York anker is convinced that the real argument for reduction of surtaxes is not "the dea of consideration for the rich," but he "proof that the existing schedule results n harm to the country as a whole."



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IF YOU are a parent—or an uncle or aunt—or rather, if you come in contact with children in any capacity, you must not miss Hildegarde Hawthorne's striking article on children's reading. . . . Then there's a review by Houdini, that master magician, of Werner's Life of Barnum; and an intensely interesting account of Norway's literary revival by Johan Bojer; and a charmingly sympathetic article on the late W. H. Hudson by William Lyon Phelps, and many other features. Every month the INTERNATIONAL BOOK REVIEW gives you the most intelligent and interesting discussions of the literary world by the leading writers and critics.

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CURRENT EVENTS

FOREIGN

pril 18.—A delegation of the British Labor party, returning from a visit to the Ruhr, demands that the British Government appeal to the French and German Governments to submit their several proposals in regard to reparations and security to an international tribunal.

In clashes between unemployed and the police at Mulheim, in the Ruhr, one German is killed and seventeen are wounded.

The Council of the League of Nations votes to add Ireland to the non-members of the League invited to the international customs conference which opens at Geneva on October 15.

pril 19.—Approximately 3,000 unemployed barricade the streets in Mulheim and besiege the police in the Town Hall. Three men are reported killed and between forty and fifty wounded.

G S. Zinovieff, Chairman of the executive committee of the Third Internationale, informs the Communist Party Congress in Moscow that the condition of Russia's domestic and international affairs will not permit the end of the dictatorship of the proletariat for at least ten years.

pril 20.—Marquis Curzon, Foreign Secretary of Great Britain, informs the House of Lords that the Government will not depart from its policy of neutrality toward the Ruhr occupation until its help is sought by Paris and Berlin, and says that as soon as a movement is made help will be forthcoming to both sides.

Reenforcements of police are sent to Mulheim, in the Ruhr, and the streets are cleared of riotous unemployed, of whom forty are arrested.

French troops from Offenburg occupy the Baden towns of Ortenburg and Gengenbach, on the Black Forest railroad.

The House of Commons defeats a prohibition motion by a vote of 236 to 14.

pril 21.—The Council of the League of Nations directs its President to inquire of the United States Government in what manner it desires to cooperate with the other governments in controlling the sale and private manufacture of arms.

pril 22.—A dispatch from Riga states that Bishop Nifont and Deacon Lepokrov have been convicted by a tribunal in Tsaritsin, Russia, of opposition to the sequestration of church treasures. The Bishop was sentenced to seven years' imprisonment and the Deacon to eight.

pril 23.—A Berlin dispatch states that peasant uprisings are again sweeping a large part of the Ukraine, and that General Frumse, Soviet commander-in-chief, is resorting to mass execution to suppress them.

The conference to restore peace between the Allies and Turkey and between Greece and Turkey is resumed at Lausanne. Joseph C. Grew, American Minister to Switzerland, head of the American delegation, states that the safeguarding of legitimate national interests of the United States and of the principle of commercial opportu-

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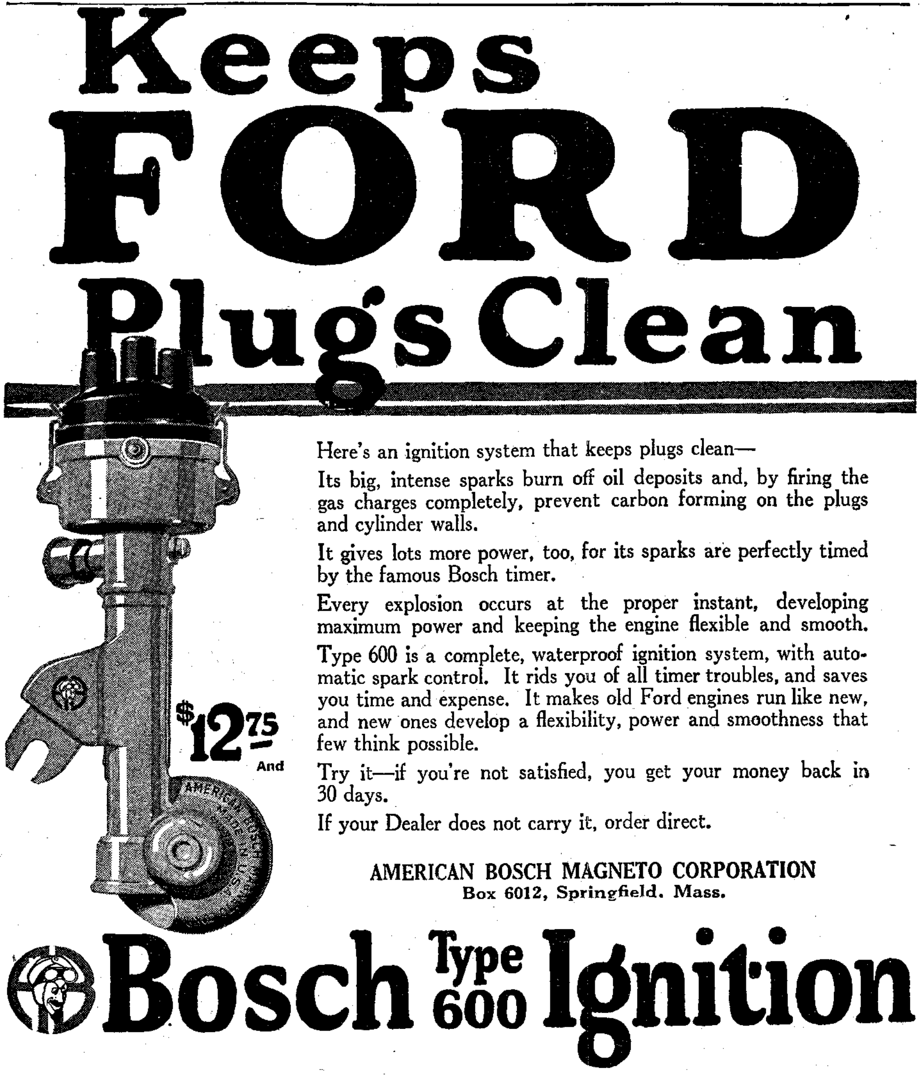

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CURRENT EVENTS

Continued

nity for all nations will be the guiding rule of the American representatives.

Premier Mussolini accepts the resignations, forced by disagreement, of th Cabinet Ministers belonging to th Popular, or Catholic, party.

A dispatch from Riga states that th trial of Archbishop Tikhon, patriarch of the Greek Church in Russia, ha been indefinitely postponed, and tha he is being subjected to torture to forc him to an oath of loyalty to the Sovie Government.

April 24.—Roland McNeill, Under Secretary of the Foreign Office, announce in Parliament that Great Britain doe not intend to raise a discussion of th Chester oil concession in Turkey at th Lausanne peace conference.

DOMESTIC

April 19.—The United States Governmen files a bill of equity in the Federal District Court in New York asking fo a permanent injunction against an further transactions in sugar in eithe the New York Coffee and Sugar Exchange, Incorporated, or the New Yor Coffee and Clearing Association, Incorporated.

April 20.—Mrs. Anthony Wayne Cook, o Cooksburg, Pennsylvania, is electe President-General of the Daughters o the American Revolution, receivin 940 votes to 779 cast for Mrs. G. Wallace W. Hanger, of Washington.

April 21.—Four men are killed when Martin bomber in which they wer flying to Langley Field plunged int the Great Miami River at the edge o McCook Field, Ohio.

April 23.—Secretary of State Hughes announces that two American commissioners and two Mexican commissione will be appointed for the purpose exchanging impressions and reportin them to their respective authoritie with the object of reaching a mutu understanding between the Governments of the United States and Mexico. The commissioners will meet in Mexic City.

April 24.—In a speech before members the Associated Press, in New Yor President Harding advocates the adherence of the United States to th protocol establishing the Internation Court of Justice, and expresses opposition to the entry of the United Stat into the League of Nations.

Charles B. Warren and John Bart Payne are named as the commissione to confer with two representatives the Mexican Government for resumption of cordial relations between th United States and Mexico.

The Difficulty.— Senator La Follette w holding a hearing at Washington the oth day to learn if possible why the farmer h to pay so much for gasoline. He seem to be in fine fettle and uttered a lot of fac tious little asides as the testimony came o After one he considered particularly goo he turned to the stenographer and sai "Of course, you will not put these litt jokes of mine in the record?" "But, Se ator," inquired the pot-hook hound, "ho am I to know which the jokes are?"—T *Argonaut.*

THE LEXICOGRAPHER'S EASY CHAIR

To decide questions concerning the correct use of words for this column, the Funk & Wagnalls New Standard Dictionary is consulted as arbiter.

Readers will please bear in mind that no notice will be taken of anonymous communications.

"H. C.," Hastings-upon-Hudson, N. Y.—The iter for "The New York Times" who recently aid that the word *hokum* was not in the dictionary as misinformed. The word has been in the dicionaries for some years—since 1920.

The following definition is to be found on page 84, column 1, of the Funk & Wagnalls PRACTICAL TANDARD DICTIONARY: "*Hokum, n.* [Theat. Slang.] ny word, act, business or property, used by an ctor, that succeeds in arousing the approval or rovoking the laughter of the audience."

The word also occurs on page 1168 of the Funk Wagnalls New Standard Dictionary, copyright 923, and in the DESK STANDARD DICTIONARY.

So far little has appeared in print about the rigin of the word. It may have come from (1) he Hebrew *chakam*, a wise man; (2) and (3) Arac and Hindustani *hakim*, having the same neanings—a sage; philosopher; doctor of medime. Some have claimed that it is a term belongng to the cult of the Indian medicine man or nake doctor, and that it has had wide use among arkers at the side-shows of the circus. Another ource to which it has been traced is the *hocus-pocus* f the magicians.

The nearest forms to it in Amerind yet subnitted are *hoquiam, hokium, hoquium*, but in the 'Handbook of American Indians," these appear nerely as place names. The term is not menioned in Mencken's masterly work on "The merican Language." Until something more efinite is produced, the etymology of *hokum* will emain obscure.

"E. L. M.," Buffalo, N. Y.—"Recently I have equently come across the expression 'aren't I?' what is supposed to be high-class authorship. s there any justification for this?"

Aren't I is a contraction of "Are not I?" Is here any authority for the use of "Are I?" There s not. Only "Am I?" is the correct form.

Aren't is used for "Are not" when the subject ollows, as, "*Aren't* you?" "*Aren't* they?" The est conversational usage contracts the verb when he subject precedes: "*We're* not," "*You're* not," tc.

In England the phrase "*aren't* I?" is erroneously sed for "an't I," which is the contraction of "Am ot I?" This use was probably derived from Aren't you"—a legitimate contraction—on the ssumption that as *you*, a plural is used as a sinular when applied to one person, the verb emloyed in association with it may also be so used; ut no educated person says "are I," or "I are," ut "an't I?"—strictly, "*a'n't I?*" the colloquial ontraction of "am not I?"—frequently heard and ot infrequently misspelled. Here *the verb should gree with its subject.*

"C. E. W.," Tampa, Fla.—"What is the literary rigin of the term 'Frankenstein's Man'?"

Funk & Wagnalls NEW STANDARD DICTIONARY ates that *Frankenstein* in Mary Godwin Shely's work is a medical student who fashions a an monster from materials collected from graveards and dissecting-rooms who, being rendered urious by cravings unappeased, commits numerus atrocities, and finally slays its maker. The rm is used as a synonym for a person whose own orks cause his destruction; but it is often incorectly employed as denoting the monster itself.

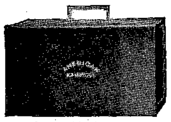
"M. O. W.," Hannaford, N. Dak.—The word *axophone* is a solid word not a hyphenated comound word.

"J. F. D.," Stockton, Calif.—"Please inform e as to the pronunciation and meaning of the ord *bloc*, now so much in use."

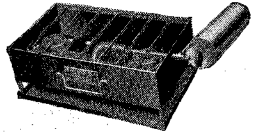
The tendency to use foreign terms instead of ur own now prevalent is due to journalistic enterrise. We have no English word *bloc;* there is, owever, a French term, that has been foisted on he English, that has been recently introduced in he United States. The French term means: "A roup, as of politicians or economists, formed to oster special interests or to obstruct legislative ction." The word is pronounced *blok—o* as in *ot.* Its English equivalent is *block.*

The Kampkook in the illustration is No. 4. Has warming shelf, folding wind shield (folded in picture), detachable pressed steel legs. Two-quart, detachable, quickly filled tank holds six hours' fuel supply. Folds to 4½ x 10½ x 19 inches; weighs 14 pounds. Price in U. S. $11.75.

No More Camp Fire Troubles



It's All Inside
All Kampkooks fold as shown above when not in use with all parts packed inside.



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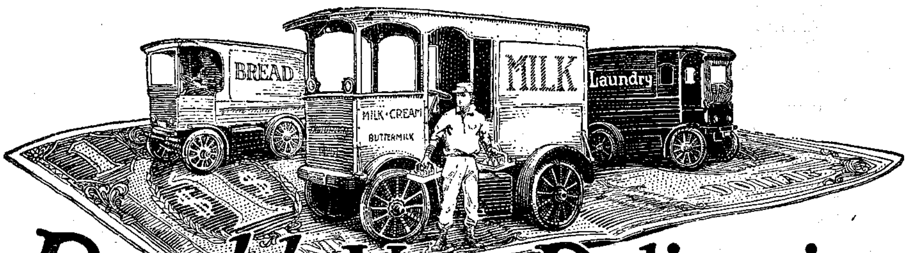

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They'll Need It.—Heaven help those who help others to help themselves!—*Argus* (*Seattle*).

Defective Plumbing.—"I've come to fix that old tub in the kitchen."

"Oh, mamma! Here's the doctor to see the cook!"—*Harvard Lampoon.*

Logical.—A professor says that sedentary work tends to lessen the endurance. In other words, the more one sits the less one can stand.—*Boston Transcript.*

A Mixed Effect.—"Somebody has invented a motorcycle with limousine body."

"A great many people conduct their entire careers on that principle."—*Dayton News.*

A Little Too Informal.—Young Dobbs—"I want to try on that suit in the window."

Assistant—"Sorry, sir, but you'll have to use the dressing-room."—*London Mail.*

Giving Them a Ride.—The flapper had just powdered her nose and was taking a hurried look at herself in the mirror. To the image therein she said: "Clothes, I am going to town; if you want to come, just hang on."—*Holmes Store News.*

A Hard Problem.—Senator Borah insists that war should be made a crime. If it had been a crime in George Washington's day, I wonder what State Mr. Borah would be representing now.—*Beau Broadway in the New York Morning Telegraph.*

Safety First.—A lady went into a photographer's to have her picture taken—naturally. While the photographer was adjusting the camera, the lady wrapt a clothesline around her skirts.

"You'll have to take that off, madam," said the photographer, "I can't take your picture that way."

"You can't fool me that way, young man," she said. "I know you see me upside down in that camera."—*Burr.*

The Drawbacks of Religion.—A colored woman consulted the village lawyer.

"Ah want to divo'ce mah husband," she said.

"What's the trouble?" asked the lawyer.

"That nigger's done gone an' got religion, and we ain't seen a chicken on de table foh two weeks."—*Progressive Grocer.*

The Wise and Simple.—There are elderly people who feel that they have never quite grown up. They are afflicted (oh, pleasant affliction) with what may be termed the malady of youth. Even so eminent a person as James Russell Lowell apparently felt this way about himself, for one day while passing an institution bearing the sign, "For Incurable Children," he remarked to his companion, "There is where I belong."—*Boston Transcript.*

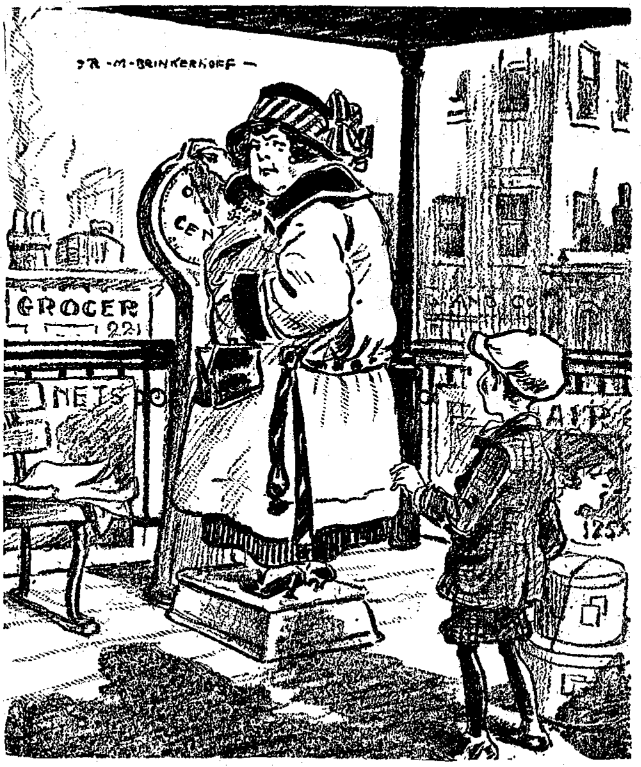
We Bet on Lizzie.—Si Crabtree now buys his jitney only one quart of gas at a time. He is trying to wean it.—*Buffalo Evening News.*

According to Hoyle.—Master—What lesson do we learn from the attack of the Dardanelles?

Mister—That a strait beats three kings.—*Wisconsin Octopus.*

Right.—Assistant—"Here's a woman writes that she doesn't know which way to turn."

Editor—"Send her a copy of the traffic regulations."—*Boston Transcript.*



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"SAY, LADY, YOU'RE GETTIN' A BARGAIN"

—Brinkerhoff in the New York *World.*

Bad Case.—A psychiatric board was testing the mentality of a negro soldier.

"Do you ever hear voices without being able to tell who is speaking or where the sound comes from?"

"Yes, suh," answered the negro.

"And when does this occur?"

"When I'se talkin' over de telephone."—*The Christian Evangelist* (*St. Louis*).

Legislators on Music.—A letter to *The Nation* throws more light on the minds of these legislators:

"It became known several weeks ago that Paderewski intended to visit Austin. Soon after the news arrived, Rep. R. C—— sent to the Speaker's desk a resolution signed by many members extending a Texas welcome to 'the great *Russian* ex-premier and famous *baritone singer*,' and asking him to sing before them. This resolution was adopted without challenge and by a unanimous vote of the House of Representatives."—*Appeal* (*St. Paul*).

English as Spoke.—Overheard at a directors' meeting: "While we are sitting here let us see how we stand on running expenses."—*Boston Transcript.*

Hussy.—"What are the grounds for the divorce?"

"Oh, some French girl named Soisette sewed her name on all his shirts."—*Chaparral.*

Turned Tables.—A negro went fishing. He hooked a big catfish which pulled him overboard. As he crawled back into the boat, he said, philosophically: "What I wanna know is dis: Is dis niggah fishin' or is dis fish niggern'?"—*Atlanta Constitution.*

Proof.—A Texas legislator recently charged that the University was teaching Socialism, and cited the catalog where in plain black print it was set out that there were classes in and teachers of *Sociology.*—*Appeal* (*St. Paul*).

Making the Grade.—"What do you think of the system of grading by letters here at college?"

"Well, it certainly has its advantages over the old numerical system."

"In what way?"

"Oh, the E's change to B's so easily."—*Sun Dodger.*

Taking a Chance.—"What's the trouble, son?" said the kindly stranger.

"My pa and ma won't take me to the movies," sobbed the opprest child.

"Do they ever take you when you make a noise like that?" inquired the stranger.

"Sometimes they do and sometimes they don't," sobbed the poor boy; "but it ain't any trouble to yell."—*Wallaces' Farmer.*

Here and There.—At a transfer station a man was waiting patiently for a street-car, when a woman, highly excited, rushed up to him and cried: "Are you the man here?"

"I don't understand," he said.

"Are you the man here?" she repeated.

"No, madam," he said, concealing a smile. "The man here is that man over there."—*Capper's Farmer.*

Necessities First.—Jake was a worthless and improvident fellow. One day he said to the local grocer: "I gotta have a sack o' flour; I'm all out, an' my family is starvin'."

"All right, Jake," said the grocer. "If you need a sack of flour and have no money to buy it with, we'll give you a sack. But, see here, Jake, there's a circus coming to town in a few days, and if I give you a sack of flour, are you sure you won't sell it and take your family to the circus?"

"Oh, no," said Jake, "I got the circus money saved up already."—*Progressive Grocer.*